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Easyriders

62

12 Pages On Sturgis Week

[redacted]
December 1986
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Sweepstakes Winner

Righteous Fiction

Soupin' Up A Sporty!

Foxy Grandma Rides Her Own

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NUMBER 162 ENTERTAINMENT FOR ADULT BIKERS DECEMBER 1986

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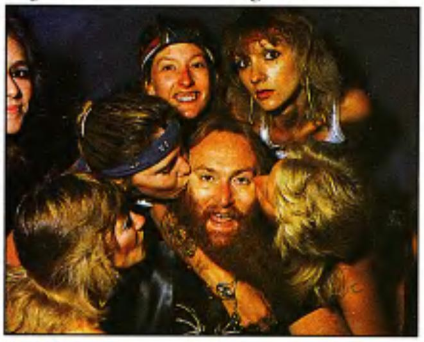

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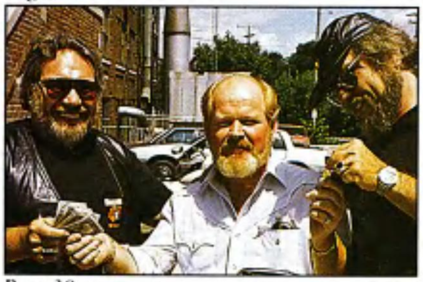

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COVER AND GATEFOLD

Cover and gatefold photography of Karen with Mag and his stainless-steel-laden shovelhead by Michael Lichter. Assisting in the project were art director Roger Ashton and makeup artist Beth Ryan. See more of Karen, and Mag's bike, on page 106.

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON COMPANY
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This year, forget the department store route. Start your holiday shopping with a ride to your Harley-Davidson® dealer. You'll find the type of gifts you and your partner *really* want in our complete line of genuine Harley fashions and accessories. Leathers to lamps. Customizing accessories to clocks. T-shirts to teddy bears. Jewelry to jackets. You'll find something in every price range, too. So see your Harley-Davidson dealer today and pick up your free copy of our new parts and accessories catalog. It's the direct route to all those happy Harley days ahead.
Harley-Davidson
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Don't ask me how they did it, the question is why. A university took a survey and found that only three out of nineteen women wash their hands after taking a dump or a leak. So who cares?

A German magazine ran a test on how many West Germans peed in swimming pools and discovered that one in every five takes a leak in the pool. Researchers who visited 33 pools found that swimmers in Kassel and Nuremberg were the worst offenders. Pools there had an abnormally high concentration of urine--up to 6 fluid ounces per 35 cubic feet of water. You know Germans like beer, so it's understandable.

A prisoner escaped from a police van by unscrewing the metal grill. What did he use? A screwdriver, hidden knife, what? He used his false teeth--and fled the scene.

Shit! I was going to take my ol' lady for a nice vacation in India. But before leaving I read that India just passed a law forbidding the old practice whereby if you were upset with your ol' lady, you could legitimately get away with bride-burning. Up until this ban, reports of bride-burnings were published daily in newspapers.

If you ever thought about sticking up a place, here's a rundown of the most popular places to stick up: Commercial banks, 10 per day; savings & loan associations, 5 per day; mutual savings banks, one every day and a half; credit unions, one every two days.

He was approached by two men who demanded money to buy marijuana and beer. He refused, so they picked up a dead 4-foot-long water moccasin, wrapped it around his neck, and choked him.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider

A shipping company's employees opened up a leaky box, thinking that it contained aerosol cans--surprise, surprise! They found 12 human heads in plastic bags. The freaked-out employees said it wasn't like finding your toothbrush on the floor.

He went into a bank to hold it up, so the cashier stuffed all the money into a bag reserved for such emergencies, the type that blows up and spreads dye everywhere. When he got it, he stuffed it down the front of his pants and ran out the door. The bag exploded--and blew his dick off.

You know about drug-sniffing German shepherds, but now an animal has been found that's vastly superior at detecting hidden drugs. Believe it or not, it's a pig named Louise, whose special talents stem from the fine sense of smell common to all pigs. The idea of training one in drug-hunting comes from their use by farmers in southern France to sniff out truffles.

This prisoner who didn't particularly care for the guards sent 16 of them to the hospital, complaining of nausea. The prisoner worked in the kitchen and took a big healthy shit in the guards' spaghetti. Now they've decided they want outside help to prepare their food.

The dipshit-of-the-month got into a truck, hot-wired it, and rolled it down the hill, away from the house, so he wouldn't be heard. But he forgot to check one thing, like if the truck had an engine--it didn't.

I've told you time and time again that it's always a good idea to go to sleep after your wife does, because you never know what she'll do when she finds you asleep or passed out. The latest case of a woman taking advantage of a guy when he was asleep occurred when she sewed him into a sheet, then took a baseball bat and clubbed the shit out of him.

This guy was working for a lumberyard when he went up to the circular saw and held his left wrist against it. When the severed hand dropped to the floor, the man walked away with blood pumping from his wound. He was taken to a local hospital where he told the police that he had recently joined a church. He said that the tattoos on his left hand offended him and quoted from the Bible: ''If thy hand offend thee, cut it off.''

Easyriders

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Photographers
Pete Chiodo
Michael Lichter
Billy Tinney
Pat Randle
Sonny Dukes
Jim Shaffer
Jake
Contributors
John Watson
Joe Minton
Austin Animal
Illustrators
Dave Mann
Duffy Duggan

Advertising Director
Lizette Hotinger
Advertising Production
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Circulation Director
Sanford Meyers
Subscription Manager
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Box 3000
Agoura Hills, CA 91301

WORDMONGER

Blatant Discrimination

☐ Well, they finally pissed me off. Prison director Col. Lewis has handed down a memo making anything with Harley-Davidson on it — hats, T-shirts, belts, buckles, etc. — contraband. Not Honda, Kawasaki, Suzuki, Yamaha, Triumph, BSA, Norton, Indian, Ford, Chevy, Chrysler, Caterpillar, Peterbilt, Kenworth, or anything else. Just Harley. And if that wasn't enough, after the righteous folks at *Easyriders* dipped into their stash money to donate 15 hats and T-shirts to one of our softball teams, they won't let those in, either. Seems as though they feel that the skull in the *ER* logo represents the Aryan Brotherhood (oh, my God) and both *ER* and H-D represent the (oh no, not them!) "white biker." A clear case of discrimination if I ever saw one.

This isn't all they're trying to take away from us, but this is the only discriminatory act focused solely on bikers in the joint. We need help. Any scooter tramp living in the ASSR (that's Arizona Soviet Socialist Republic) is urged to get in on it. Letters to the governor, congressmen, lawyers, or any public official will help. If you can't write, call 'em. Any help at all will be greatly appreciated.

I only hope they don't ban the mag next.

Name Withheld by *ER*
Florence, Ariz.

■ Spider and I paid for those shirts and hats — the guards are probably wearing the hats off-duty while their ol' ladies wear the shirts as nighties.

Booze Fighter

☐ Just pulled your September issue out of my mailbox. Really dug Wino Willie. He makes me wish I'd been born 30 years earlier. Also, his comments about the Japs sure ring true.

You guys take care and ride safe, everyone.

Pat Desrosiers
Englewood, Colo.

P.S. Fuck you, Spider — I wish I had a job like yours.

■ Spider said to eat his shorts — he's got the toughest job on the rag!

Thanks

☐ Just want to publicly thank the men at Harley Custom Cycles in the Bronx, New York. After being told by countless pros(?) in the field of Harley engines that what I wanted couldn't be done, it was an unexpected pleasure when I talked to Bob at HCC, whose answer was, "Sure, we can do the job." And do the job he did. Three weeks later I was the proud owner of a choice set of dual-port panheads, complete with screw-in billet valve seats, 2¼" stainless valves, etc. These heads look like they were cast at Harley-Davidson; that's the kind of work they do at HCC.

Thanks again, Bob, for making what was impossible possible for me.

Ken Richardson
Charlotte, N.C.

Frank Zappa

☐ I'm a Marine stationed at Camp Pendleton, California, hoping someone can help me out. I've been looking for a certain Frank Zappa album for about three years now and would appreciate it if someone could hook me up with "Sheik Yerbouti" on tape, or at least give me some information on where I can find it. God knows, I can't find the fucker anywhere.

PFC Joseph Urabel
HQ Btry 3/11 Comm.
Camp Pendleton, CA 92055

Need Help

☐ I'm lookin' for an old trike and someone to help me out with a few modifications on it. I have a little cash stashed but not too much. I want to ride again; went down in '75 and lost a piece of me.

I'll be out the end of October and headed for Alaska to finish up paper trainin', compliments of the state. If anyone wants to help out, send a line and let me know where you're at. West Coast is easier to get to.

Ron David Z-2433
801 Butler Pike
Mercer, PA 16137

A Francis-Barnett

☐ Re. the letter seeking information on a 1952 Francis-Barnett 197 (August '86): I've drawn your letter to the attention of the British Two-Stroke Owners Club, which will reply to you directly.

P.R.T. Sheen
Director General
MCA of Great Britain
Coventry, England

Berkeley Barb Update

☐ In your September '86 issue a fellow requested info on obtaining a copy of the *Berkeley Barb*. It's no longer published and hasn't been for quite a while, but tell this fellow not to despair. The *Barb* just changed its name; it's now called the *Spectator* and is published in Berkeley. I don't know the address, but it's easily obtainable at book stores and newsstands in the San Francisco Bay area. It's still a good, raunchy paper — I read it myself when I'm not incarcerated.

D. Luppino
Norco, Calif.

Letter

☐ Check it out, I'm doing a little time in a shithole in Caldwell County, and these people say I can't have my *Easyriders* 'cause it comes off the streets. They went so far as to take it away from me, which really pisses me off. What is this shit, man? We're supposed to be in a fuckin' honor-grade camp, and they still treat us like shit.

The other dudes and I really like your rag, so why don't you see what we can do about getting it back?

Bros and followers
Lenoir, N.C.

Not A Mistake

☐ I was sittin' here lookin' at the September '86 issue after smokin' a fat joint of Thai when I noticed one helluva fuckin' mistake. Problem is, you've made the same fuckin' mistake in every issue. You cover the license plates so no one knows where the bike is from, and then turn around and print the owner's town and state on the stat sheet.

Brilliant move. Whoever

thought that up loses tonight's hair pie.

Vert
Newberg, Ore.

■ We cover the license plates so thieves and police can't find out the exact address of the featured bike.

Like A Favor

☐ I would like to hear from amputee bikers about the adjustments you've made to your bikes and/or prosthesis to keep on biking.

Arvids Dombrovskis
3105 Pleasant Avenue S.
Minneapolis, MN 55408

WSP Motorcycle Association

☐ At one time WSPMA had a "shop" inside the walls, in which we had the opportunity to work on our own bikes, brothers' bikes from the streets, and overflow work from shops that were backed up in the free world.

In 1981 our shop and program were taken from us by the administration here at WSP. Now, due to changes within the Department of Corrections, the opportunity presents itself to us again.

We're seeking support from shops, individuals, and corporations in the free world. We need all the help we can get. In order to get our shop and program back, we are going to have to show the DOC that there are people and organizations in the free world that believe in and support a non-profit, community-supported, inmate self-help program for motorcyclists inside the walls.

WSPMA has all the skills to start a shop now. We have machinists, welders, painters, upholsterers, and some good wrenches, as well as knowledgeable instructors for an education program. All we lack is the facilities and Big Brother's okay.

At this point we need letters from shops stating that they support our program and would be willing to help in one of several ways: we'd be given overflow work, donated parts (tax deductible), an upholstery contract, frame work, paint jobs, etc. We also need the community to say that they support our self-help education program.

If you'd like to help the downed brothers of WSPMA, your response, in any form, will be much appreciated. If you have any questions, inquiries, or suggestions, they will be answered promptly and in full.

Jeff Heath 267060
Box 520 (12-F-8w)
Walla Walla, WA 99362-0520

Censorship

☐ Concerning Meese's recent commission report on pornography and planting of the seed of censorship: More violent crime has resulted from good men and women imprisoned in poverty with no means of escape by an ignorant government and self-righteous society than all the effects of books, movies, music, drugs, and motorcycles combined. May I point out that a majority of the mags in question go to great lengths to expose to the general public the behind-the-scenes activities of these same men and sects crying for censorship.

There's a lot of shit coming down by a bunch of self-appointed saviors in this country; mark my words, it must be countered. If history has any tendency at all to repeat itself, then I must warn everyone that the first symbol that early fundamental Christians used to identify themselves to one another was the swastika.

Finally, since the commission found that certain material leads to unacceptable behavior, then why haven't the members themselves experienced the results of their own report? Especially since their own viewing list contains more "pornography" than 50 would ever see in their whole lifetime. To state a law of cause-and-effect as universal, then illustrate that it doesn't always hold true, is not only illogical but just plain stupid.

Remember, guys, when Uncle Sam comes knocking at the door of *Easyriders* with a mandate stating what you can and cannot print, you were warned.

Lucifer
Portland, Ore.

☐ The do-gooders have struck again. *Easyriders* has all but disappeared in the Abilene, Texas, area. I've found only one store in town that still has it and people who work in the other stores have told me the mag was pulled as a result of church group protests. The only thing worse than these fanatics imposing their views on us is the fact that the store owners and/or managers are a big enough pack of wimps to bow down to their idiotic demands. Who gives these people the right to practice censorship? If they can control magazines, how long will it be before they decide they can control the people who read them? How long will it be before bikers are just run off the streets? Think about it. Any form of censorship sucks. Look what Hitler accomplished.

David Judge
Merkel, Tex.

☐ In Fayetteville, N.C., a law states that all naked-women books be put behind the counter with — of all things — a fuckin' seal, so you have to waste time and get frustrated trying to tear the seal without tearing the book. Ain't that some shit!

R. Mullis
Hope Mills, N.C.

Another Opinion

☐ Hey, what the fuck?! I just got the August issue today (mail runs a little slow sometimes in the middle of the ocean), and when I start givin' it the ol' eyeball, the first scoot I come to really looks sharp. I mean, everyone's seen different kinds of crossbreeds before, like panshovels, shovsters, and yes, even knuck-shovels.

Here you've got a dude who's obviously done some heavy work to put a knuckle top end on an alternator-type shovel bottom end, yet still uses an early-type distributor. Someone obviously knows how to use the tools in that machine shop. And the bike looks as good as an ice-cold Bud at the end of a long hot run across the western Texas desert.

But wait! I turn the page over to look for the tech sheet, and on page 23 there's a close-up of that custom-made timing-gear cover, engraved with the words "Knuckels Never Die." Shouldn't that be spelled "Knuckles"? How could Bob spend all that money and time on such a primo sled and then give his carefully handmade part over to someone who can't even spell? Or did he do it on purpose, just to make smartass scooter trash like me go on the rag over something most people wouldn't give a flying fuck about? Tell me, so I can either gloat or start kicking myself for falling into his trap.

At least you hosebags have given me something to do while I'm floating around out here. Now I gotta go look in the rag to see what other piddly-assed little mistakes I can find to bitch about. I'm on a mission from God! Y'all keep it in the wind.

Bear
Somewhere in the Mediterranean

Liked Bash

☐ Went to your party in Hanford last month. Had a great time. So did everyone else. Only one question: How do you get those damned green bracelets off?

Bill & Lorie
Phoenix, Ariz.

Likes Fiction

☐ Congrats, man! You really outdid yourselves this time. You deserve a year's worth of raisin pie for "Bag of Memories" (September '86). That story was excellent. I've been readin' *Easyriders* for at least five years and that story rates in the top five.

Chuck Miller
Red Hook, N.Y.

☐ I've read a lot of stories, but "Bag of Memories" takes my heart. T.B. Topp, you do fine work. I'll be lookin' for more. Thanks, bro.

Pam
Palm Springs, Calif.

On Chick's Tats

☐ In reply to Boobsie (August '86): You're right to seriously consider a tattoo as an expression of yourself or something that's important to you. Make sure you also decide where to put it while you're making up your mind. I have a closed-wing butterfly (love is like the butterfly) on my right tit.

Good luck. Find something that expresses you as a person and watch the results.

Leo's Witch
Auburn, Me.

☐ I'm a woman who has tattoos all over my anatomy. The best advice I can give you is to think about it, then think about it some more, and then think again. Get a tattoo you'll want to live with, one that will get you high when you see it. Decide what you want before you go to the tattooist, then find someone you can talk to before you have the work done.

Sure, it hurts, but it won't kill you, and if you want a tat-

too, you'll learn to want the whole experience. Keep it clean, keep it dry, keep it out of the sun. A fresh tattoo is a wound; proper care should prevent infection. Be sure your tattooist uses new needles (you've heard of hepatitis and AIDS). As for allergy or sensitivity to inks, that's highly individual. You'll just have to wait and see.

Don't ask your mother what she thinks first — go for it.

43
Santa Rosa, Calif.

☐ First off, don't be such a pussy. The pain is minimal. I've had two tats done, and it didn't hurt all that much. Have a couple of shots and a bone, and it'll be a breeze. It takes about a month or so for all the scabs to heal. Remember, some people heal faster than others. Infection? Just keep it clean with Vaseline over the tat and don't be a dirtbag — you'll be fine.

Michelle
Towaco, N.J.

Bummer

☐ I felt it necessary to bring to the attention of the readers, especially those from the New York metropolitan area, an attempt by the media and U.S. attorneys to stereotype H-D riders and motorcycle club member as drug pushers and abusers.

On July 10, 1986, a local news channel ran a film clip of U.S. Atty. Anthony Giuliani and other political figures dressing up as "thugs," so that they could go undercover to buy "crack" in the streets of New York City. Anthony Guiliani poorly chose to dress in designer sunglasses, a short, businesslike hairstyle, brand-new jeans, and a Hells Angels vest, colors intact, with assorted H-D pins and patches. To say the least, you'd have to question an individual who'd sell to a person dressed in such attire.

They had him on the news buying the drug crack with other political figures, including Alfonse D'Amato. The immediate reaction the public has to watching this is that people who ride motorcycles are involved with drugs and illegal activities.

This was later proven by a cartoon in the *New York Post* only a day later, satirizing the whole incident. It depicted two fat bikers with chains, skulls, swastikas, daggers, etc. representing drug users. Just the idea and image we want to present to the public.

Whenever possible, we should try to defend ourselves when we're treated unfairly and, of course, remember this at election time.

Johnny Rotten
Stamford, Conn.

Down On Dallas

☐ Do you want to know a little about Dallas? Well, I'll tell you a little (because there's not much to say): It sucks!

We were riding around Dallas, tryin' to find places to go. Crossing Lovers Lane, we saw a lot of clubs, but there was one club that stood out. Why? Because there was a Harley. Immediately anxious to go in, we were stopped in our tracks. Two men in front of the building and three in the doorway wouldn't permit us to enter. I quote: "No T-shirts, no caps, no cuts, and no faded jeans." Really, what's the deal?

If any of you biker studs are for real, write and tell us where we can find our special kind of people.

Dizzy
Mesquite, Tex.

A Vet Tip

☐ I really feel like an ass. I owe you an apology and this is it. Three days ago I sent you a nasty letter bitchin' about not receiving my magazine, which I'd subscribed to back in May. Well, the same day I sent the letter I received my first issue, so I take back all the bad things I said.

Also, I'd like to pass on the following bit of info that will be of special interest to any bros who are vets. The government owes veterans money: A bill passed in Congress gives vets a dividend of 55¢ to $1000 of their GI insurance for each month of service, regardless of whether or not they still carry this insurance.

You won't receive this dividend unless you ask for it. The Veterans Administration urges you to apply, regardless of whether you had insurance or not. They will check it for you. Years of service: two years, $264; three years, $316; four years, $528.

Write to the Veterans Center, Box 8079, Philadelphia, PA 19101. Include your your name and address, GI insurance number, birthdate, enlistment (or reenlistment) date, and discharge date can

found on DD Form 214).

I was skeptical, but I sent them a copy of my DD 214 and a request for payment, just for the hell of it, and it's legit. If you know any vets, pass the word.

Steven Maines
Belvidere, Ill.

Good Bar

☐ Hey, anyone puttin' up the Oregon coast should stop in at the Coaster Bar in Lincoln City for a cold one. Bartender Brenda — thanks for the hospitality — is a good ol' gal.

Jayna and Linda
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fucked Over

☐ A word of advice to all customized-Harley riders: On June 1, 1986, I was scootin' down the highway on my Sportster when a van pulled out from a stop sign, and I smacked the sucker broadside. I ended up with a concussion, broken nose, broken back, cracked kneecap, and several other minor injuries. Now, ten weeks later, the guy's insurance company decides all they'll pay me for my bike is $1200 and I get to keep the wreck.

All that's left undamaged is my solo seat, rear fender, sissybar, rear wheel and rear brake hub. My engine cases were even broken! Well, the bottom line is that I didn't keep all my receipts for the engine rebuild, paint job, new tires, or anything, so they've got me over a barrel. I advise everyone to have documented proof of the value of their bikes, so as not to get fucked over in the event of a wreck. Also, I believe that if I'd been wearing a helmet, it could have snapped my neck and made me a highway fatality.

Tom Cat
Juniata, Neb.

Likes Us

☐ I wanted to let you know that your mag is the greatest. I just shacked up with the greatest biker in the world (well, to me, anyway). When we moved in together, I found a box containing over 100 *Easyriders* and I've been enjoying every one of them. I work for a construction company as a secretary and sometimes it gets pretty boring, so I bring in about six magazines a day. I've even got my boss and the engineer sitting down in their spare time and picking up your mag. They think it's great. Thanks for making my long, boring days a lot shorter.

Birdie
Clarion, Pa.

Tech Tip

☐ Good piece by Joe Minton on quartz lights. Been ridin' with 'em for years and they definitely make for a safer night putt. One thing he failed to mention: Don't touch the bulb with your bare hands when putting it in. Oil from the fingers shortens bulb life by two-thirds. Clean it with Windex and handle it with a clean towel.

Captain Jack
Hewitt, N.J.

☐ Hey, your tech tip on lights was great. There was only one thing that you forgot: The H-4 bulbs also come in 6-volt halogen. I've been running one in my pan for two years without any problems. (Well, I did have one. My spare bulb got obliterated in the saddlebag.) The one thing you especially have to watch out for is the generator output like it said in your article. This bulb will fit all the H-4 assemblies, so you can use whatever pattern lens assembly you want. You might have some trouble finding this light, but the foreign-auto dealers should be able to order it.

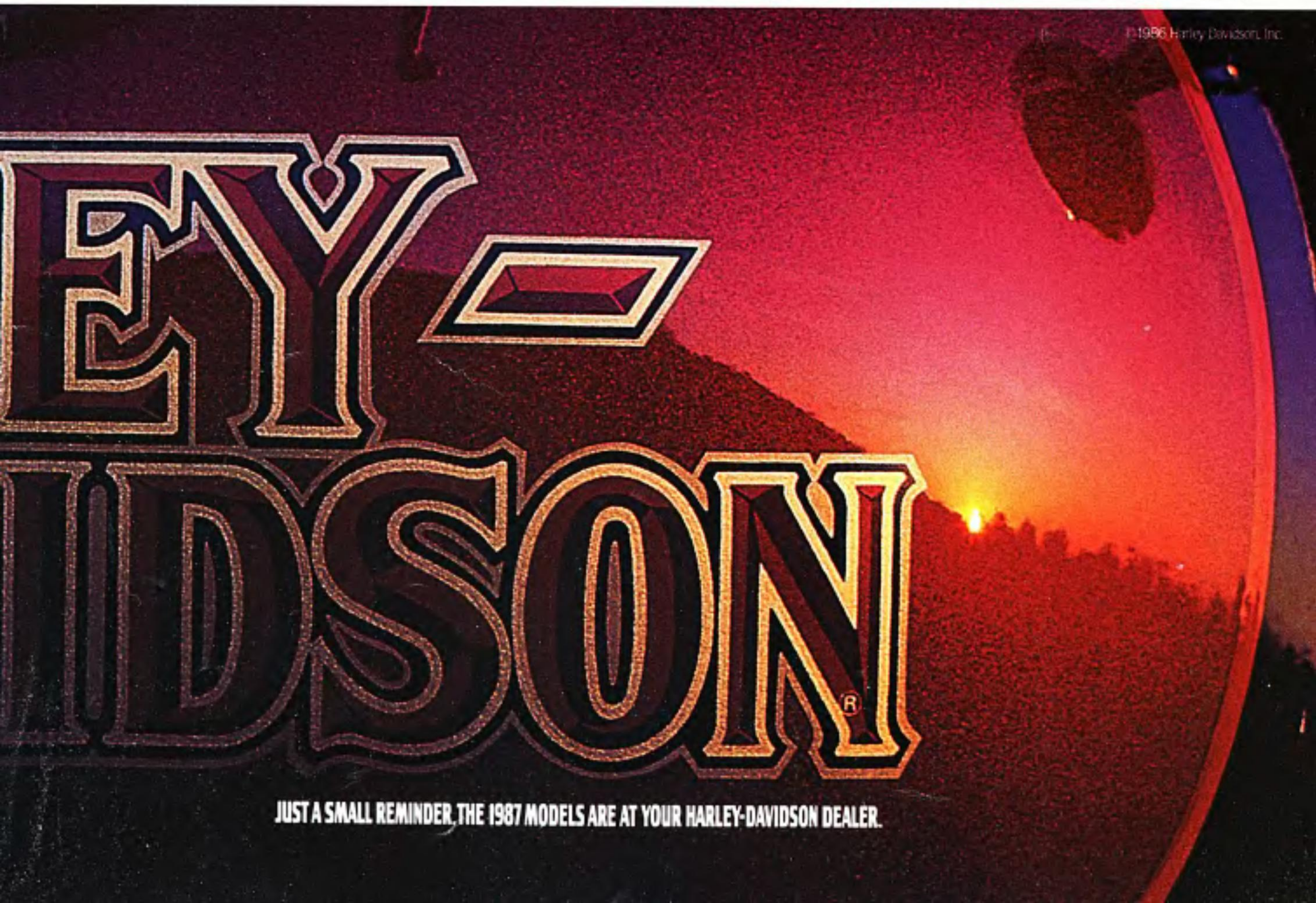
Sparky
Boise, Ida.

A Request

☐ I'm workin' on a memorial for a brother of the road who lost his wife and daughter in a car wreck. What I need are pictures or negatives of toy runs from anyone willing to lend a picture that they feel tells what a toy run is all about, along with some general info about the picture. All pictures will be returned unharmed, along with my sincere thanks.

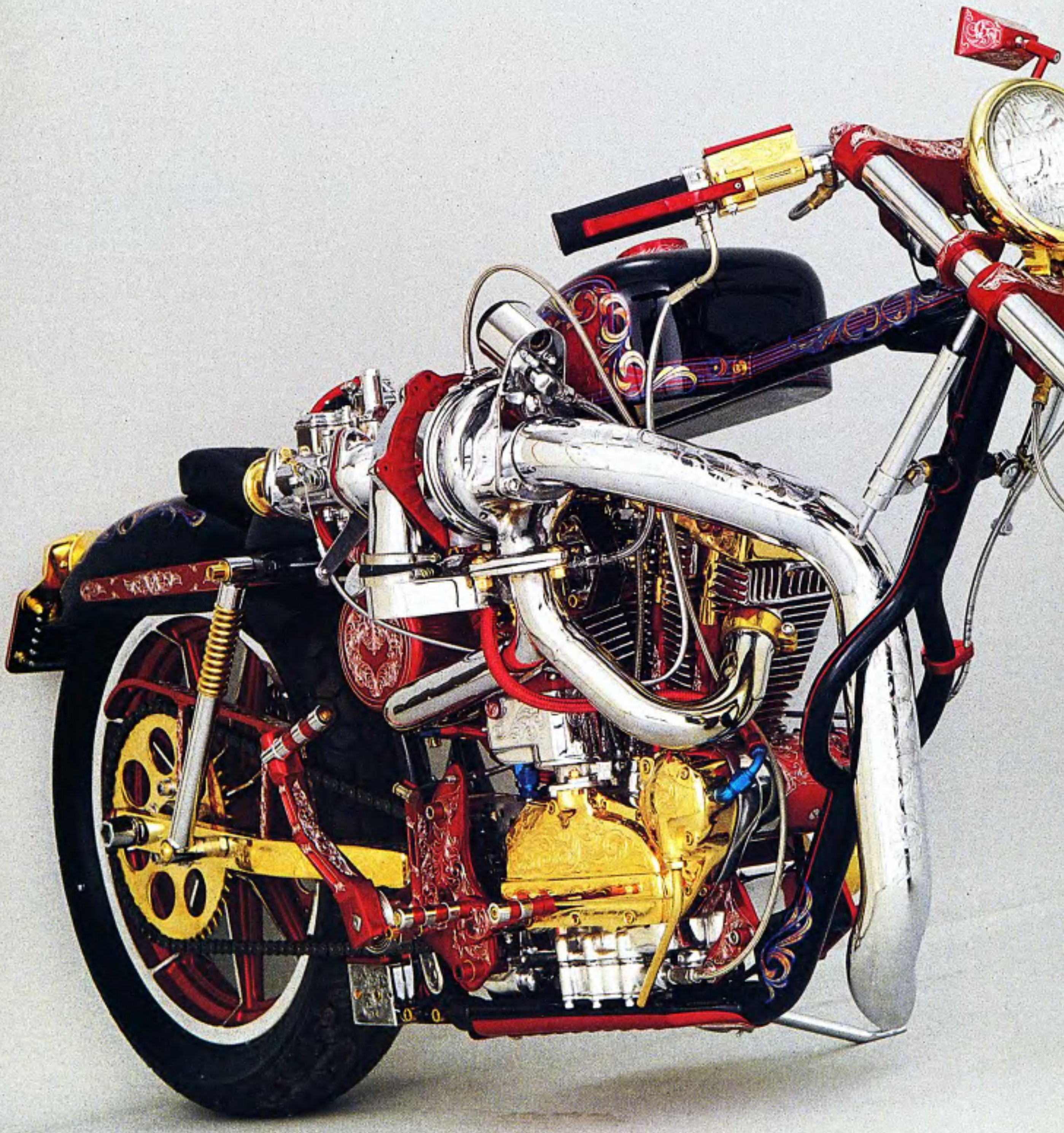
Maggot Megee
13905 Kentucky Rd.
Independence, MO 64050

Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, **Easyriders,** ***Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.*** ■



VENDETTA

It's a quiet riot when this turbo-powered Sporty hits town.

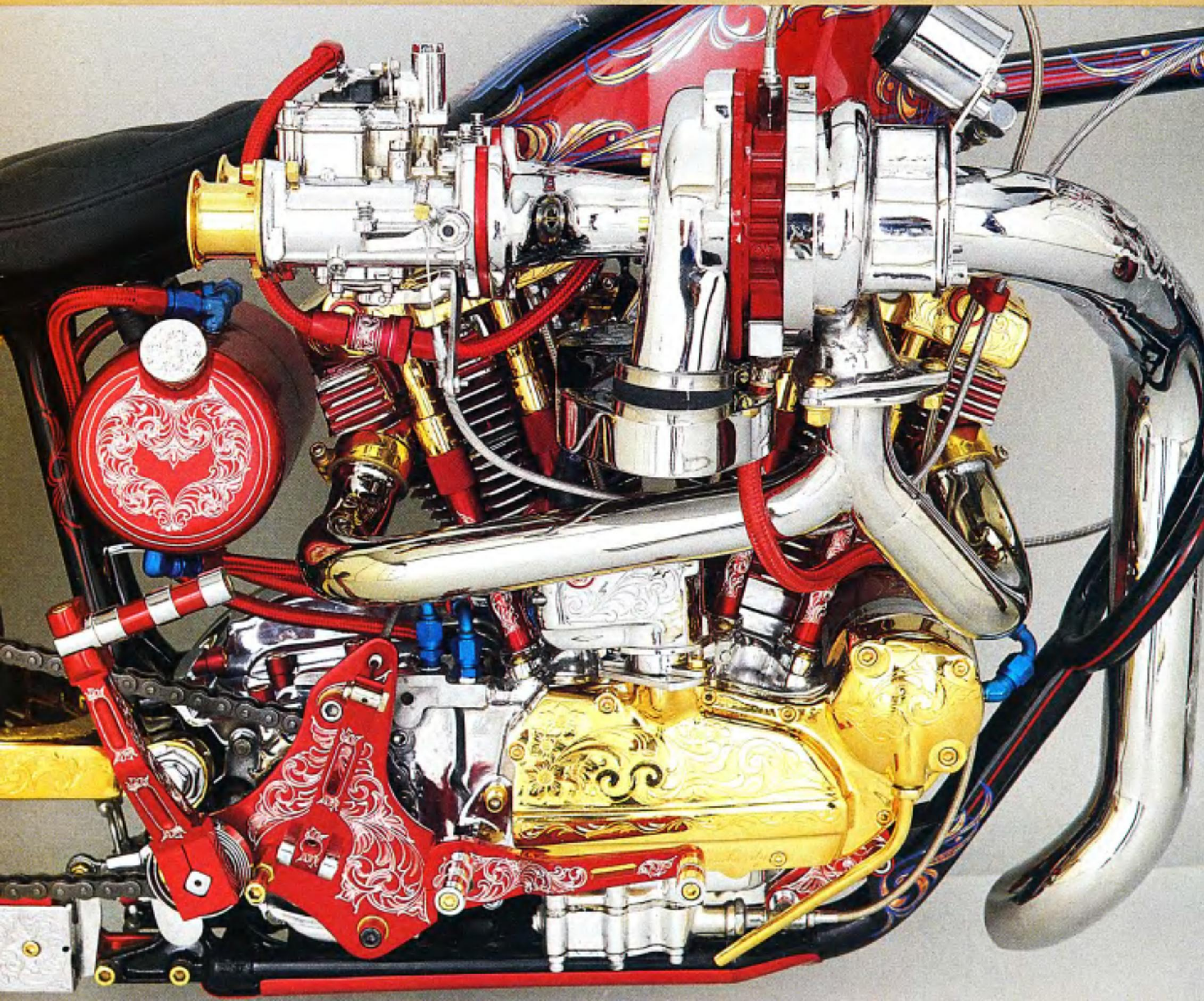


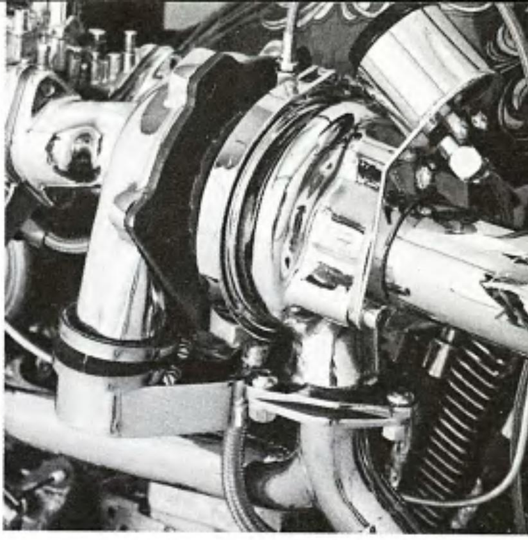
Bikes evolve in as many ways as there are riders who guide them. A man's idea grows, nurtured by bros, brews, and late-night rap sessions about styling, rideability and function.. The original idea is but a bare skidmark on the asphalt of life by the time the project reaches its conclusion.

Still, how many dude's dreams of sending out, onto the street, an eyeball-opening sled end up in the curiosity bin, like the one pictured here? Joe Cintrone had a vendetta against the bike show competitors from his Natick, Massachusetts, home. He wanted to put up a bike that would flat-out blow 'em off the pretty stands that show bikes perch on, no mean trick considering the great scoots we've seen come out of the New England area over the years.

But Cintrone's Vendetta would've exhausted the patience of a monk. It took him three and a half full calendar movements to complete this ride. From first working out a design with noted bike fabricator and innovator, Dave Perewitz, to the final pressurized touches before they were due to hit it south to Daytona, playing clock-watcher in what Perewitz called the "most intense project" he's handled. And he adds, "I'll never do it again."

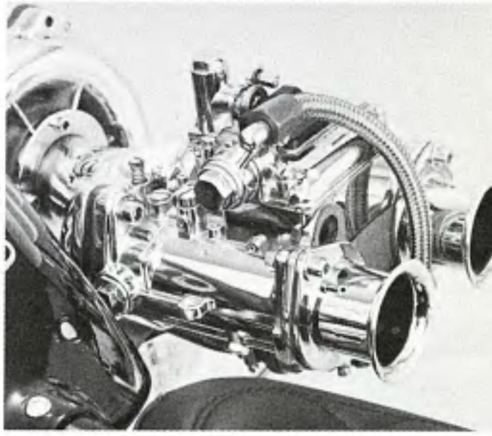
Luckily Joe and Dave are tight bros or you might think there'd be a bloodbath around the corner.

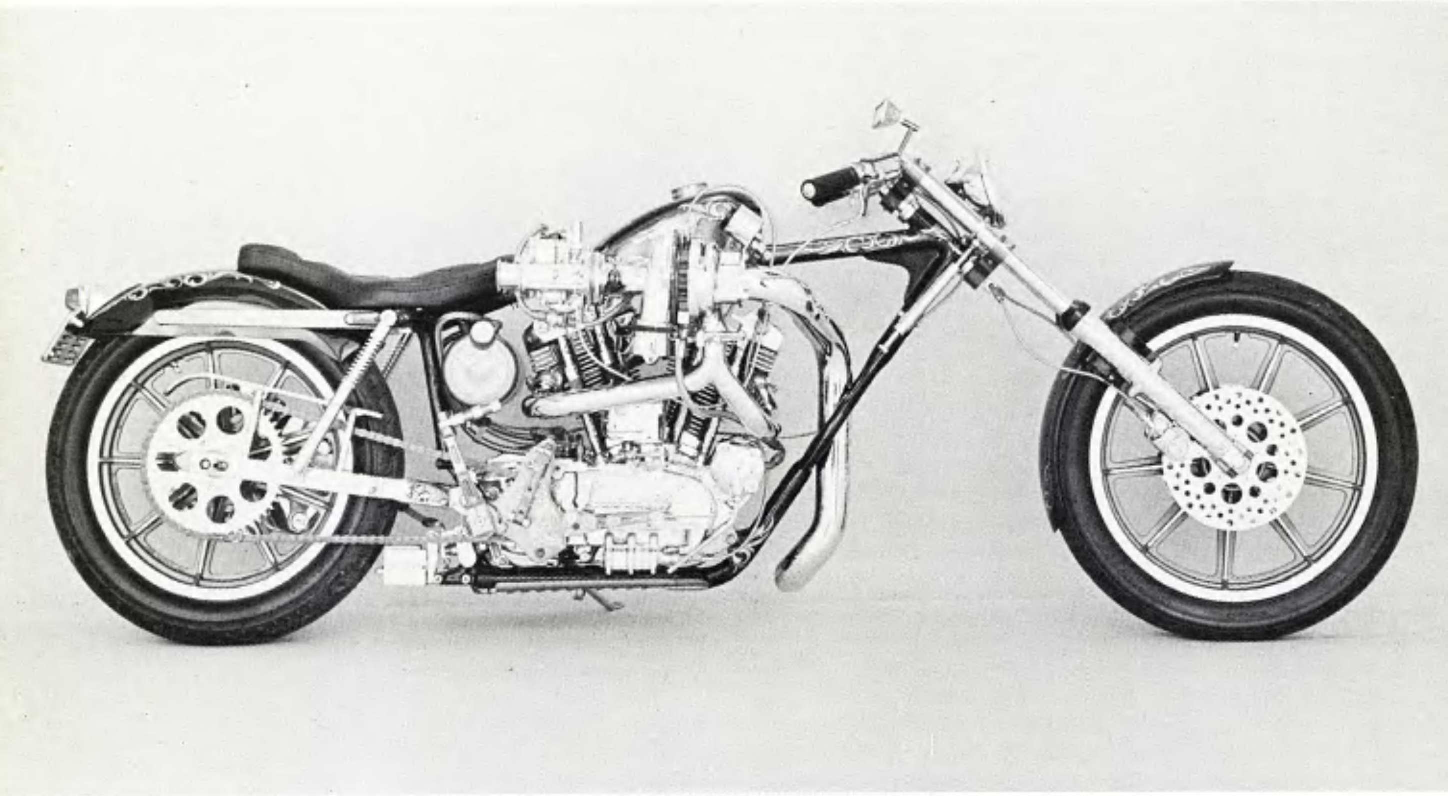


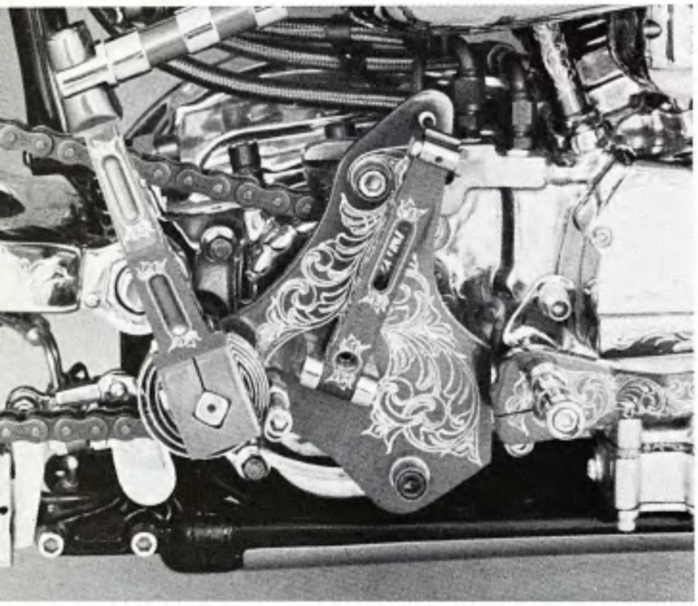


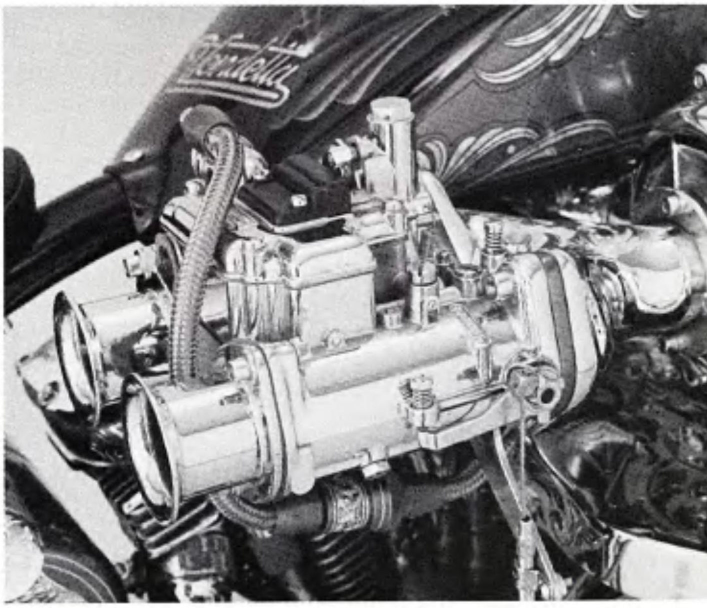
Cintrone is a machinist by trade and a member in good standing of the Cellar Dwellers MC, a small band of misfits that rarely comes up out of Joe's cellar, where they can be found makin' like Dr. Frankenstein, workin' on motorcycle experiments into the wee hours of morning. Joe figures he averaged a massive one hour of sleep a night during the final prep on Vendetta, what with the 60-mile putt to Perewitz' and another 60 back again. That's dedication, dude. Vendetta might also be called Quiet Riot considering the fact the turbo makes it a new version of Harley's ol' Silent Grey Fellow.

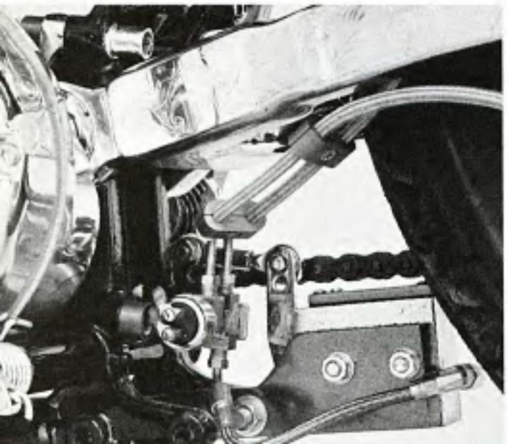
A knee injury (Sportster knee?) allowed Cintrone the time to delve into his cellar-dwellin' existence, building a complete machine shop down there, lathes, presses, you name it. Joe's talent went into a myriad of mechanizations. He handmade the sprocket cover, hand levers, triple trees, weird square mirror











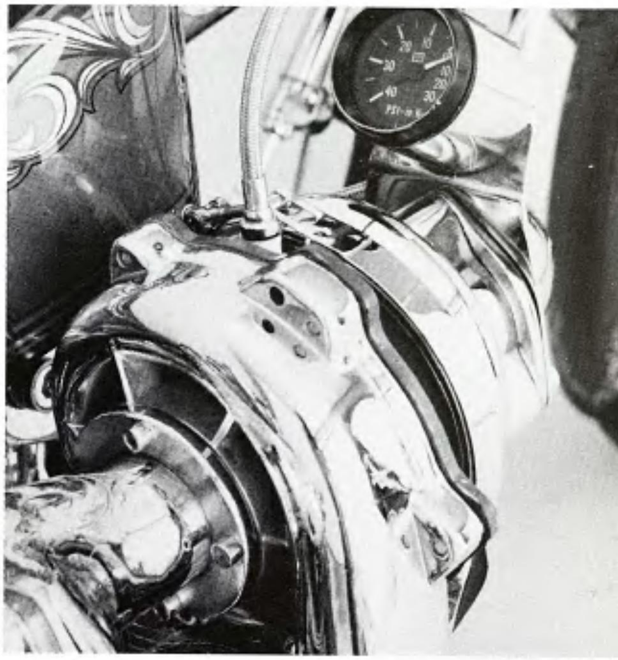
(11 hours), dual-caliper bracket, brake pedal, primary cover, kicker lever (18 hours), fender rails, shifter lever, motor mounts, lower leg clamps — aw, we could go on, but. . . .

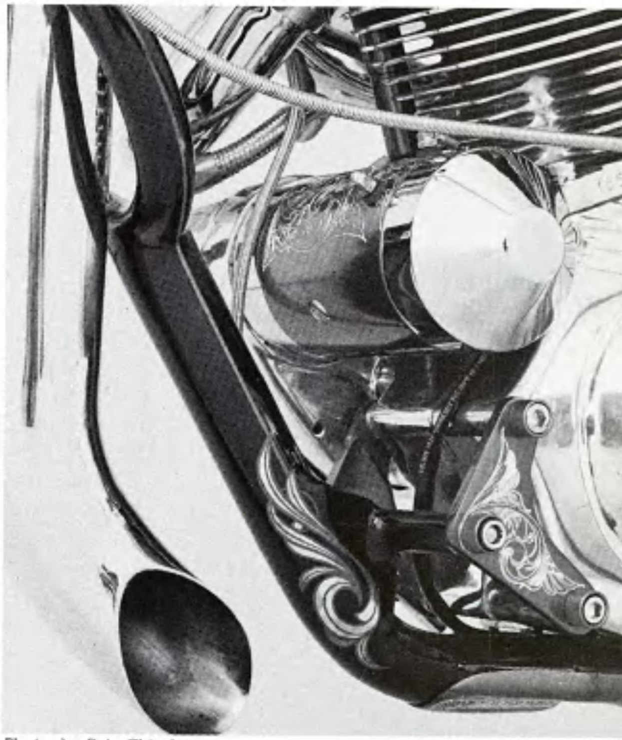
He did all that, but he doesn't forget the help he got from Dave, and Dino at Cycle Fab, and Dave's brother Don, who spent a week molding the frame and rescued a disaster in the process.

—Ram Pan

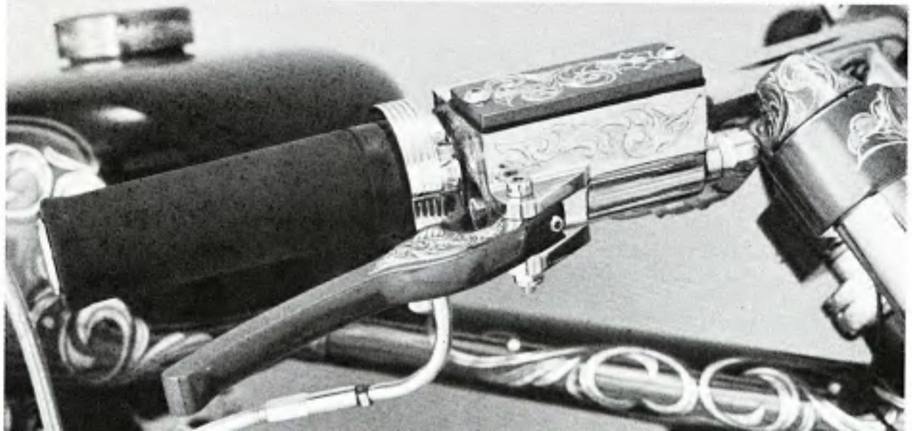
Owner: Joe Cintrone	**City:** Natick, Mass.	
General	**Frame**	
Fab. by: Cycle Fab./Dave Perewitz	Year: 1969	
Year and make: 1969 H-D	Builder: H-D/Cycle Fab.	
Model: XLCH	Type: single-loop swingarm	
Value: $25,000	Rake: 38 degrees	
Assembly: Cycle Fab./owner	Stretch: 6 in.	
Time: 3½ years	Other alterations: loop for pipe	
Chroming: Brown's & South Shore	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: Cycle Fab.	
Year: 1969	Risers: 6 inches	
Model: XL	Fender(s): Cycle Fab.	
Rebuilder: Rick Cicoro/Cycle Fab.	Headlight: Cycle Fab.	
Ignition: magneto	Taillight: Cycle Fab.	
Displacement: 900	Speedo: boost gauge	
Lower end: stock	Front pegs: handmade	
Balancing: Jim Thompson	Rear pegs: handmade	
Pistons: stock	Electrics: Accel	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: Arlen Ness	
Heads: Jim Thompson	Oil tank: Jammer	
Cam(s): Sifton	Oil system: Russell	
Lifters: solids	Primary cover: handmade	
Carb(s): turbo Dell 'Orto	Seat: Danny Gray	
Air cleaner: stock	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Roy Idman	Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): Rick Sansone	Material: aluminum	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: stock	Type: glide	
Year: 1969	Extension: stock	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D	
Engine sprocket: 33	Special features: machined; engraved	
Trans sprocket: 20	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Don Perewitz	Hub: mag	Hub: mag
Painter: Don Perewitz	Rim width: 3 in.	Rim width: 3.5 in.
Color: black, candy red	Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer	Brake: dual	Brake: dual-caliper
Special paint: leaf mural by Roy Mason		

Other special modifications: Anodized, engraved by Cycle Fab. Handmade parts by owner and Rick Sansone. Thanks to Don, Connie, and Dino.





Photos by Pete Chiodo



Merry Christmas

by John Watson

Santa stood on the street corner ringing his bell. Now and then he wobbled a bit and put out one hand to steady himself against the tripod holding the bucket. It was quite empty. Nobody had dropped in a coin all day, yet Santa had stood diligently ringing his bell since just before noon. He had departed his post only once, just before dark, to hurry into a nearby liquor store.

The beard Santa wore was his own. It was sparse, though naturally white in color, stained now with a bit of crimson around the mouth where the muscatel had spilled from the bottle. A prostitute wearing mesh stockings and fur-lined boots stopped and delved into her little purse. She was about to drop a dollar into the pot when Santa turned and breathed in her direction. She stepped back, covering her mouth and nose with a hanky, gasped for breath, crumpled the bill in her hand, and hurried on her way.

An hour later a man on a motorcycle passed by. In a few minutes he came back, going slower this time, staring hard at Santa, but the good man was too busy to notice the biker's interest in him. Santa was making an exchange of sorts, a small wad of bills for a tiny packet of white powder.

Now as Santa stood monotonously ringing his bell, he failed to notice or even hear the two motorcycles that pulled to the curb some distance away. No wonder — it was a busy street full of noise.

The bikers were big men. One of them kept close to the buildings as they approached, while the other walked directly toward Santa. When they drew close, the man near the buildings stepped across the sidewalk and grasped Santa by both arms, just above the elbows, and held him tight. A beat-up Chevy van turned the corner, coming in their direction.

Santa suddenly became aware of what was happening. He struggled, but to no avail. He was being held in a vise-like grip. There was something vaguely familiar about the man standing in front of him. Santa stiffened.

He watched in a daze as the large man drew back his fist and aimed. He wanted to hold up his hands to protect himself, but his arms were pinned back solidly. He wanted to say something — anything — to make the man stop, but nothing would come to mind. He thought of the safety and comfort of his cot in the flophouse up the street and how much he wished he were there right now with the blankets pulled up over his head. He recognized one of his assailants, remembered riding his motorcycle beside the man down the highway years ago, laughing. The scene was crystal-clear in his mind. Bright sunshine, the wind in his face, the freedom.

The fist crashed into his face and his vision began to come and go in flashes of brilliant light as the whole world whirled around and around at a furious pace. He tasted blood. It poured from his smashed nose and torn lips, and he would have fallen if the man behind hadn't kept a good grip on him and held him up.

A small crowd gathered around the three figures, but the two men holding onto Santa seemed unconcerned. The van pulled to a stop and its side door opened. Two other large men were just inside the doorway. Those few in the crowd who'd voiced disapproval at what was happening stepped back and were silent. Santa began to wail softly, uncontrollably, in a voice that was half-weeping and half-sighing. The crowd, gaining new courage as they saw Santa being lifted toward the door of the van, took a step forward. One of the men in biker garb took out a pistol, fired it into the air, and the crowd stepped back again.

* * *

"Where am I?" Santa asked stupidly. They had taken off the blindfold and untied his hands. Now, stripped of clothing, he stood in the center of a barren room surrounded by men he didn't recognize.

"You're in the old clubhouse. Don't you remember? Sure, you remember, all right. You murdered one of your bros out back — Jimmy Williams. You remember, don't you?"

He remembered. He remembered Jimmy and the time they had spent in Vietnam. He remembered lying in paddies filled with human excrement, remembered terror-filled nights, fire, chemicals falling out of the sky. He remembered it all, now and in his nightmares. He remembered how he had turned to drugs to forget, and how Jimmy, dying of cancer, had begged him to do the job for him in return for those plastic bags of something he couldn't refuse. He remembered, all right.

Now he was naked before them. They who didn't under-

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stand, who might never understand, who knew nothing of promises and true loyalty. They had him naked in the center of the room, just like the Cong had once had him. Circumstances were different now, only the threat was the same.

His bones showed everywhere through loose skin that overlapped his chest and stomach with wrinkles. There was dirt under his fingernails and toenails, and his hair had been hacked off irregularly, probably with a knife. He was a pitiful sight, but as far as they were concerned, he was a dead man and it made no difference what he looked like.

The muscles of his legs were stringy and shot. One bore a deep, livid scar he'd gotten outside Da Nang on a day when the world was mad and the earth stank of death. On the day he'd saved Jimmy's life — long before he took it.

He squinted into the bright light. Out of it stepped the big man who'd punched him in the face. Fearing it would happen again, Santa flinched.

"Not dead yet?" the man asked. "We'll remedy that!" He took out a huge, bone-handled hunting knife, but the others stopped him.

"Wait until Ruthie gets here," someone said. "She'll wanna do the job personal-like."

Santa stood with the tranquility of exhaustion, thinking of himself and Jimmy standing beside a gunship on a flight apron at their base in Vietnam. He remembered the bullet striking him and how terror had sucked his veins flat. He saw himself, everyone, all standing around as his blood ran in a rivulet across the concrete, because there was no one with the skill or means or ambition to stop it. "I want you to kill me," Jimmy had pleaded. "I'll be dead in a month anyway, but I've got this insurance from work, see, and it pays double indemnity if I die by violence. My wife an' kids need the money, pal. Please. I wrote this letter explainin' everything, in case somebody sees ya. Don't worry, they won't." But someone had.

He remembered the night clearly. Jimmy had furnished the gun and had stood with his hands resting on a dumpster in the alley, taking it in the back of the head. He'd watched Jimmy drop, and then he'd run. But someone saw him. He'd bumped into Al, coming to see if he'd really heard a gunshot. After that he'd kept on running and hadn't come back to the old neighborhood — till now.

"Here she comes," said the big man. His voice was as flat as the sound of a trigger being cocked. Santa watched her walk slowly toward him. Ruthie had changed a lot, but her grace and beauty were still alive. Now her eyes were fixed on him with a shiny malevolence.

"Ruthie," the naked, scrawny man croaked. She spit in his face. Trembling, she took the knife from the big man, holding it clumsily, as if she'd never held a knife before.

"Ruthie," he said again. "Look in my clothes. There's a letter for you from Jimmy inside the lining of my coat."

Ruthie's lip curled in a sneer of disbelief. Someone in the shadows picked up the jacket he'd worn under his Santa suit and he heard the tearing of cloth. Ruthie reached out her hand for the letter. She read a few lines, then looked up. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"When I came to my senses and realized what I'd done, I wanted to kill myself. The only trouble was, I didn't have any courage, so I ran away." His voice came softly, tears shimmering on the edge of every word. "For ten years I've slept under bridges and in gutters, staying on the move,

"They had him naked in the center of the room, just like the Cong had once had him."

busy feeling sorry for myself. I've never had any love — not like Jimmy had for you — and I've never had any kind of luck, either. I've spent ten years growing old. I don't care if you kill me. I just wanted to be able to tell you how sorry I am for what I did."

"What *you've* done?" Ruthie whispered. "My God, what have we just done to you? How can we ever —

"Just let me go back into oblivion," he said quietly. "Someday we'll all ride together again — with Jimmy."

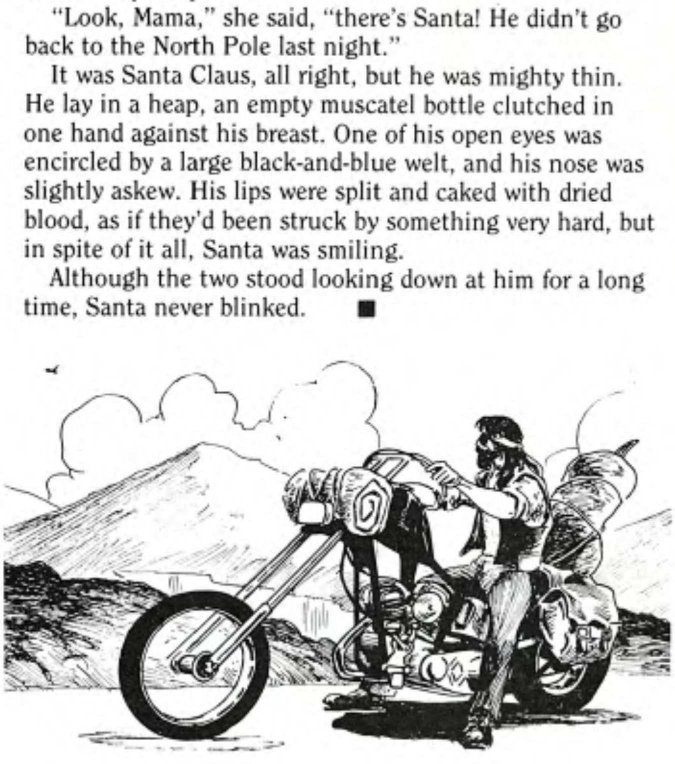
* * *

The bells rang out on Christmas morning. The street was deserted, except for a woman and her young daughter on their way to early Mass. The little girl pulled the hurrying woman to a stop as they passed the entrance of a boarded-up shop.

"Look, Mama," she said, "there's Santa! He didn't go back to the North Pole last night."

It was Santa Claus, all right, but he was mighty thin. He lay in a heap, an empty muscatel bottle clutched in one hand against his breast. One of his open eyes was encircled by a large black-and-blue welt, and his nose was slightly askew. His lips were split and caked with dried blood, as if they'd been struck by something very hard, but in spite of it all, Santa was smiling.

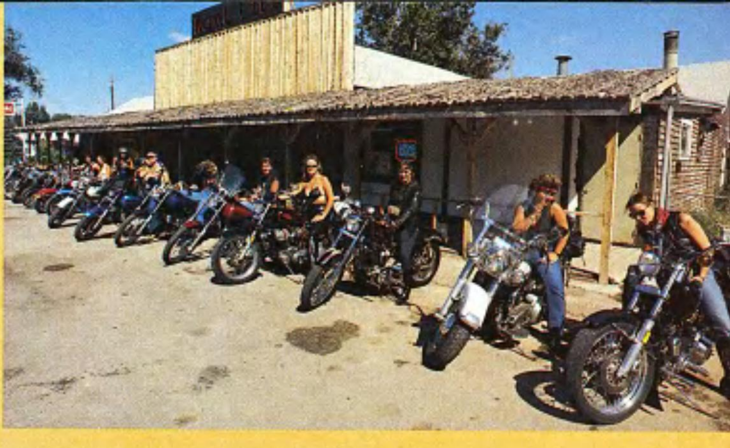
Although the two stood looking down at him for a long time, Santa never blinked. ■

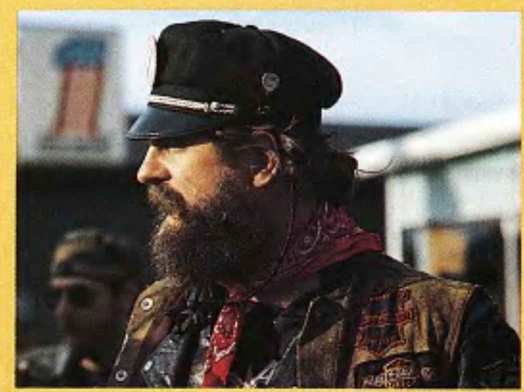


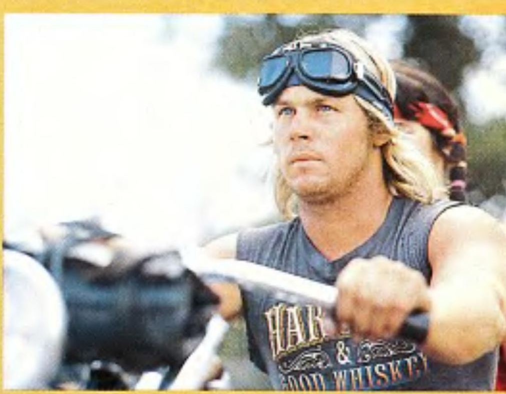
STOMPIN' AT STURGIS

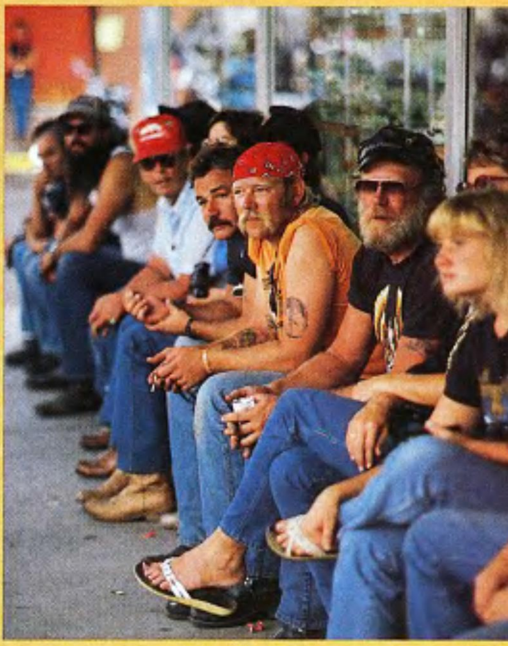
The Black Hills of South Dakota may be called the Badlands by some, but to us they ain't nothin' but good. . .as in good times, good people, and grëat bikes.

Due to local censorship, we have regretfully had to remove nude pictures from this feature. By subscribing you can obtain future issues uncensored. Please see page 43.



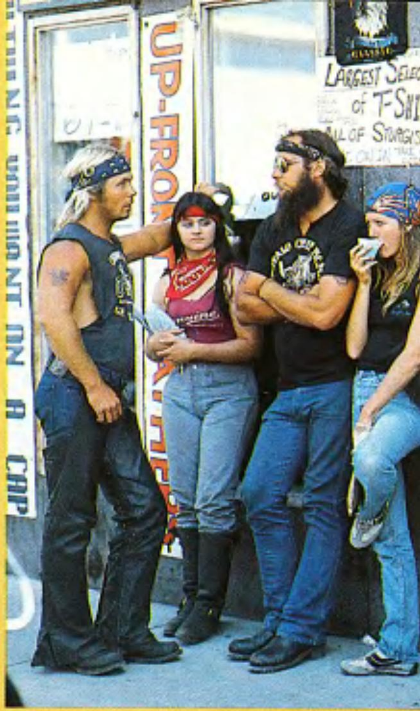


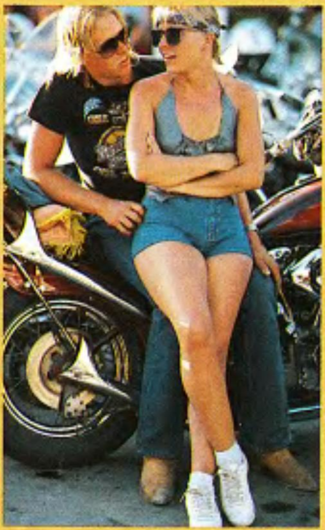


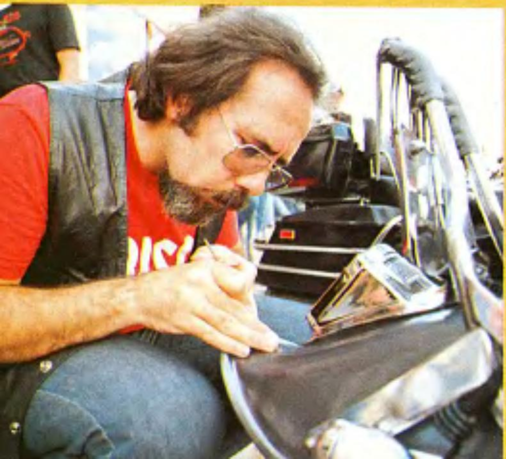


"I was born in the small town of Sturgis, South Dakota, in the days of boardwalks, dusty streets, horses, and muddy roads. Those were the days when feet were wrapped with newspapers and covered with overshoes to keep warm. When 25 cents on the Fourth of July was the kids' allotment, unless supplemented by staying close to a friendly cowboy or woodchopper who had taken an oversupply of snake medicine from one of the 22 saloons on our Main Street."

—J.C. Hoel



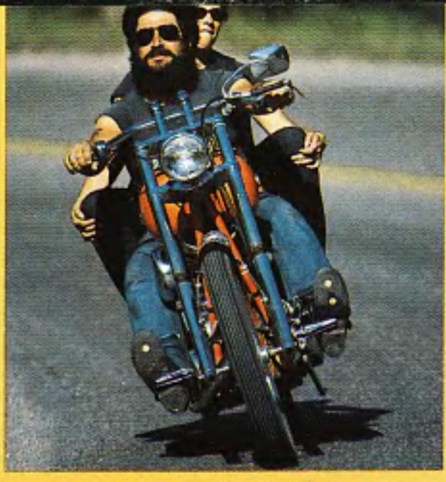


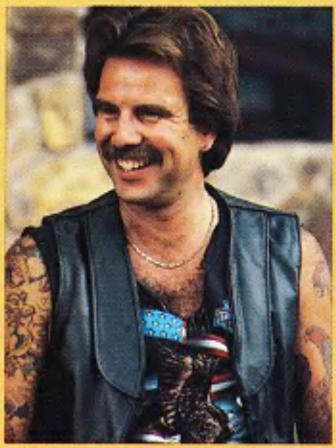
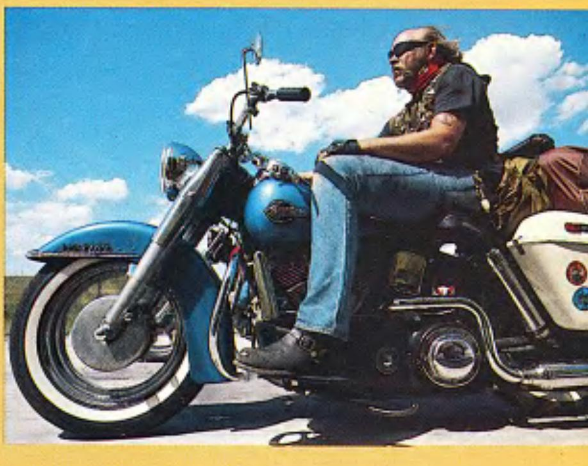


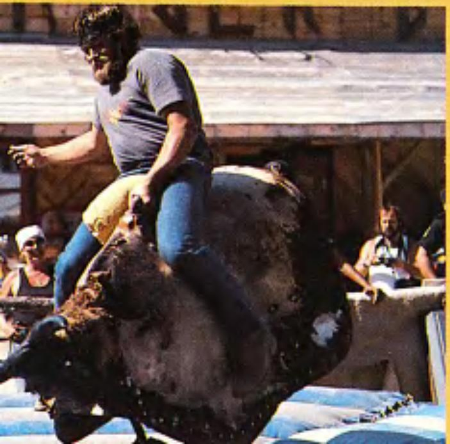
STOMPIN' AT STURGIS

Sturgis was indeed a small town when "Pappy" Hoel was born there on May 30, 1904. Hell, it was still a small town when Pappy and some bros originated what was to become the Black Hills Motorcycle Classic there in 1938. Even today, in fact, Sturgis, with approximately 6000 year-round residents, hardly ranks as a teeming metropolis. Except for the week following the first Sunday in August, the week that Sturgis annually becomes (sorry, Reno) the biggest little city in the world.

This year, as always, the bikes came from all points of the globe, shrouding Mount Rushmore and the ubiquitous Wall Drug billboards ("Who Has The Gall To Bypass Wall?") with layers upon layers of

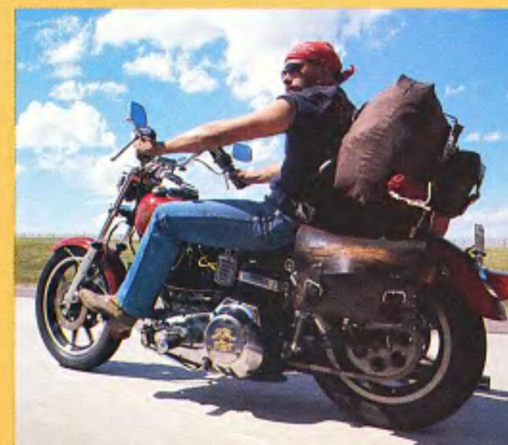


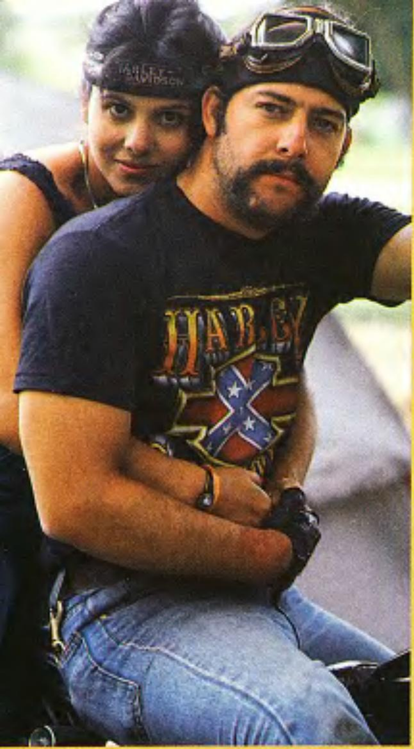



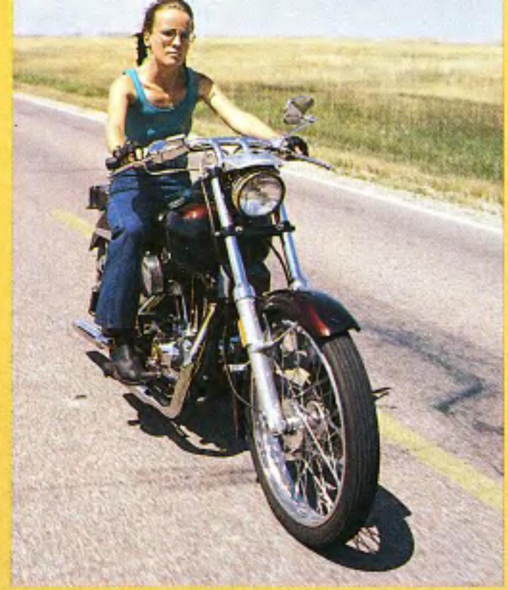


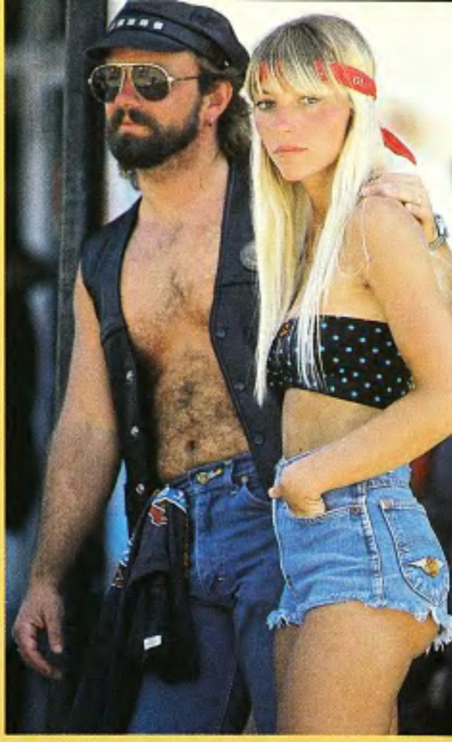
Harley smoke and scent, filling the prairie dogs' horizons with two-wheeled monsters of unbelievable sound and fury.

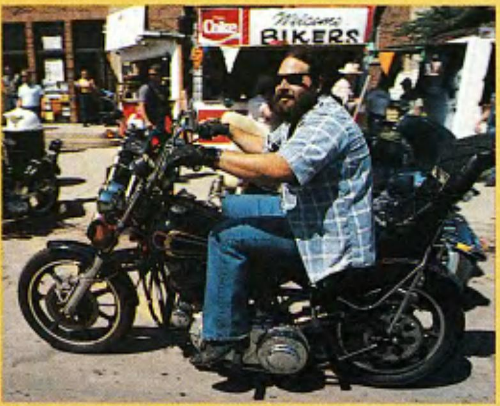
Close to 40,000 of us made the pilgrimage to Sturgis in 1986. Some for the races and hillclimbs, some for scenic gypsy tours through the Black Hills, many for the nearby Buffalo Chip Picnic, which has become increasingly popular since the Sturgis city fathers banned camping in City Park a few years back.

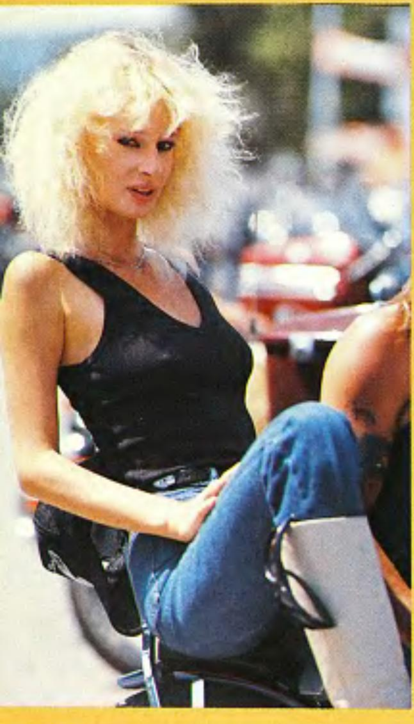






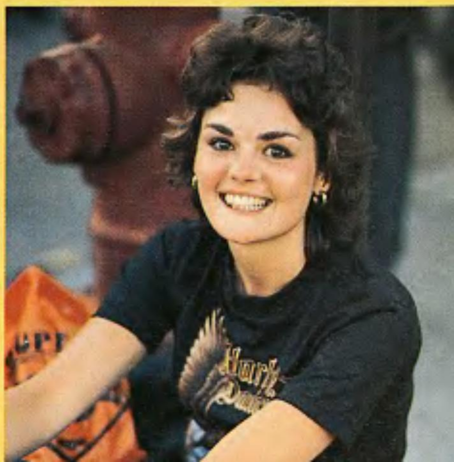


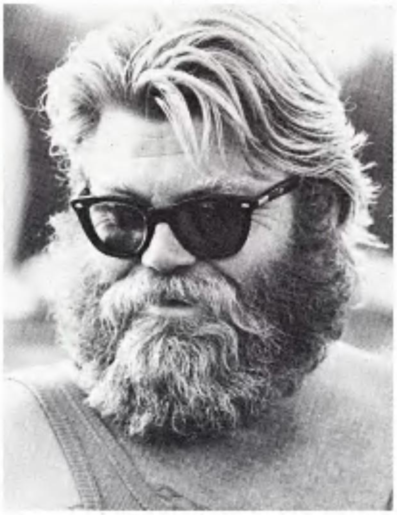




STOMPIN' AT STURGIS

One thing we all came for was brotherhood. Patchholders comparing scooters and tattoos, mamas with rugrats hanging from each tit, and old loners with a zillion miles showing in their eyes, sharing equally in the feeling of togetherness that comes from owning your own damn

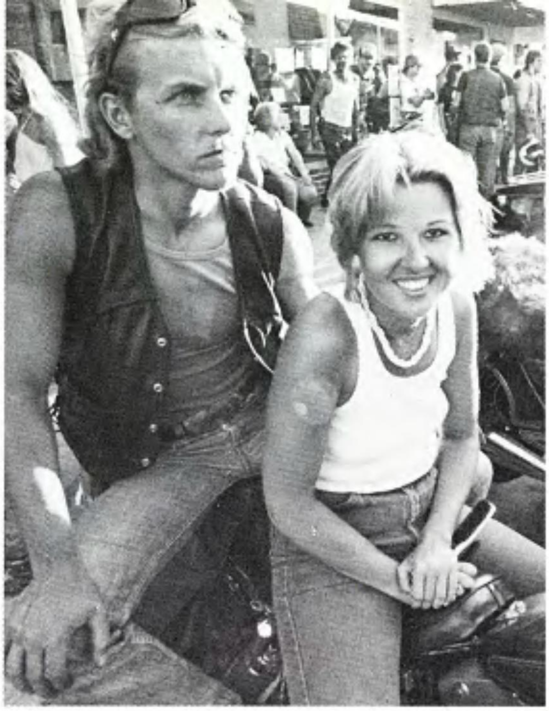




world — even if for only a week.

"I got ticketed for carrying an open container of beer on Main Street," Reb, a shovel rider from Memphis, said from the legal, jam-packed confines of Main Street's Fireside Lounge, "but it wasn't too bad. There were five or six bros and sisters making faces and tryin' to crack me up while the cop was doing his thing, and I had three offers of a free refill before he was out of sight."

Also trifling with the law, as usual, were legions of scooter sweeties unable to resist the age-old cry, "Ladies, show yer tits!" So a few of you more exhibitionistic hardbellies did have to make a slight detour downtown and "mail in" a fine, but what the fuck. Your sacrifices were appreciated, ladies, really, they were. And even if not, your tits surely were.



STOMPIN' AT STURGIS

More than anything, Sturgis is a study in contrasts. Lean Sportsters stand next to groaningly overweight tourers laden with packs and bundles containing some road-rover's full inventory of earthly possessions. Gray-haired grannies who have never ridden in anything more exotic than the family Ford whip up pancakes for long-haired chopper vets who haven't been in a cage since Henry Ford retired.

Nowhere were these contrasts more visible than at the concession stands, which have been called the world's greatest bike bazaar. There you could find practitioners of one of history's oldest crafts, leatherworking, vying for attention and sales with masters of one of the newest crafts, plastic and fiberglass

Photos by Michael Lichter

molding. Tarnished but functional parts from motorcycles manufactured in the '30s were sold next to sparkling chrome gizmos designed to work on scooters still on the drawing board.

Checking the values at the stands, you might have found yourself next to one of the oldest riders at the event, Sailor Ed, who at 83 thinks he has "a few more Classics in me," or one of the youngest, 21-month-old Grizzly, Jr., whose mother figures he's old enough to get an eyeful of what Mom and Dad were into when she was knocked up in a Sturgis sleeping bag two years ago.

So another Sturgis has passed into memory, a golden oldie in bikers' memory lane. One thing puzzles me, though. Accordin' to Pappy Hoel's recollection, Sturgis appears to have lost about 15 Main Street bars since 1904. I wonder where the hell they all went. . . .

—Butcher

TATTOO YOU

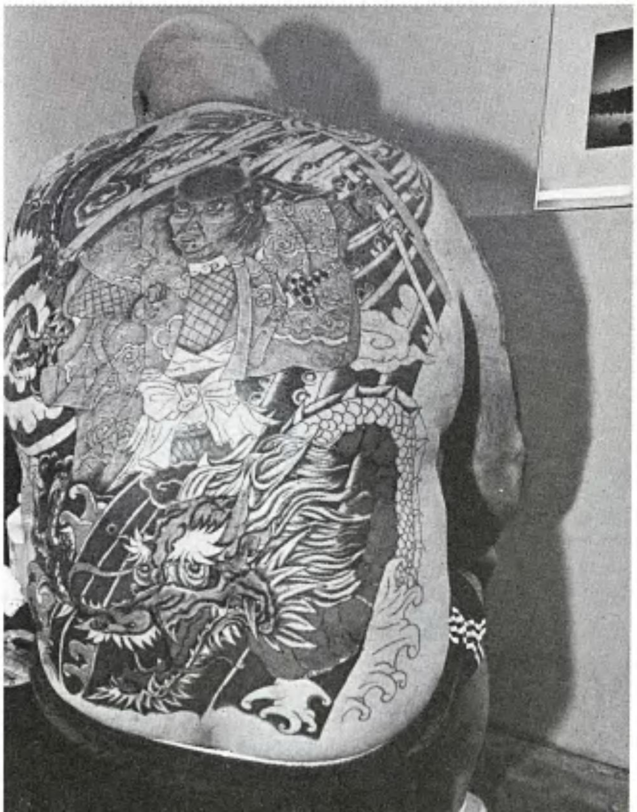
By April Moresi

It's wintertime and the ladies are showing off their summer artwork — and I don't mean oil paintings. I mean tattoos, baby — lots of 'em. Go to the fair, the local amusement park, or a concert in the desert, and what do you see? Lots of beautiful ladies with beautiful, feminine tattoos to show off.

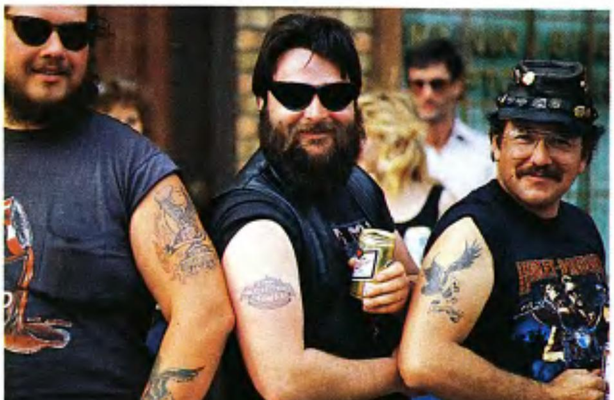
It's an art form, a personal statement from the women who wear them. You've gotta really study on the matter, sometimes for years, because, baby, it's **forever**. So what kind of women get permanently inked? And how painful and tedious a procedure is involved?

We went to an expert, Greg Schulthies, of Sunset Strip Tattoo in Hollywood, for the answers.

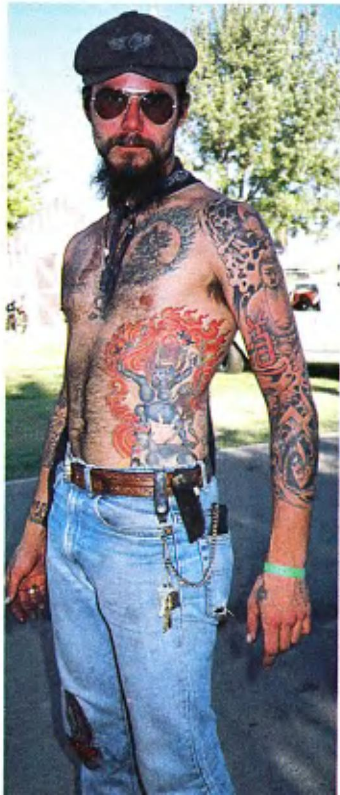
EASYRIDERS: What made you decide to become a tattoo artist?
GREG SCHULTHIES: I have a fascination with tattoos.
ER: How long have you been a tattooist?
GS: Eleven years, one year at this location.
ER: What sort of preparation is required for getting a tattoo, in terms of shaving, skin condition, et cetera?
GS: Tattooing shouldn't be done on broken skin, wherever there are cuts or abrasions — just clean, unbroken skin. We clean and shave the area to be tattooed.
ER: Why do you think people get tattoos?
GS: Mostly to identify. They like the way tattoos look on them, it makes them feel good.
ER: Is getting a tattoo a lengthy procedure?
GS: The average small tattoo takes about half an hour after the setup and prep, which takes roughly 15 minutes. Say, about 45 minutes total.
ER: How much pain is involved?
GS: The pain is less than you feel when you pluck your eyebrows. It's certainly not as bad as electrolysis or having a baby!
ER: How much of your business is from women?
GS: During the summer we do a lot of women, probably 30-50 percent of our customers. More women are getting into the artwork of tattoos. It used to be all little butterflies and roses, but now they're bringing in their own designs, making their own statements.
ER: How long does a tattoo's original color last? How do you protect it?
GS: People who go out in the sun all the time — the sun affects their skin. After ten years or so, a tattoo

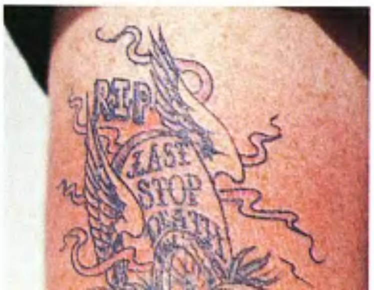


gets really muddy-looking, the colors "soften up." We tell our customers to use a sun-block; I use one myself. If you paint it right on, it'll leave a clear "window" over your tattoo, while the rest of you gets tan.
ER: As a professional, how do you feel about do-it-yourself tattoo kits?
GS: I don't like the idea at all. I've seen so many bad results, so many people who are just messed up so much that they can't be straightened out. The kits are really bad news.
ER: What sort of technique do you use when you're doing a cover-up?
GS: Basically, if the original art is fair, you can just redesign it and have something that makes sense. But if it's really silly and awkward, you have to cover it with a whole new design — whatever the customer decides. Sometimes we have no control, they get what they want whether it makes a good cover-up or not. If it's light, homemade work, we can sometimes cover it with our darker color values. If someone wants a total cover-up, we have to use a **lot** of dark colors and shading. It takes real imagination for a total cover; you have to be a lot more skillful.
ER: What do you think about tattoo removals?
GS: Some doctors are really butchers when it comes to removals. It's like they think an ugly scar is better than a tattoo. For instance, some people wind up with a "burn" type of scar when they get a removal. There are those doctors who do try, of course, but most of the results I've seen are pretty poor. A qualified dermatologist can remove some of the ink if it's not too dark, and lasers are now being used to actually burn pigment out of the skin. I'm sure some people just can't live with their tattoos, and hopefully, someday there'll be a method of removal without scarring.
ER: How many tattoos have you done and how many do you have?
GS: I've done about 50,000, maybe more, and I've got about 30. Mine are large, go-together tattoos.
ER: Can you copy a design from a snapshot?
GS: If the picture is really detailed, we can change it around to make it "tattooable." There's hardly anything we haven't been able to do.
ER: Can you describe some of your original designs?
GS: There's scarcely anything in the business that hasn't already been done. Half the people we do bring in their own artwork or ideas, because everyone wants something that's different and original. Their tattoo is their identity, so every tattoo we do is original — your signature, so to speak. Nobody else would do it exactly the same.
ER: Can you identify other artists by their work?
GS: Definitely. It's their signature. I can tell my own work from ten years ago, just by little things I do personally. Someone will come into the shop and say, "You put this tattoo on me five years ago," and right away I'll recognize it as my work.
ER: What about famous people with tattoos? Have you ever tattooed a celebrity?
GS: I've tattood quite a few people who appear on TV. This shop is famous for doing people like Cher, Billy Idol, Ozzy Osbourne, Brian Setzer. Kevin Brady, an artist here, did all of Motley Crüe. Just about everyone famous comes here.
ER: Is anyone else in your family into tattooing?
GS: My older brother Dave, who has his own shop, is the one who taught me the business. Though he's pretty well covered, I'm doing a back piece on him right now.
ER: Last question, do you read **EASYRIDERS** for inspiration in doing biker designs?
GS: Hell, yes!

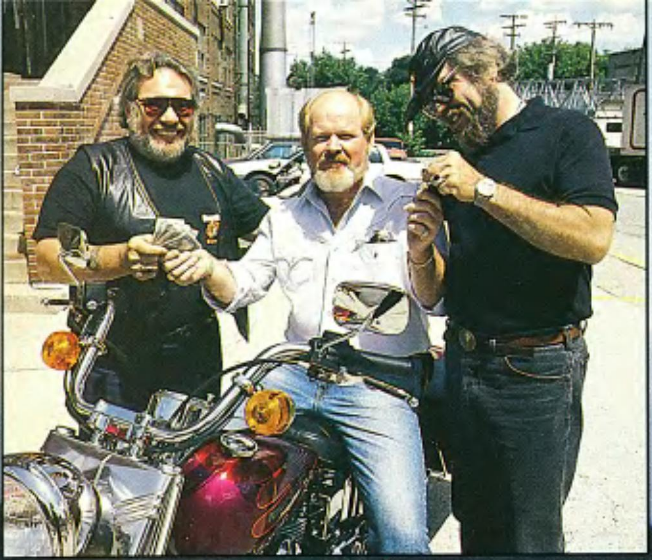


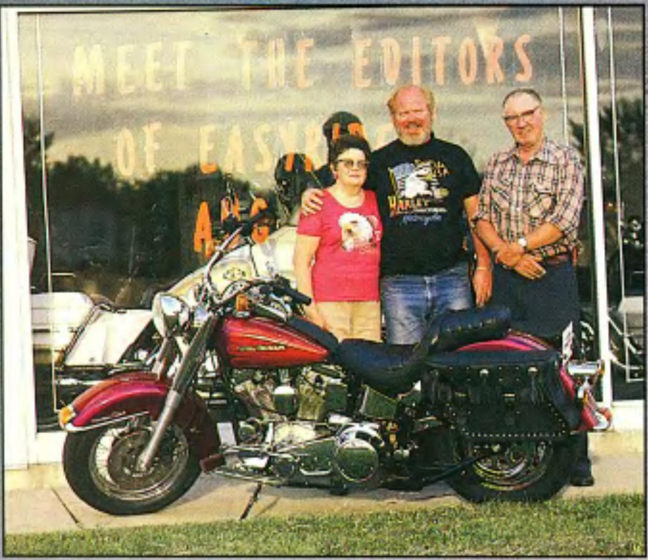
Photos by Kim Peterson





It couldn't be helped. A little bit of the cat got let out of the bag when I called the business number we'd been given, identified myself, and asked to speak to Don Kummler. He wasn't in, so I said I'd call back and let it go at that. Waitin' a reasonable amount of time before trying again, I wondered what Don





Winner Don Kummler flanked by J.T. of *Easyriders* (left) and Willie G., top photo; Don with Rich Grethe of Rich's Pit Stop, Milwaukee; Mary and Al Decker of Decker H-D in Madison (Wis.) welcome Don.

SWEEPS

would think when the switchboard operator at Plant Vogtel told him he'd missed a call from *Easyriders.* Certainly, he'd know that something out of the ordinary was up; I hoped he wouldn't figure out precisely what it was. That was a surprise I wanted the pleasure of layin' on him.

The following conversation is a verbatim account of me getting to let the entire cat out of the bag and knock Don for a loop with it. Phone call number two:

JT: Hi, this is Joe Teresi again. Is Don Kummler back yet?

Operator: Hold on, please.

Don (his voice filled with excitement): *Hello!*

JT: Hello, Don?

Don: Yeah!

JT: Joe Teresi — *Easyriders* magazine.

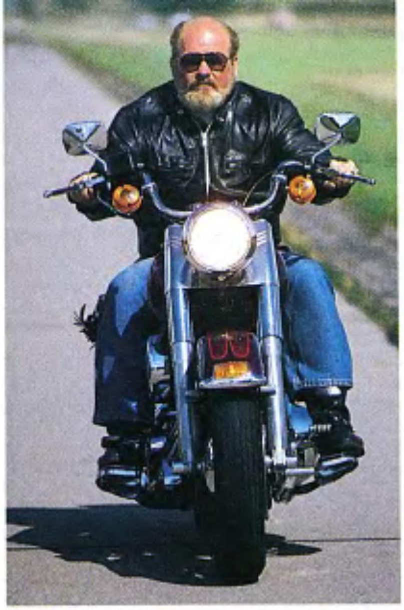
Don: Yeah, man, how ya doin'? (By now, his excitement is audibly seeping through AT&T's equipment.)

JT: Pretty good. I guess you probably heard. . . .

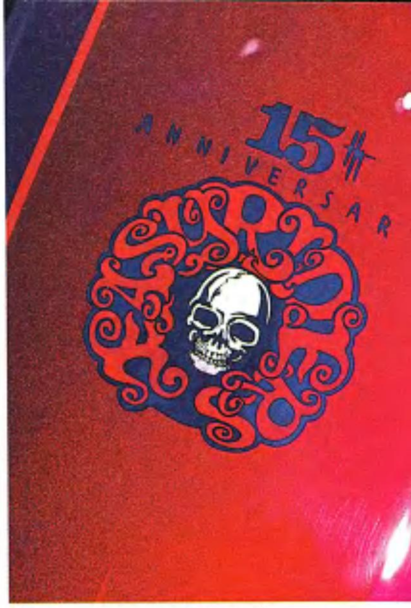
Don: I heard that I won some-

TAKES WINNER

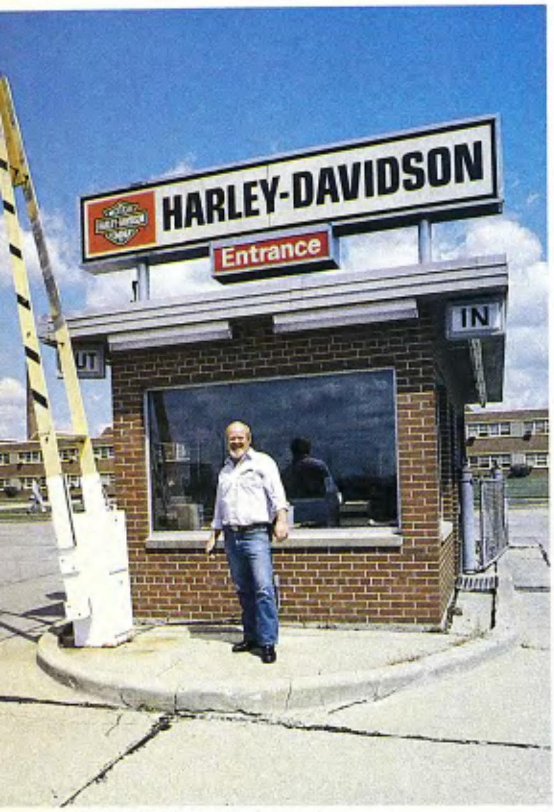
The Willie G. signature



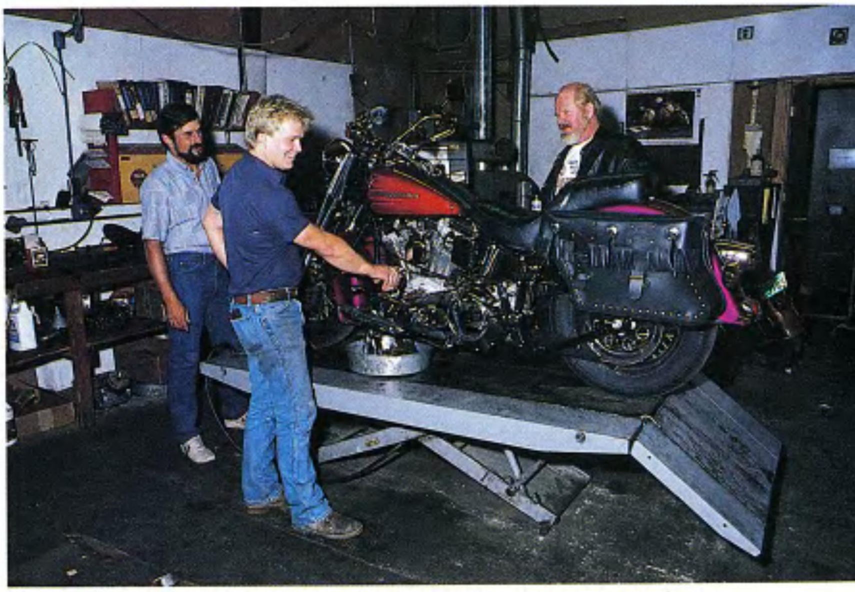
Don haulin' ass



No decal — it's handpainted



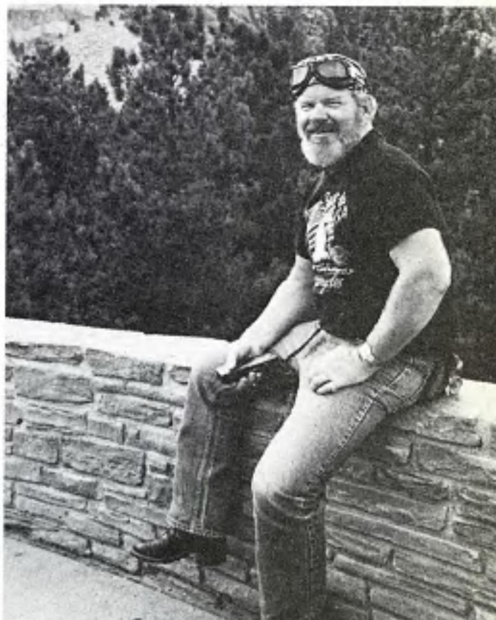
Yeah, I'm *happy* to be here



First oil change; Rochester wrench Bryan Dottwick (Minn.) H-D owner John McGuire supervises

Okay, Willie G.! Ya did good

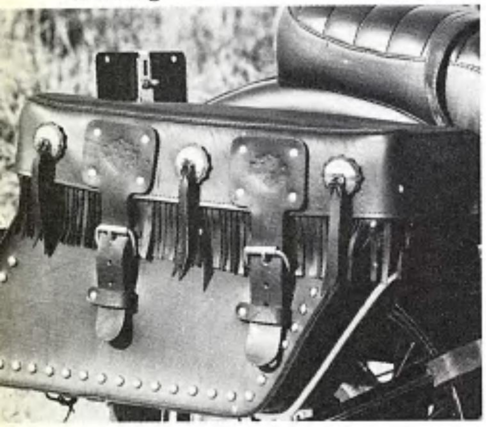
thing, but I don't know what.
JT (laughing): Well, ya won the big one.
Don: The *BIG* one?!?
JT: The big one.
Don (exultantly): *All right!* ***ALL RIGHT!!*** The one that was covered up that nobody's seen yet, right?
JT: That's right.
Don: *ALL RIGHT!* I get a tour of the Harley factory and the whole nine yards, right?
JT: If you can be there July 31.
Don: All right! I just can't believe it. . .I'm so happy, man.
JT: You own a bike now?
Don: Yeah, but I tell ya what, my Harleys are broken and I'm riding a lousy Honda. Man, I can't wait to get rid of that thing. My girlfriend bought it for me 'cause she was tired of, ya know, gettin' beat up on a Harley, and I was. . .Oh, yeah, I got a bored and stroked Sportster, and I tore it up last year, an' I . . .Man, I tell ya, I can sure *use* a new Harley.
JT: Well, ya got yourself one. I don't know where the hell Hephzibah, Georgia, is, but probably you're gonna be flying out of Atlanta, I'd guess.
Don: Well, we've got an airport here in Augusta. I could fly out of Augusta to Atlanta, and, ya know, on out to. . .where? California, right?
JT: No, you're gonna fly to the Harley factory —
Don: Oh, right. Up in Milwaukee?
JT: Yeah, and then from there , part of the deal is we're gonna treat you to a week in Sturgis —
Don: You **ARE?!?** Oh, man that's *great*! I've never been to Sturgis.
JT (laughing): Oh, you hadn't read that part, huh?
Don: Noooo.
JT: Okay, you get the bike designed by Willie G. . .
Don: All right!
JT: You get a thousand dollars for spending money. . .
Don: ***ALL RIGHT!!!***
JT: And we've got a trip planned — we're gonna ride with you. . .
Don: Oh, man, this is *great!*
JT: We're gonna meet at the



Harley factory, give ya the thousand dollars and the motorcycle, then we're gonna stop at a few bike shops along the way. . .ya

Don picked up some company from Minnesota at famous Wall Drug

Shootin' the breeze with Charlie Milligan at P.J.'s in Rochester



know, it's about 1000-mile ride to Sturgis from Milwaukee. Then we've got a hotel room for ya — actually, it's in Spearfish, right next to Sturgis — for the Sturgis week, and then after that you're on your own. You'll have to find your own way home on your new bike.

(Stunned silence from Don, presumably due to the enormity of all the news just received.)

JT: So, can you arrange your schedule to be in Milwaukee on July 31, so that you can accept the bike August first?

Don: I sure can. In fact, I'll be there a day ahead of time!

JT (laughing): Okay, I'm gonna send ya tickets then. And Augusta's the nearest airport?

Don: Uh-huh.

JT: How far is Augusta from Atlanta?

Don: Oh, 100 — about 150 miles.

JT: Okay, well, if the flights don't work out, you don't mind driving to Atlanta, do ya?

Don: No, no, I don't mind. I'd hitchhike to Atlanta if I had to!

JT (laughing): I'm gonna mail some tickets to ya, so that you arrive in Milwaukee, say, the evening of the 31st, and do the factory tour about nine in the morning, then we'll give ya the bike around noon.

Don: Good, I'll be able to ask the factory why they didn't sponsor my double-engine, top-fuel Harley-Davidson back in '78 when it held the record.

JT: The record? You held the record?

Don: Yeah. Back in '78 I was beating all the top dogs from the factory.

JT: That's great.

Don: Boy, I still can't believe this. I'm so *happy!*

JT: I figured this would probably make your day. So I'll be seeing ya in Milwaukee then, right?

Don: You can *bet* on it!

That call was the start of a helluva lot of fun (too much, actually, at times). Don — known as Double Don to his friends at his Plant Vogtel job in Georgia, where he's the job steward for Local 86 of the Sheet Metal Workers union — takes care of business, but he also believes in ridin' hard, as well as partyin' hearty whenever he has the chance. With all that in mind, he took a 30-day leave of absence from work just so he could enjoy his new scoot — and enjoy he did. From the first burnout at the Harley factory to visiting some of the folks who help us get *Easyriders* to ya through their shops, the fun meter was damn near pegged.

Photos by Mike Lichter

By the time midweek had rolled around at Sturgis, it was "Harleys, Sex & Rock 'n' Roll." Ridin' through the Black Hills, enjoyin' the drags at Belle Fourche, the bars and vendors along Main St., the all-night parties at the Buffalo Chip Picnic, you name it, we did it — all of it. *Yahooo!* (And let me add that ol' Don always looked happier than a possum in a tater patch, too.)

So where are all the photos of this partyin'? Well, hell, I like to party, too, ya know — *heh, heh* — but if ya take a good look through the pictures on pages 20-27 of this issue, ya just might catch a glimpse of Don partyin' down. Guess someone was snappin' shots, after all. . . .

— J.T.

Free speech? Now they want to censor shirts!

The New Jersey legislature is considering passing a law that would make it a criminal offense to wear T-shirts, hats or buttons, or carry signs containing what the legislators consider to be "offensive language."

What's "offensive language"? Try "Harley's Best, Fuck The Rest" or "Better My Sister In A Whorehouse Than My Brother On A Honda" on for size. Or how about "Moustache Rides, 25 Cents," "Show Yer Tits," "Party Naked,"or "Born In America And Damn Proud Of It."

"There is a small minority who [wear 'offensive' shirts] for shock value and attention." State Sen. Lawton Connors, co-sponsor of the censorship bill said. "They feel the law can't touch them because of the First Amendment. To those people, we're saying. 'Try it, buddy. When we get our law on the books, the next person you offend may prosecute you in court.' "

Connors noted that New Jersey already makes it illegal for people to use "vulgar" language "to offend the sensibilities of the hearer or in reckless disregard of the probability of doing so." "If you can't say it," Connors asked, "why should you be allowed to wear it?"

Because "you've a balance here in America," Jeff Fogel, executive director of the New Jersey Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, said in answer to Connors' question. "We enjoy the liberty we enjoy, and some people will, in terms of taste, abuse it. But that doesn't give us the right to ban them."

The T-shirt censorship issue was first raised by a member of a profession long noted for its tastefulness and class — a disc jockey. Spotting someone in a 7-Eleven wearing a black T-shirt saying something on the order of "I wouldn't screw Khadafi with your dick," Toms River DJ Bob Levy was so affected that, in his own words, "I go out to my car and I'm a vegetable." The next day he launched the radio crusade that resulted in the anti-T-shirt bill being introduced.

"The problem with this country today," Levy said, "is that we are a nation of sheep. We look the other way. Do we have to accept this vulgarity?"

Which just goes to prove the old adage that it is mathematically impossible for someone to be wrong all the time. The problem with this country is that we really are a nation of sheep — sheep who are only too glad to let people like Levy and Connors tell us when to walk and when to wait, what to ride and how fast to ride it, and now, if they get their way, what to wear.

Easynews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Brainwashed jury reams bashed biker

Panel puts insurance company greed ahead of loss of kidney

Disregarding a judge's courtroom instructions that the defendant was negligent and liable for damages, a jury in Tulsa, Oklahoma, recently refused to award a biker a single cent for injuries — including loss of a kidney — suffered in a collision with a cage.

"I don't know if they are against motorcycles or hate paying high insurance premiums," District Judge Ronald Shaffer, the jurist in the case, told the press. The judge noted that the motorcycle rider injured in the accident, Brian Linde, 33, "was not at fault at all" in his 1983 collision with a cage.

In addition to losing a kidney, Linde suffered ankle and hand injuries in the crash. He and his lawyers had sought $450,000 — not much for someone who could find himself on a dialysis machine or dead twice as easily as before the accident — in damages for his medical costs, lost income, pain and suffering.

During the trial several doctors testified about the extent and severity of Linde's injuries, while the defense did not call a single witness. Instead, they seemingly chose to rely upon the anti-victim prejudices of the jury — an extremely wise decision in light of the ensuing verdict.

Experts in the field of personal injury law speculated that the jury had been "brainwashed" by massive insurance company public-relations campaigns designed to prejudice the public against victims of incompetent doctors, reckless drivers and other forms of negligence.

The insurance companies claim that big damage awards have forced them to raise rates to policyholders in order to maintain their traditionally astronomical profit rates. Financial analysts, however, contend that insurance company profits have dipped because interest rates have gone down, decreasing the amount the insurance firms earn on their mega-buck investments in real estate, construction financing, and equipment lending.

According to these experts, damage awards in average personal injury cases are no larger (adjusted for inflation) than they have been in the past 20 years.

Linde was seeking "an enormous sum of money," jury foreman Gloria Brazeal told the press after rejecting the biker's plea and exonerating cager Robert J. Stuart, who had been convicted of failure to yield after running down Linde as he was riding his bike out of a grocery store parking lot.

Linde's attorney, Dale Warner, was stunned by the jury's refusal to award damages to his client. In announcing that he would file a motion seeking a new trial, Warner claimed that the jury's ruling was a product of insurance firm propaganda and a highly publicized campaign to limit the amounts negligence victims can win.

"Everyone in the case, the attorneys on both sides and the judge are completely baffled," he said.

"This is why our taxes and insurance for our cars are getting completely out of range," jury foreman Brazeal claimed, apparently ignorant of the incontestable fact that assholes who run down law-abiding riders might have just a slight bit to do with increasing insurance rates. "We are tired of seeing people or companies getting ripped off. This lawsuit mania has gotten completely out of control. The amounts given are not justifiable.

"My premium goes up right along with all those people who are suing."

Okay, Brazeal, then why not forget the money and order the insurance company to give Linde back his kidney, or, for that matter, why don't you give him one of yours? After all, Gloria, though it may take two to tango, you only need one to piss.

Rape in Rome! Italy joins bucket brigade

But the country's bikers in blue are first to feel the pinch

After 25 years of constant agitating, Italy's do-gooders have managed to drag their nation to the fascism of the Il Duce era by forcing a mandatory helmet law through parliament.

In another throwback to the justice-under-Mussolini school of government, the same people managed to make the penalties for disobeying the new lid law outrageously severe — huge fines and/or confiscation of the motorcycle.

Italian bikers had been successfully fighting off a mandatory helmet law for decades; 15 sponsors over a quarter of a century had failed to get it past the nation's parliament. But for reasons as yet unknown, 1986 was different. Despite massive protests from riders, including a traffic-jamming Milan rally highlighted by 10,000 bikers riding under a huge banner proclaiming, "WE WANT TO RIDE WITH THE WIND IN OUR HAIR," the measure was finally passed.

But true sons and daughters of Italy are not easy to push around, especially if they ride motorcycles. "This law is an imposition on personal liberty and we are going to fight it," said Florence motorcycle club prez Stefano Alberti, speaking for the vast majority of Italy's more than 4.5 million motorcycle riders.

And, in fact, Italian motorcycle rights advocates were not about to let the grass grow up to their taillights while they debated what to do next. Within 12 hours of the mandatory helmet law going into effect, thousands of *centaurs* — as bikers are known in Italy — were practicing civil disobedience by refusing to wear lids. Within 24 hours of the law's inauguration, 5000 riders roared bareheaded through downtown Modena in a helmet protest run. The cops were caught so flat-footed by the protest that they couldn't even get it together to make any arrests — the best they could do was chase after the cruising *centaurs* while trying to copy down their plate numbers.

Most ironic, however, was the fact that the citizens who suffered worst on D (for Dome) Day were the nation's motorcycle cops. Seems some honchos in the Rome headquarters suddenly discovered that someone had forgotten to order any of the full-face integral helmets required under the law. Determining that the open-face helmets previously used by Italian bike boys were, indeed, illegal, the brass was forced to order the officers off their bikes and onto the sidewalk, where they walked the beat until proper helmets could be obtained.

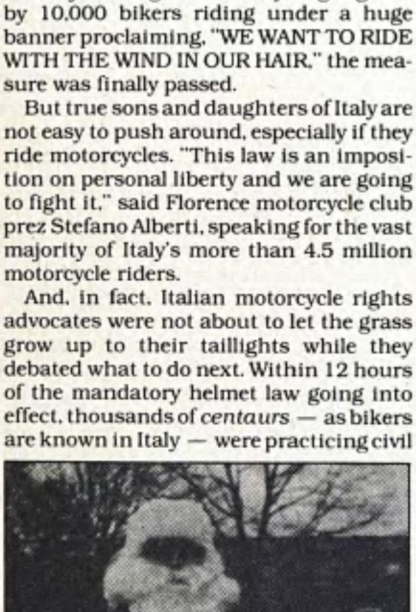


Photo by Mountain Man

***WHO DAT?* — It ain't Mussolini, that's for sure. Actually, it's Santa Claus — Big Nick to his biker friends. Santa's here to remind you that it's toy run season once again. Throughout the world bikers are helping create a merry Christmas for needy kids, while also improving our public image and having a great time gathering with the tribe. For the locations of some upcoming Xmas toy runs, check out "Down The Road" on page 38.**

Workers blackmailed into wearing lids

First on the bucket bandwagon were the so-called safety councils, then it was the feds, the military, and the Nadarites. Now even private employers are getting into the act, raising the specter of workers being chained to their bosses' whims and wishes 24 hours a day, at home as well as at work.

One of the earliest manifestations of this abhorrent practice recently surfaced in Minneapolis, Minnesota, when the Wrico Stamping Company, a division of the Griffiths Corporation, declared *it would not honor most insurance claims for employees, and their families, injured while riding a bike without a helmet — despite the fact that Minnesota does not* have a mandatory helmet law on its books.

"Too often safety for our own protection has to be forced on us," Wrico veep Albert Tsuchiya said in a memo to employees. "Seat belts, safety glasses, safety shoes, ear plugs and hard hats are all results of public and industrial laws passed for our own protection.

"Even though public laws (sic) does not mandate the wearing of a safety helmet while operating a motorcycle, we at Wrico feel it is important enough to drive the message home to all employees by making it a company policy for all employees and their families to wear safety helmets while operating motorcycles," Tsuchiya continued in his memo. "To make this policy meaningful, all claims up to $12,500 will not be paid if a helmet was not worn at the time of the accident.

"If this will 'force' you to wear safety helmets, then we feel the 'savings' to you and your family makes this policy worthwhile."

And so it begins, another example of blackmail and extortion being used for the dismal, communistic advancement of social engineering. If companies like Wrico are allowed to get away with this, how long will it before some Albert Tsuchiya type is telling employees what recreational sports they can participate in during their spare time ("Maybe a little slo-pitch softball, Joe; hardball's too dangerous"), where they can go on vacation ("I'm afraid we'd have to yank your life insurance if you went to Europe, Herb; they've got terrorists, you know"), and what their families can do for fun ("Wasn't that your son I saw surfing last Sunday, Charlie? You know that's a no-no").

As the late Edward R. Murrow used to say, I can hear it now . . . .

Cops run over chick after bike chase

A 19-year-old Maple Lake, Minnesota, woman was killed recently when she was run over by a police car after the motorcycle on which she was packing went down.

The so-called accident occurred when the bike, which was boxed in by patrol cars, ran off the road and overturned in a cornfield. According to police reports, one of the patrol cars ran over the cycle, killing the passenger, Vickie Lynn Otten. The driver of the bike took off on foot and disappeared — not surprisingly.

According to the police, the officers began pursuing the bike because they suspected it was stolen — an explanation that did little to comfort the victim's family.

"They [the cops] told us they have to do this," Vickie Otten's father, Richard Otten, said. "They said, 'This is our job; we have to stay in pursuit.' Does a $100 bike mean more than a life? It does to them, I guess."

Otten also claimed that the police had given him very few details about the case and said he was going to hire a private detective to investigate his daughter's death.

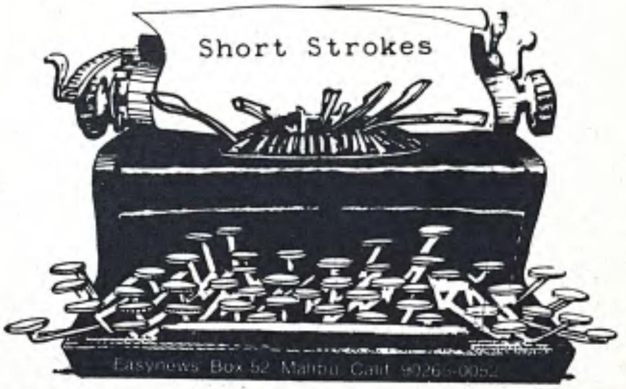
Interestingly — and apparently irrelevantly — Carver County, in which Maple Lake is located — has an official policy for officers to follow when chasing a suspect. It states: It is not expected . . . that a person be pursued to the point where the life of the officer, the violator, or others is placed in jeopardy.

Carver County Sheriff Jack Hendrickson had, perhaps, the most unique view of the tragedy. "We don't know why she didn't run — if she was injured or what," Hendrickson said. "All we know is that the bike was down and the bottom of the fender or one of the edges on the vehicle did cut her pretty bad."

Interesting concept of criminology — when in doubt as to whether the subject is injured, park on top of them and ask. But probably the sheriff is right. The deceased should have run . . . after all, a bullet is a lot lighter and easier to catch than a fender.

U.S./Canadian Motorcycle Laws	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights On 24 hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes[1,12]	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	Yes
California	Yes	No[13]	No	Yes[6]
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes[3]	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes[1-4]	Yes[3]	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes[2]	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes[6]
Kansas	Yes	No[2]	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes[7]	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes[6]
New Mexico	Yes	Yes[2-4]	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes[2]	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No[12]	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No[9]	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes[2-4]	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes[2]	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes[4]	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes[4]	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes[2]	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes[1]	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes[8]
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes[3]	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

1-Under 19. 2-Under 18. 3-Required even if bike has windscreen. 4-Helmet must be reflectorized. 6-Lights on if bike was made after 1977. 7-Required for speeds above 35mph. 8-1970 or newer bikes. 9-If over 21. 10-Except drivers under 17 and passengers. 11-Certain cities may require lights. 12-Passengers must wear helmets. 13-Passengers under 15½ must wear helmets. *Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. **Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.**

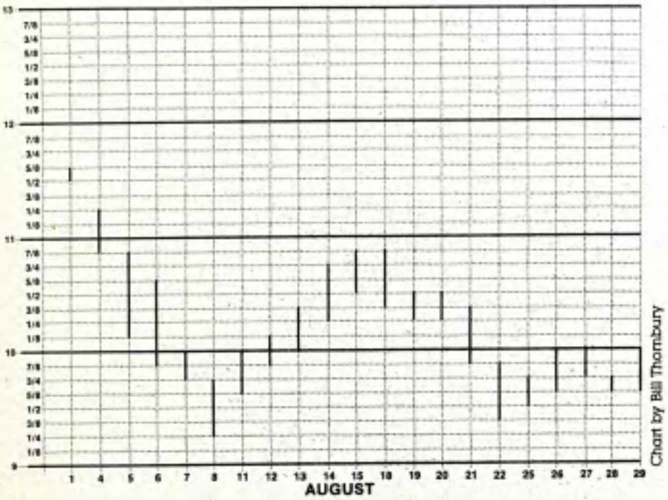


Ain't science wonderful? A Houston company has has started importing a Swiss gadget guaranteed to make your riding even more fun and profitable — for The Man. A combination camera and radar gun, the so-called traffic monitor allows a cop to record a speeder's license plate number, his speed, and his picture on a photograph just by pushing a button. The device's peddlers say it will enable the fuzz to write more tickets faster, reduce the number of cops needed to maximize profits from snaring speeders, and enable officials to simply put your ticket in the mail. They also hope to have a unit "in every county in the country," a spokesman said. And to think some people call Russia an "evil empire" . . . **Some moustached motormouth** named Roger Simon recently used his column in the *Baltimore Sun* (a paper published solely to give people who step in dogshit when they go out to fetch the *Washington Post* something to wipe their shoes on) to come out *against* motorcycle helmet laws. "Fewer helmets," spake Smith, "mean fewer surviving motorcyclists." Did you ever notice that there are some people whose death you would like to hear about . . . while the demise of others would not be satisfactory unless you could actually watch them go — slowly and painfully.

The U.S. Army lost a battle when the city fathers of Lawton, Oklahoma, recently refused to pass a local mandatory helmet law. The city council apparently felt that the state legislature — which repealed a state helmet law years ago — was more fit to write the laws than the brass at Fort Sill, which had requested the ordinance. Then, too, the council may have been pissed by the three Fort Sill propagandists who came to a council meeting and whined about a bareheaded, bikin' GI who had been killed in Lawton. Seems the trio left out two small details — the victim was stone-drunk and careening through a 35mph zone at 80. A hell of a lot of good a helmet would have done *him*.

And finally: A kind of miracle worthy of the Christmas season occurred recently in Elmhurst, Illinois. It started, police say, as "strictly a traffic altercation . . . there was nothing to indicate the people on the two sides knew each other." Maybe not, but they sure didn't like each other. The exchange began when two guys in a cage and three bros on bikes exchanged less-than-friendly verbal greetings on a street in nearby Lombard. As the bikers drove on toward Elmhurst, witnesses say, the cage repeatedly tried to cut them off. When they all stopped at a red light in Elmhurst, someone in the cage threw a bottle at the bikers. A biker picked it up and flung it back into the cage. Then the light changed and the bikes roared off. Shouting, "We're going to kill you s.o.b.s!" the cage driver pursued. About a mile later he caught up with the pack of bikers and rammed them at full speed. When all the broken glass had stopped dancing on the asphalt, two men — from the cage — were dead. And we can all raise a glass of Christmas cheer to that.

HARLEY HIGHLIGHTS



The chart shows the daily high-low price spread of Harley-Davidson, Inc., common stock on the American Stock Exchange for all of the trading days of the applicable month.

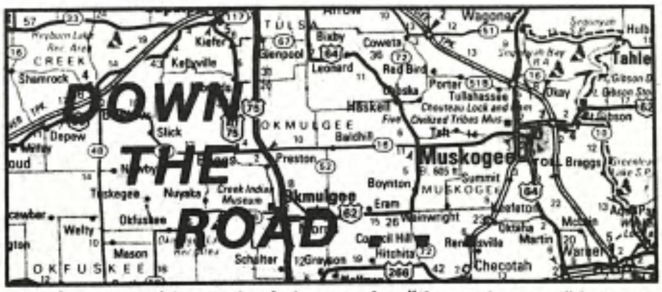
The Harley-Davidson company recently celebrated the building of their 10,000th Evolution 883 Sportster, marking a special milestone for the firm's $3995 marvel.

Assembly line workers and supervisors with the 10,000th 883

"The 883 represents everything Harley-Davidson is trying to accomplish," Harley general manager Jim Lucas said at a small ceremony marking the event. "We have an ongoing goal of achieving equal or greater quality with corresponding cost reduction, and the major force in accomplishing our goals is employee involvement."

Harley is currently offering a free subscription to their *Enthusiast* magazine to anyone interested in bikes, regardless of whether or not they currently own a Hog. To get yours, send a postcard with your name and address to *Enthusiast*, Harley-Davidson, Inc., Box 653, Milwaukee, WI 53201. Put the make, model and year of whatever you do ride on the card, and don't forget your name and address.

H-D's homeboys in blue, the Milwaukee Police Department, recently took delivery on 34 new FXRP patrol bikes. The new models sport stronger crash bars, more flashing lights, and louder air horns than the FLHs they are replacing. The new crash bars didn't take long to prove their worth. Riding back from the bikes' unveiling ceremony, an officer was broadsided by a cage — the guards were scratched and battered to shit, but the cop's leg was A-OK.



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have *your* club or organization's event listed, get the information to us *at least* three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication. If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

NOVEMBER

November 9 — BIKE SHOW & SWAP MEET at the Metrolina Fairgrounds in Charlotte, North Carolina. Door prizes and two bands. Sponsored by Concerned Bikers Association. For more info, call (704) 536-8535.

November 9 — SWAP MEET at Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California. Sponsored by the MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (818) 797-6156.

November 14-16 — TURKEY SHOOT & SWAP MEET in Osceola, Florida. Sponsored by ABATE of Florida. Bike show, lakeside camping. For more info, call (305) 299-4158.

November 16 — 2ND ANNUAL BOYS TOWN-OF-FLORIDA RUN, beginning at the Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida. Sponsored by Dade County Chapters, ABATE of Florida. Begins at 10 a.m. sharp. For more info, call (305) 238-3160.

November 16 — TOY RUN at Prado Basin Park in Corona, California. Proceeds go to the Chino Community House Toy Collection Campaign. Sponsored by the MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (818) 797-6156.

DECEMBER

December 6 — BENEFIT RUN at Ventura County Fairgrounds, Ventura, California. Toys for Tots and "goodies for grunts" run. Bring a toy for the kids and a gift for a vet. Camping, barbecue, live music, and beer. Sponsored by ABATE of California and Vietnam Vets of Ventura County. For info, write ABATE, Box 219, Oak View, CA 93022, or call (805) 646-3376.

December 7 — TOY RUN at the Los Angeles Coliseum, Lot #5. Admission one toy, one can of food, or $2 per person — no exceptions. Toys, canned goods, and money will go to the Salvation Army. Sponsored by the MMA, 2206 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (818) 797-6156.

December 7 — TOY RUN in Dallas, Texas. Run starts at 7815 S. Buckner at 11 a.m. Admission: $5, plus one toy. Proceeds benefit Buckner Children's Home. Party to follow run. For info, write Total Confusion MC, Box 17223, Dallas, TX 75217.

December 14 — TOY RUN in Tucson, Arizona. Sign-in at the Tucson Community Center, 260 S. Church St., 10:30-noon. Donation is $10 or a new, unwrapped toy of equal value. Party and dance follow run. Sponsored by Sun Riders MC, 7502 E. 45th St., Tucson, AZ 85730. (602) 790-8112.

December 14 — STATE TOY RUN, sponsored by ABATE of Florida, coordinated by Palm Beach County Chapter, 2005 Tallahassee Drive, W. Palm Beach, FL 33409. (305) 684-1626.

FEBRUARY

February 1 — SWAP MEET at the Richmond Fairgrounds in Richmond, Virginia. For info, write the Free Brotherhood Church, Box 381, King George, VA 22485.

FREE EASYRIDERS!

You got it — just make a purchase of twenty-five bucks or more and ask for your free copy of **Easyriders** from any of the bike shops listed here. And remember to take this page with you when you're on the road — it's a handy guide to some of the best Harley parts and service outlets around.

ALASKA
House of Harley 4334 Spenard Rd., Anchorage

ARIZONA
Performance H-D 3383 N. Richey Blvd., Tucson

ARKANSAS
Road House Rt. 2 Box 196 E., Dardanelle
Ben's H-D 723 W. Hillsboro St., El Dorado

CALIFORNIA
H-D of Glendale 3717 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
D & G Cycle Parts 15715 Amar Rd., La Puente
Jammer Cycle Products 6417 San Fernando Rd., Glendale
Jim & Jim's Inc. 1424 S. State St., Ukiah
J&J Repair 16511 D St., Victorville
Gordon's MC Madness 1586 Morse, I, Ventura
Bartel's Harley-Davidson 8910 Washington Blvd., Culver City
Hawg Nutz MC Necessities 619 E. Valley Pkwy., Escondido
Cycle Specialties 307 Maze Blvd., Modesto
R.A.M. Enterprises 1524 Camden Ave., Campbell
A&A 5442 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Culver City
The Purple Hog 668 Plumas, Yuba
Palm Springs Harley-Davidson 19345 N. Indian Ave., N. Palm Springs
Modesto H-D 1208 9th St., Modesto
H-D of Sacramento 1000 Arden Way, Sacramento
Todd's Garage 7841 Alabama #18, Canoga Park
Moonshine Cycle 232 W. Olive, Porterville
Top Gear 27 Parker Way, Santa Barbara
Hutchins HD 55405 29 Palms Hwy., Yucca Valley

COLORADO
D & C Enterprises 2571 Hwy. 6 & 50, Grand Junction Colorado Springs
Two Wheelers MC Shop 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver
Howell's House of Harley 232 So. Federal Blvd., Denver
Quality Machine 9650 W. 44th Ave., Wheat Ridge
A Righteous Ride 2647 8th Ave., Greeley
Rocky Mountain H-D Motor Co. 4204 S. Broadway, Englewood

CONNECTICUT
Longriders Custom MC 417 Bridgeport Ave., Milford
Al's Motorcycle Parts Rt. 66, Columbia
Custom Cycle 4 New Rd., Madison

DELAWARE
Herbs for Health & Happiness New Castle Farmers Market, New Castle
Joe's Bargain Cycle New Castle Farmers Market, Rts. #13 & #40, New Castle

FLORIDA
H-D of Miami 7701 N.W. 7th Ave., Miami
Fletcher's Harley-Davidson 1881 U.S. 19 South, Clearwater
L & K Harley 74 Sales & Service 601 N.E. 44th St., Fort Lauderdale
H-D of Stuart 34 E. 6th St., Stuart
Miller's Custom Parts 1863 S. Ridgewood Ave., S. Daytona
Florida Cycle & Chopper 3200 Palm Beach Blvd. Rt. 80, Ft. Myers
H-D of Saint Petersburg 5989 Haines Rd., St. Petersburg
H-D of Melbourne 6030 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne
H-D Engineering, Inc. 16336 N. Florida Ave., Lutz
Hog Heaven Cycle Acc. 7254 SW. 40th St. (Bird Rd.), Miami
H-D of Tampa 7202 E. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Mike Denniston's H-D, Inc. 402 N. Bay St., Eustis
Bustin' Chops 2371 SW 57th Ave., Hollywood
C.C. Cycle Works 6530-B W. Hillsborough Ave., Tampa
Pettry V-Twin Performance 5627 15th St. E. #B-16, Brandenton
White Rabbit 4037 SW 96th Ave., Miami

GEORGIA
Big John's Cycle Salvage 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro
Southern Cycle, Inc. 4982 North Ave., Buford
Blue Ribbon Cycles 1584 Atlanta Rd., Marietta
Last Chance Cycles 474 E. Dougherty St., Athens
G & V Custom Cycle 103 N. Chattanooga St., Lafayette

ILLINOIS
Baba Chop Hole 3117 W. 63rd St., Chicago
Chicago H-D, Inc. 6868 N. Western, Chicago
Oak Lawn H-D Sales 9030 S. Cicero Ave., Oak Lawn
Suburban H-D, Inc. 2200 Rand Rd., Palatine

INDIANA
Buck's Motorcycle Acc. 1311 E. Markland Ave., Kokomo
Brandt's H-D, Inc. 1617 S. Wabash St., Wabash
The Chopper Stop 746 E. Virginia, Evansville
H-D/Kawasaki of Muncie 300 N. Madison St., Muncie

IOWA
Old Man's Harley-Davidson Hwy. 34, Creston
Custom Cycle Acc. 15 S. 23rd St., Council Bluffs
"Zook's" H-D 5810 N.W. 2nd Ave., Des Moines

KANSAS
Newton Cycle Shop & Leather 115 S. Kansas Ave., Newton
For Bikers Only 911 N. Washington, Junction City

KENTUCKY
Pappy's Custom Cycles U.S. 23/Rt. #4 Box 953-P, Pikeville

LOUISIANA
Wallace H-D Sales 5545 Greenwood Rd., Shreveport
Jr.'s Cycle Shop 458 N. Stanford, Sulphur

MAINE
Custom Motorcycle Supply 13 Portland St., Portland

MARYLAND
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 136 Carroll Island Rd., Baltimore
Ezekiel's Wheel Boutique 1841 Pulaski Hwy., Edgewood
H-D of Maryland, Inc. 6339 Howard Lane, Elkridge
Scott Shop, Inc. 10735 Baltimore Ave., Baltimore
H-D of Annapolis 1929 Lincoln Dr., Annapolis
C&J Cycles 14508 Warrior Dr. Cresaptown

MICHIGAN
Motor City Harley-Davidson 7105 Allen Rd., Allen Park
Metro H-D Co. 24560 Groesbeck, Warren
Saginaw Valley Motorworks 2663 N. Euclid, Bay City
Capitol H-D 536 E. Grand River Ave., Lansing
H-D of Port Huron, Inc. 3350 Lapeer Rd., Port Huron
S&J Hog Hardware Rt. 2 Box 955/US 12 West, New Buffalo

MISSISSIPPI
Meridian Cycle Center 307 A St., Meridian

MISSOURI
County MC Parts 7348 North Lindbergh, Hazelwood
Little Wing Cycle Parts 109 Washington Ave., W. Plains

MONTANA
The Boondocker Shop 610 9th St. N., Great Falls
Boss Hawg 1517 Central Ave., Billings

NEBRASKA
Butterfields MC Parts 8025 Blondo, Omaha

NEW JERSEY
Morristown Cycle 103 Washington St., Morristown
Competition Cycle, Inc. 249 E. Blackwell St., Dove
Tramontin H-D Rt. 80, Hope
Atlantic County Harley 1966 Blackhorse Pike, Atlantic City
Black Baron Hammonton Airport, Hammonton

NEW MEXICO
Vetter Cycle Repair 3600 Osuna N.E., Suite 305, Albuquerque
New Mexico MC Salvage 4123 Broadway S.E., Albuquerque
Dave's Cycle 910 W. Santa Fe, Grants

NEW YORK
Eastern Harley-Davidson Main St., East Moriches
Al's Cycle Parts 315 E. Dominick St., Rome
Brewster Harley-Davidson Rt. 22 Sodom Rd., Brewster
Woodstock H-D, Inc. Rt. 212, Box 7320, Saugerties
Harding Harley-Davidson 32 Bridge St., Corning
Suffolk County H-D, Inc. 360 Rt. 109, West Babylon
Eagle Motorcycle Product 1581 Grand Ave., Baldwin
Zack's V-Twin Cycles Overlook Rd., Poughkeepsie
Superior MC Parts 3041 Hempstead Turnpike, Levittown
Superior MC Parts 162 West Hills Rd., Huntington Station
H-D of Hempstead 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead
Stray Dog Cycle Engineering 527 Halstead Ave., Mamaroneck
Freebird Cycle Sales 229 Lyell Ave., Rochester

NORTH CAROLINA
Deal Harley-Davidson 3618 Sycamore Dairy Rd., Fayetteville
J&E Harley-Davidson 1008 Dickinson Ave., Greenville
Durham Harley-Davidson 819 N. Miami Blvd., Durham
Snake's Hawg Shop Hwy. 55 West, Mt. Olive
Carolina H-D 1940 W. Franklin Ave., Gastonia
Cyclone Cycle Parts Box 9, 104 N. Central Ave., Landis

NORTH DAKOTA
The Scooter Shak 2424 Memorial Hwy., Mandan

OHIO
Freedom Harley-Davidson, Inc. 256 S. Erie St., Massillon
Kustom Cycle, Inc. 2010 Denison Ave., Cleveland
The Big Bike Shop 581 W. Broad St., Columbus
Custom Cycle City 2191 S. James Rd., Columbus
Streetwise MC Supply, Inc. 4961 Dover Center, N. Olmsted
Red's Motorcycle Parts 5825 Bramble, Cincinnati
Don's Custom Cycle 8619 Harrison Rd., Cleves
Mt. Vernon Custom Cycles 109 N. Mulberry St. (rear), Mt. Vernon
Jim Bailey, Mowrystown

OKLAHOMA
Forman Harley-Davidson 115 N. Main, Stillwater
The Chrome Link 2908 Ft. Sill Blvd., Lawton

PENNSYLVANIA
Chop Shop 407 Station St., Bridgeville
Blocker Enterprises Rt. 248, Parryville
Cycledelic Choppers 1407 Lancaster Ave., Reading
Brian's H-D 1223 W. Lincoln Hwy. (US 1), Langhorne
CJ's Scooter Shak 399 W. Chestnut St., Washington
Hawg Jowls 5158 Keller Rd., Fleetwood
Spirit Harley-Davidson 1023 William Flynn Hwy., Glenshaw
The Leather Works 180 Station Rd., Quakertown
Schoch's, Inc. RD 2/Rt. 33, Stroudsburg

SOUTH CAROLINA
Doug's H-D 2790 Pamplico Hwy., Florence
Low Country H-D 4405 Dorchester Rd., Charleston

TENNESSEE
Pappy's Custom Motorcycles 244 E. Main St., Kingsport
Colboch H-D Sales 1910 S. Cumberland, Morristown

TEXAS
American Cycle 112 W. Highway 190, Killeen
Harleys Only 1264 W. Arkansas Ave., Arlington

VIRGINIA
Master Performance Cycles 530 Randolph Rd., Newport News
Departure Bike Works 3093 Hull St., Richmond

WASHINGTON
74" Or More 1418 Bridge St., Clarkston
Tumbleweed Customs 1001 Summit St. #3, Aberdeen

WEST VIRGINIA
Custom Classic, Inc. Route 1 Box 1209-B, Wayne
Spider's Cycle City Box 357, Rt. 16-N, Bradley

WISCONSIN
Mischler's Cycle Shop Hwy. 33 N., Route 1, Beaver Dam
Righteous Cycle 935 S. 29th St., Manitowoc
St. Croix Cycle Sales 950 N. Knowles, New Richmond
The Hog Pen 622 Tower Ave., Superior

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay $25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

To be sung to the tune of "Heartaches By The Number," by soon-to-be-ex ol' ladies:

I've got cucumbers by the number,
vibrators by the score.
Every night you love me less,
I love my ownself more.
I've got cucumbers by the number,
Coke bottles and a rolling pin.
If you don't wanna fuck, just tell me so,
and I'll work something in.

—Mr. French
Houston, Tex.

How do you get meat from a fly? By unzipping it.

—T.K.
Westminster, Colo.

"Dig this," said the biker to his bros, "last night while I was out drinking with you guys, a burglar broke into my house."

"He get anything?" inquired one of the bros.

"Yeah, a broken jaw, six teeth knocked out, and a pair of crushed nuts. The ol' lady thought it was me coming home drunk."

—Don Lindal
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Sex is like a game of bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand.

—E.T. Weaver
Durham, N.C.

"I'm an expert on wives. I've had ten — one of them was even my own."

Back when elevators first became popular, a certain biker decided to head for the hills with just his ol' lady and a few other bare necessities. Years and years passed and eventually he became curious as to how things were progressing in the lowlands, so one day he putted down to the city. Strolling into a large office building, he noticed a hefty woman make her way across the lobby and enter a small room. The door closed behind her, lights began blinking, and a few moments later the door opened again. Out stepped a tall, beautiful blonde. In amazement, the biker muttered, "I should've brought the ol' lady with me!"

—S-Tewa
Shiprock, N.M.

"Now that we've had several dates, Miss Primwood, perhaps we can be less formal with each other. . .How 'bout some head, bitch?"

"Hey, wake up, babe!" hissed the biker. "I think the house is haunted!"

"Don't be stupid," replied his ol' lady. "You better lay off them vitamins for a while."

"I'm serious," insisted the bro. "I just went to the head and as I walked in, the light came on. Then as I went out it turned off, but I never touched the fuckin' switch at all. It's gotta be ghosts!"

"No, it isn't," sighed his ol' lady. "You just pissed in the refrigerator again."

—Gordy
Mott, N.D.

What's the difference between pussy and parsley? Nobody eats parsley.

—George D. Tobey
Reseda, Calif.

"Harrison, that's not proper search-and-seizure."

The preacher's sermon was on the Ten Commandments. When he reached the fourth, "Thou shalt not steal," he noticed one of his parishioners, a bearded biker, become very agitated. Then, when he reached the seventh, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the biker suddenly grinned and relaxed.

After the service the preacher approached the biker and asked him about his peculiar behavior. Replied the bro with a smile, "When you said, 'Thou shalt not steal,' I suddenly discovered my watch was missing. But when you said, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' I remembered where I'd left it."

—Big Jack
Montreal, Quebec

"How can you smile like that when the chief just said he was going to eat you?"

One day a hungry old hawk was wheelin' through the sky in search of dinner. An hour passed, then two, and he couldn't find shit. At length he spied a little bitty frog sitting on a lily pad, but there wasn't enough of him to make a decent meal so the hawk kept on flying. However, as dusk drew near and he was forced to head for home with an empty belly, the hawk had second thoughts about the frog. Swinging over the pond, he found the frog hadn't moved, so he swooped down and swallowed the little guy whole.

The startled frog passed through the hawk's system in no time flat and reaching the back door, pried the hawk's asshole open. "Hey, bird!" he called out.

Now it was the hawk's turn to be startled, but only for a moment. "What?" he answered.

"Man, how fuckin' far up are we?" the frog asked.

"Oh, about 10,000 feet," responded the hawk.

"Wow!" gasped the frog. "You ain't shittin' me, are ya?"

—Toby McHenry
McAllen, Tex.

"It's *the* cure for AIDS, man!"

Two bikers were stopped at a red light, gunning their Hogs as they waited for it to change. A dip on a ricer pulled up next to them and tittering nervously, said, "Wow, Harleys, huh?"

The nearest bro replied, "Yeah." Then, nodding toward his partner, he cryptically added, "Panhead," after which he glanced down at his own sled and said, "Shovelhead." As the light changed, he glanced from the nerd to his ricer, nodded once more, and said, "Fuckhead."

—Bruce King
Omaha, Neb.

"I think heating the tip only works with ballpoint pens."

The suspicious bro burst into the bedroom and caught his wife humping another dude. "I demand to know what's going on here!" he roared.

Turning to her lover, his ol' lady said, "See? I told ya he's a real moron."

—Mike Gentry
Algood, Tenn.

"I'm sorry," St. Peter said to the new arrival, "but we've discontinued our 'open door' policy. You can't get into heaven anymore just for having been good. Instead, you have to have done something really great. Can you think of any deed that might qualify you for admission?"

"Sure," replied the newcomer. "I saw a biker harassing an old lady, so I kicked over his bike, insulted his woman, and spat in his face."

"Really?" exclaimed St. Peter. "When did you do that?"

"About three minutes ago."

—John Fisher
Ft. Eustis, Va.

"Don't worry. He went to obedience school and they taught him to wear a rubber."

The woman was returning to her home office after an extensive road trip when her cage broke down out in the country one evening. Hoofing it to the nearest farmhouse, she asked to use the phone. "Don't have one," the old farmer replied, "but if it'll help ya out any, you can spend the night here. Only thing is, you'll have to share a bed with my two sons. I'm warning ya, though, they're kinda dumb and I want 'em to stay that way, so don't be showing 'em any slick city tricks."

In bed for the night, the woman was unable to sleep. All she could think about were the two young hunks laying beside her, whom she'd learned were 19 and 20, and virgins. Finally, poking one of them in the ribs, she asked if he'd like some pussy. He answered that he might, only he didn't know what it was, so she said, "Help me put this rubber on you so I don't get pregnant and then I'll show you." After she'd fucked his brains out, he fell asleep, but she was still horny so she roused his brother and repeated the routine. The following morning, while everyone was still sleeping, she hiked back to the highway and hitched a ride.

Three weeks later, as the farmer's sons were out working in the field, one said to the other, "Remember that city woman?"

"Yep."

"Care if she gets pregnant?"

"Nope."

"Well, let's take these damn things off then, so's we can piss."

—Wack Attack
Kansas City, Kan.

Two bros cashed in their chips together. Waking up, the first one discovered he was floating on a cloud with a solid-gold chain attached to his arm. Puzzled, he looked for the other end of the chain and was horrified to see that it reached down to a cloud below him where it was fastened on the arm of the ugliest woman he'd ever seen. Next, he looked around for his bro and found him one cloud over, wearing a gold chain that descended to another cloud and linked him to the finest-looking bitch in the world.

About then St. Peter came by on his rounds, so the biker called him over and asked, "What's the deal here, Pete? Why am I chained to a beast, while my bro's got himself a stone fox on his chain?"

"Well," said St. Peter, "you're chained to that ugly woman as punishment for being a dirty, lowdown no-account all during your life. As for the woman your friend is chained, to, he's *her* punishment!"

—Gregory Coleman
Tennessee Colony, Tex.

"Well, if that's where you really want it, bro — but I'll have to shorten Gwendolyn to Gwen."

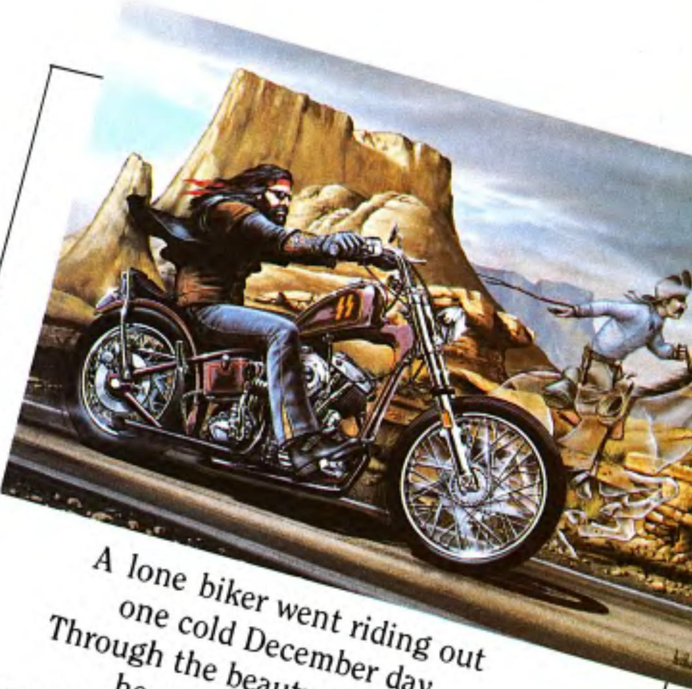
Did ya hear about the new phone company that just started up in Mexico? It's called Taco Bell.

—Gas
Denver, Colo.

"Anybody ever tell you that you have a very sittable face?"

"Drug-testing in the workplace? You mean, to make sure everyone's gettin' enough?"

Celebrate Xmas Every Month With *EASYRIDERS* Gift Subscriptions



A lone biker went riding out
one cold December day.
Through the beauty of the desert
he putted on his way.
When all at once a mustang-riding cowpoke
he did see,
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A WOMAN LEFT ALONE

BY KITTY DANNON

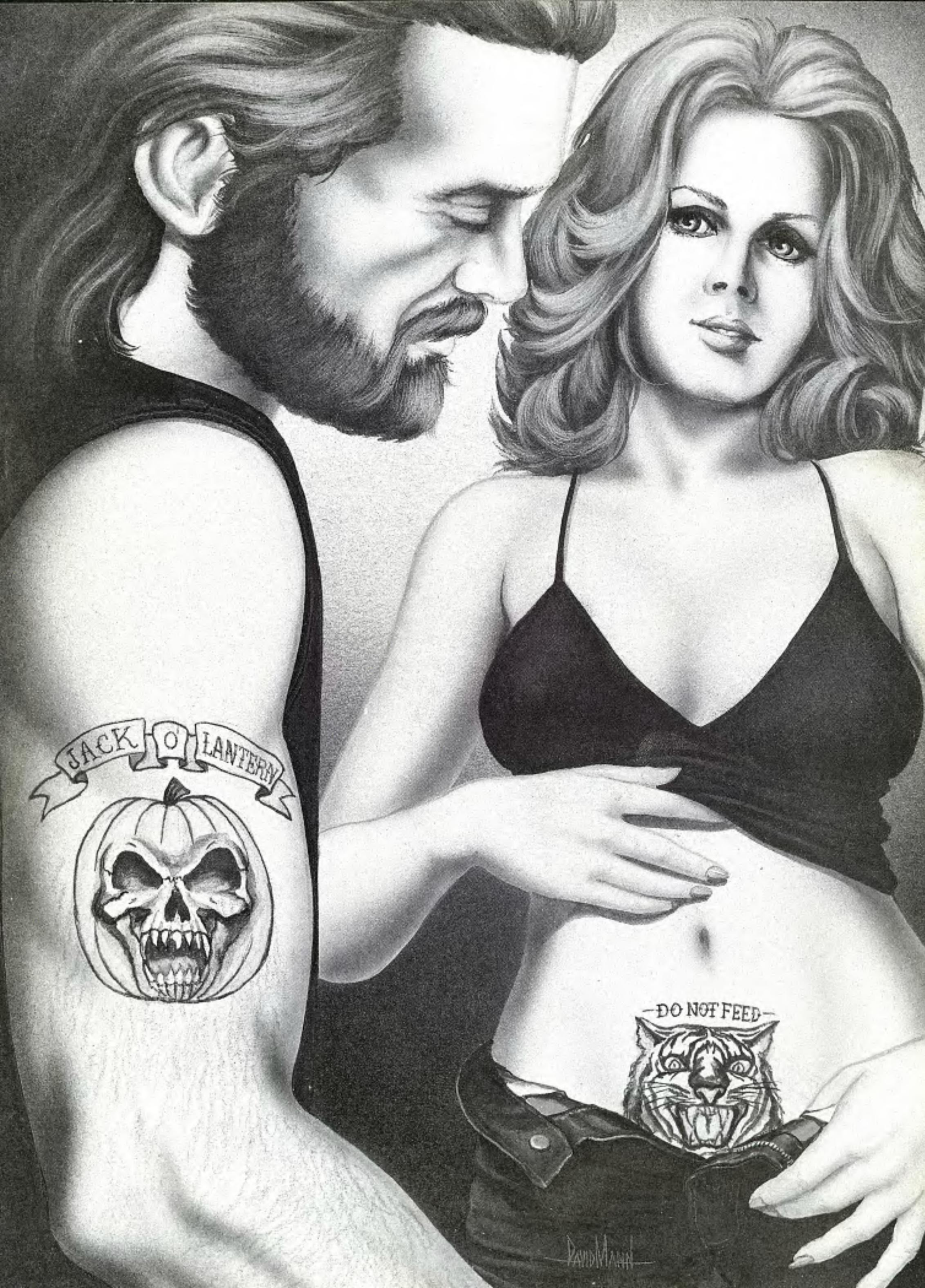
The backyard stank of dogshit and rotting trash — city sanitation was on strike again. Fucking garbagemen knew to strike in the summer when the stench would be unbearable. Stacey sighed, swatted a green-backed fly, and dropped yesterday's empties on the swelling heap at the kitchen door. Jack's Doberman strained his chain, begging for water. ■ Christ, she thought, C.J.'s diapers stink. Better double-bag them next time — don't know how long this strike'll last. She rummaged through the swill in her search for the garden hose. The dog had dragged his house halfway 'cross the yard, looking for water. ■ She found the hose, shaking loose a cluster of maggots — their pale bodies writhing in the unaccustomed sunlight — and filled the rusted enamel pot for Shotgun. The dog immediately knocked it over. Pissed, she doused the whole patch of dirt and shit with cold water — dog, doghouse, and garbage pile. Finally, she turned the hose on herself before refilling Shotgun's dish. It was gonna be a hellish hot day. ■ C.J. was crying inside the house. She lifted him from the highchair and his soaked diaper sagged to his knees. He shoved a chubby, jelly-coated hand into her hair. Out of Pampers. So what fucking else was new? She shook the crumbs from a dish towel and pinned it on him, washed his hands and laid him down for a nap, directing their only fan on him. His hair lifted in the small breeze. Soon his hair would be waving out from under a helmet on Route 61; Jack was forever talking 'bout the day his son would finally ride piggyback on the Harley. He had the kid's first run all planned.-

■ Jack was always planning something. He had planned her pregnancy with C.J. Sure surprised her — she hadn't wanted a dog, let alone a kid. Good kid, C.J. A little on the dopey side (don't tell Jack), but hell, he was only fourteen months old. She was getting used to him. ■ "Hey, lady," the postman called from the front door, "I put your welfare check in the box." With Jack out of town, Uncle Sam's crew-cut delivery boy was getting bolder. She combed her fingers through her damp auburn tresses, freeing the tendrils that framed her face. Her creamy skin was flushed with the heat. August was stifling in Philly. Jack used to take her skinny-dipping — before C.J. ■ She stretched her long legs as she bent to open the mailbox that Jack had wired to the porch's bottom railing. Their regular postman, an old dude with wheezing lungs, could easily reach it from the street. He'd recently been hospitalized for emphysema. C.J. missed his pal — and the lollipops he'd occasionally slip in the box.

■ This new pup was a treat, though — for Stacey. He felt obligated to climb the rowhouse steps each day, announcing delivery. Each day, excepting Saturday. On Saturdays, most Saturdays, Jack returned home, unless the construction gig in Jersey called for overtime, which was most of the time nowadays.

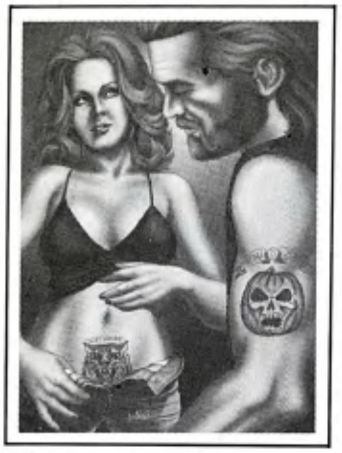
■ "Thanks," she purred, shooting the kid a smile. She didn't bother telling him that they weren't on welfare. In this haven of winos and cheap rent, it was a natural assumption. People usually didn't choose to live here with alleys full of discarded furniture and copulating couples, walls that peeled paint and baseboards that bred roaches — but Jack was buying their rowhouse. He had vision and what he dreamed was that this part of town would eventually turn over and suddenly be full of good people eager to renovate the crumbled buildings. And he, Jack, was in on the ground floor. One day there would be a park . . . one day soon they would sell out for a bundle. Stacey would be happy if they just broke even. ■ The mail kid was blushing. She'd caught him ogling her ass cheeks that escaped her cutoffs. "Thanks again," she said, dismissing him. ■ "Always happy to be of service," he murmured — so why didn't he hand-deliver mail to the hag next door? — and added, "anytime," with a wink. Anytime, Stacey thought, except Saturday. Yep, he was getting bolder. Was gonna lose his balls soon if Jack caught him at it. ■ She popped a Joplin tape into the ghetto-blaster and grabbed a Miller from the fridge. The boy left on his appointed rounds, Stacey admiring the tanned, muscular legs emerging from his official postman shorts. Sure looked good. Maybe one day. . . . ■ The Miller was icy cold. Jack hated Miller. She bought it to piss him off. If C.J. was asleep in their only bedroom, Jack'd hammer her ass in the dining room. She'd meet each of his thrusts with a slam of her own. Jack's cock

Illustration by David Mann



JACK O LANTERN
DO NOT FEED
DAVID MANN

A WOMAN LEFT ALONE



loved bitchy women.

Stacey cradled the Miller between her legs, flipping through the mail. On the tape, Janis was missing Bobby McGee. (Okay, so Stacey missed Jack. But, God, she hated to admit it.) The check was an insurance payoff from some asshole who'd backed into the H-D at a carnival. Jack had almost ripped the nerd's throat out. The Miller felt good. Her fingers sought her crotch — Saturday was two days off. She fanned herself with the electric bill.

Big glory week was approaching — vacation time. Jack planned to hit Daytona. (He'd missed it in March; they were always missing something.) He'd even splurged on a leather bikini for her. Wanted to show off her tattoo.

Janis wanted a Mercedes Benz; her friends all drove Porsches. Stacey wanted to get laid on the hood of a Trans Am; her friends all drove station wagons full of Cub Scouts. Her friends were "settled." They choked on hair spray each morning and blew their minds every afternoon on "General Hospital" while waiting for the kiddies to return from school. The only partying they did was either buying Tupperware or "showering" extremely pregnant women with baby clothes. She had no one to talk to, no one to understand.

Mickey Fadden, who now, as Mrs. Egan, called herself Michelle, had once been a real friend. But as they sat talking late at night over coffee in the kitchen (Mickey didn't get high anymore), Stacey would trace the cracked linoleum with her toes as Mickey repeated, "When are you going to grow up?" While moths beat at the window screens, Stacey would wish she was outside, keeping company with the rats rustling through the Philadelphia garbage. They seemed better companions than this middle-aged woman droning on about responsibility.

She didn't invite Mickey-Michelle over anymore. Not since she had told Stacey to "act your age." Somewhere in time, the Mickey Fadden who'd donned black satin hot pants and granny boots that laced up to her thighs and carried white lilies (in mourning) as she stood witness at Stacey's wedding had dropped dead. Reincarnation was tricky and this new bitch, swathed in polyester, homeroom mother to the entire first grade at P.S. 98, den mother and Girl Scout leader, Mrs. Michelle Egan, was atoning for the sins of Mickey Fadden. Stacey'd rather burn in hell.

And that crap about acting her age! Fast approaching thirty, Stacey hoped to speed through the event the way Jack did through caution lights — without getting caught. But she feared that the trap he'd set — a house, a dog, a kid — had sprung against her will. She didn't want to be here. "Ungrateful bitch!" she imagined Jack's complaining. But she had wanted a simple life. She didn't want to sell Avon, she didn't want to wind up a Stepford wife.

Did Jack care?

She was seventeen when she met him, working under the table at a greasy spoon across from the VA hospital. Her mother had signed her emancipation papers the year before when she'd quit school, but she still lived at home, paying room and board to help the old lady out. The old man was dead, not that anyone was sorry.

Jack and a few other vets would saunter over for coffee in the afternoon and put the heat on her. At first they scared her. They were of her father's breed and what she remembered of him, she hated. But Jack was different. He was smooth. He had shrapnel bumps on his back. And style. Her panties glistened for him beneath her uniform, and she wondered if maybe her mother didn't miss the old man after all.

She soon quit shaving her armpits and began shaping her mound in a heart design. He finally took her one night in a borrowed Ford behind the VA, asking, "Where do you want it first?" He didn't realize until he began that she was a virgin. She'd screamed once (he'd had to think of elephant shit to keep from coming right then), bit her lip, and ended up moving rhythmically beneath him. She finally fell asleep wrapped in his denim jacket, fingering the Harley emblem.

And woke up in front of an all-night tattoo parlor.

The tattoo was massive. Jack had designed it on a Lucky Strike pack, dumping cigarettes all over the car to get to the white inner paper. He etched the tiger as she dreamed in the backseat. He said it would protect her. He said it was an honor. She didn't understand.

"Listen, babe," he explained patiently, "the trouble with a pass-around pack of Cracker Jack is that there's only one prize and everyone wants it. Now most guys just grab the prize and toss the leftovers to their brothers. But me, I'm greedy. I got the prize and now I'm claiming the whole damn box. Get my drift? You carry my brand, Stacey, and ain't no one gonna mess with you. You'll be Jack O'Reilly's property."

At seventeen, she had felt honored. Nearing thirty, she felt stupid. Jack was right. With this tattoo, no one would touch her. The tiger's head emerged from her pruned bush in hues of black and gold, clutching her "valentine" in its bared teeth. A warning, *Jack's Pussy — Do Not Feed,* was posted just below her navel. Two huge feline paws, claws extended, parted her thighs. The pattern continued along her slit and up her butt, ending in a tiger's tail just above her ass cleavage. It lassoed the words, *Jack's Piece O'Tail.* No one would mess with her now. Jack had a running bet with her on that.

He also had a tattoo of his own. On his right bicep. It read *Jack O'Lantern* on a banner above a bright-orange pumpkin carved like a skull. Everyone who knew Jack O'Reilly in the "club" knew him as Jack O'Lantern — he was always lit.

She wanted him to tattoo her name across his chest.

He refused. Bad business, he said, scribbling cunt names on your skin. Ain't nothing, he said, as dangerous as a jealous broad. Said he had a friend who lost his cock to a bitch with a grudge and a knife. She didn't believe him.

She finished the Miller and thought of Janis swilling Southern Comfort. (Did it comfort you, Janis?) Janis, in '67, hitting the big time at the Monterey Pop Festival — headed for fame. Janis, a year later, in black lace stockings and a sleazy bangled slip, shaking her ass and belting her booze and songs at the Newport Folk Festival. Live fast, die young — Janis hadn't seen 28. (Did it kill you, Janis?) Stuck in a rowhouse in Philly, Stacey was afraid she'd live to see 50. With dish-towel-diapered grandchildren. (Could she kill herself?)

So what's the big deal? A razor across a wrist. A Centrax-and-whiskey cocktail. A little rope burn 'round your neck. And it was over. No more pain. No more lonely nights. Just a lovely little plot in Forever Rest Park. Your old man'd mourn a little and then sniff out another cunt. Maybe one he'd been keeping on the back burner all along.

No, Jack'd be pissed. Not because he loved her, but because he'd have to hire a sitter for the kid. Well, maybe he loved her a little. He thought he loved her, and that was almost as good as really being loved cause he didn't know the difference. Men never know the difference. But women do; they feel it. A woman can feel it in the way her man strokes her hair and pats her ass, the way he breathes hard into your ear just before filling you to the brim with a cream douche. Loving and believing you loved were almost the same, but not quite. One was better and it was that one she missed. She couldn't talk to Jack about it. He would just assume she was on the rag — and maybe check to see. A woman in her blood excited him. He was a good fuck. But fucking wasn't enough.

Suicide. It didn't pay off. You died, and after the party, everyone forgot you. Unless you were famous. Then you became a legend. And if you were famous and could bawl the blues like Janis, well, then 15 years later, K mart would put your records on clearance for $2.99. Stacey had paid $3.50 for the tape. (Janis, can you hear me? Thank God you didn't live to see this.)

Stacey popped open another Miller, said, "Fuck this shit!" and started packing. She figured she could dump the kid on Michelle until Jack returned. Life sucked; C.J. might as well learn it early.

Oh, Jack, he had it easy. Sharing an efficiency with several other bikers working construction. Partying every night (she heard the stories), hundreds of miles away from their ol' ladies. Collecting unemployment all winter, readying their bikes. And she was stuck here, eating up no-wax commercials, waiting for the weekends, fantasizing about fucking the mailman.

There was no one to talk to; she was lonely. Jack thought she was full of shit. She had to leave. No one understood. She thought her mother, who'd stayed with the old man for so long because he looked like Marlon Brando, might understand. But the old lady lived out of state and Bell had cut her phone line. Her younger sister, Kristy, was married to a lawyer and was always busy buying furniture. She couldn't understand. She didn't remember Daddy; she was a baby when he died.

But Stacey remembered. Stacey remembered tracing the old man's skull-and-crossbone tattoo and her mother's name etched on his chest. She remembered sitting on his lap, catching her fingers in his snarled hair, red hair like Jack's. Like hers. He taught her to play poker ("That guy's got three K's, Daddy,") and rewarded her with sips of beer. He said he'd take her riding when she got a bit bigger. Then the fucker died and left her all alone. Well, she'd felt alone, despite Ma and Kristy.

Fuck, yes, she'd loved the bastard, but she'd hated him for leaving. For leaving without her. Used to call her his "biker baby." She didn't forget him after the party.

She was sure that if Kristy could have remembered him, she wouldn't have married a lawyer but a biker. Still it was convenient having a lawyer in the family. He'd gotten Jack outta a couple of scrapes.

She looked down at the bed and the cracked leather suitcase, half-filled with jeans she'd flung. She was holding the bikini Jack had given her; she could hear C.J., Cracker Jack, stirring. She sprawled across the bed, fingering her crotch. There had been some good times, tender moments. Jack, half-sloshed at three in the morning, sucking on her engorged tits when C.J. refused to wake up and feed. She'd cried as he relieved her pain. Then later he laid on top of her, smothering her with his mouth full of her milk, tainted with Jack Daniel's. Still. . . .

Maybe she could forge Jack's signature on the insurance check and blow the two hundred on groceries and a case of Miller. Maybe get a new tattoo for Daytona.

She found the Lucky Strike pack in the nightstand and dumped cigarettes on the rug. So what? She'd buy a new carton, maybe a couple. The tilted booze bottle she sketched would pour her name across one breast. No simple black outline, she wanted color.

He'd be pissed about the money, but then his cock loved a bitchy woman and fucking did matter when it was all you had. And if he was too pissed, she could get Kristy to replace the money out of her allowance. She'd done it before. Stacey had a running I.O.U. with her sister. Blood helps blood. But Kristy couldn't help Stacey's aching heart or her feeling that something was wrong. Kristy didn't understand. She'd never been left alone.

But Janis knew. She'd been hurt, and her sixties spirit continued to reverberate from the speakers with "A Woman Left Lonely."

> *"A woman left lonely will soon grow tired of waiting — she'll do crazy things — on lonely occasions. . .*
>
> *And when she gets lonely she's thinking 'bout her man, she knows he's takin' her for granted — and she doesn't understand. . .*
>
> *A woman left lonely — she's the victim of her man."**

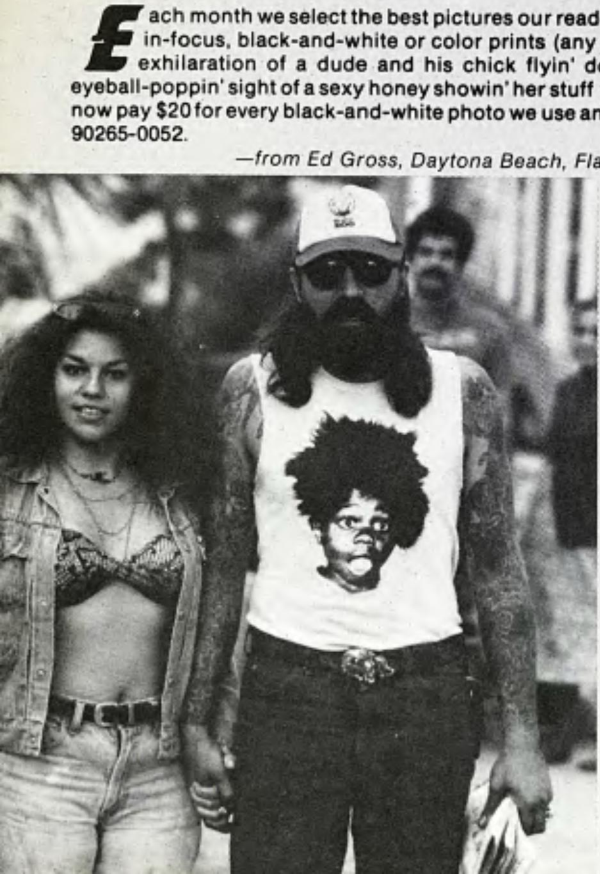
Ol' Janis sure could croon a tune — she'd really felt the pain. Every last bit of it. ■

*"A Woman Left Lonely — words and music by Spooner Oldham & Dan Penn©

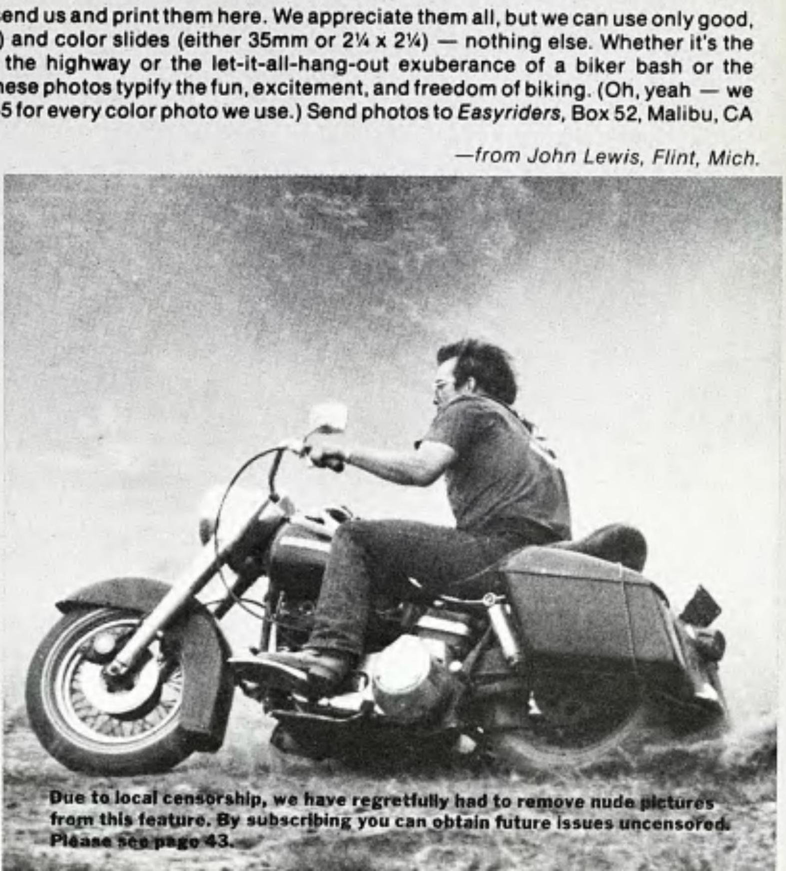
—from Dwan Feary, Chesapeake, Va.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo we use and $35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from Ed Gross, Daytona Beach, Fla.

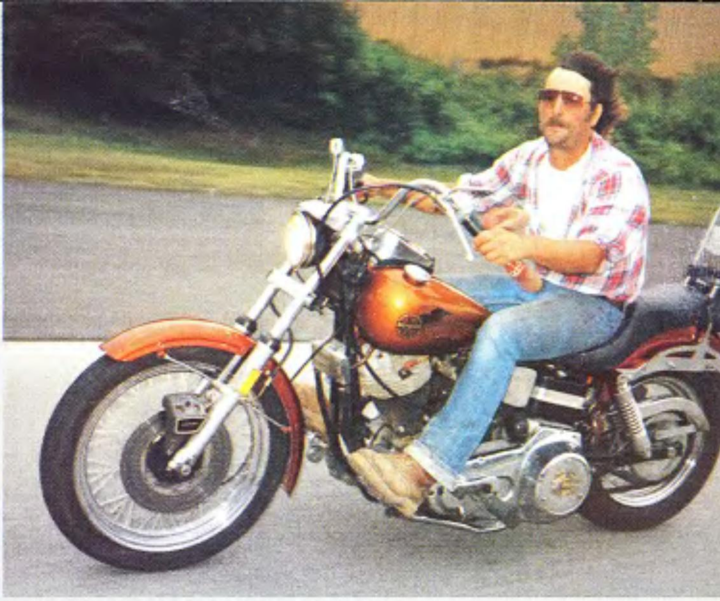


—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.



Due to local censorship, we have regretfully had to remove nude pictures from this feature. By subscribing you can obtain future issues uncensored. Please see page 43.

—from Marg's Smith, Redmond, Ore.



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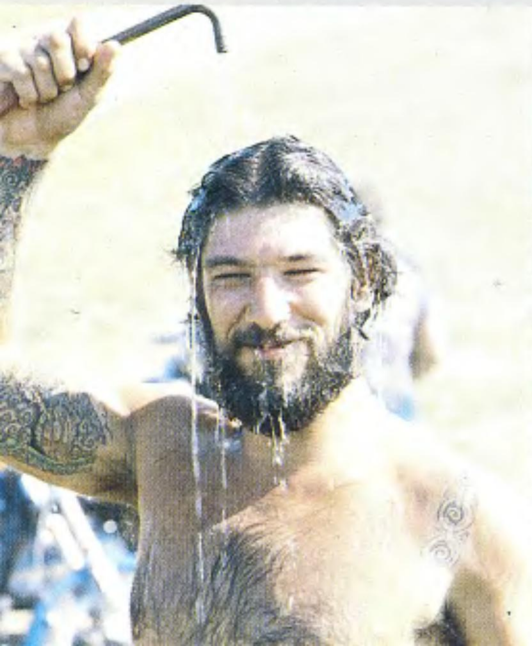

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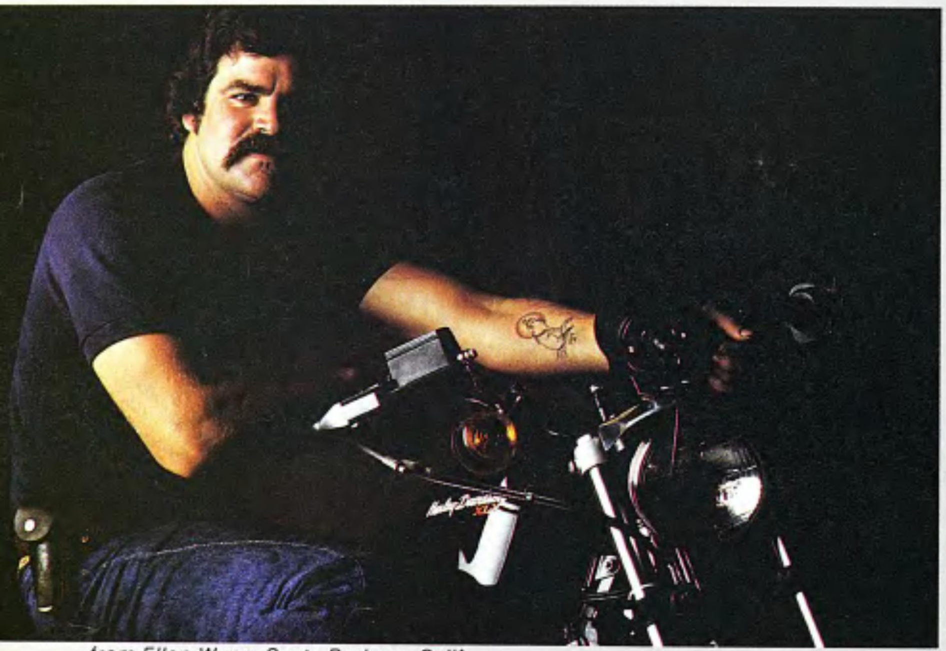
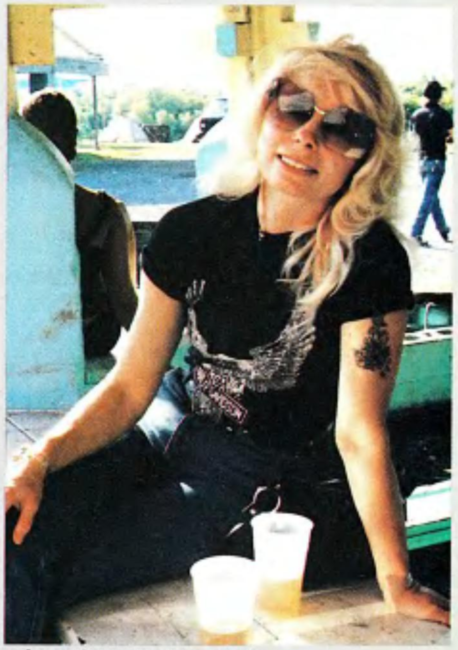


—from Ellen Wynn, Santa Barbara, Calif.



—from Cutt, Medina, N.Y.

—from NAN, Atlantic, Iowa

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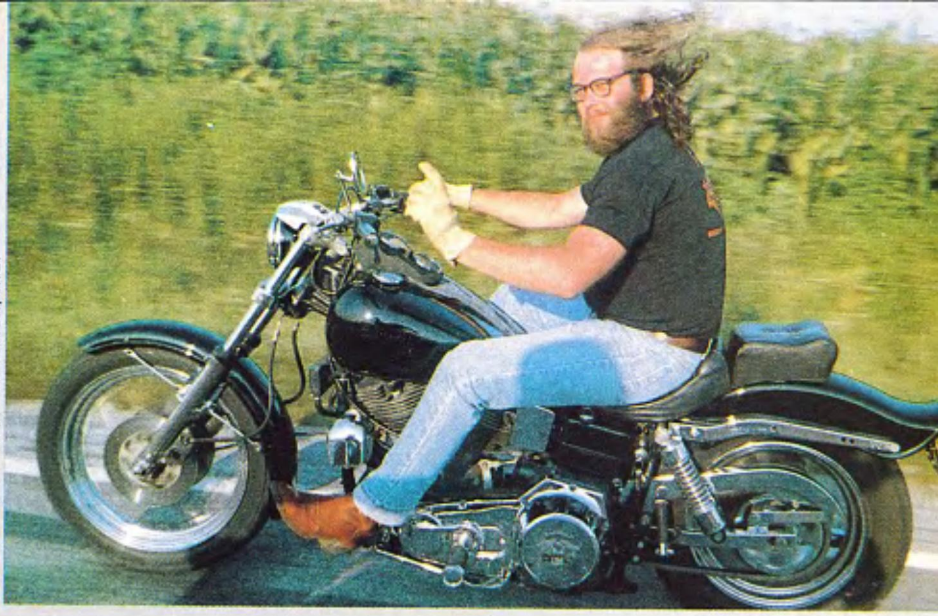
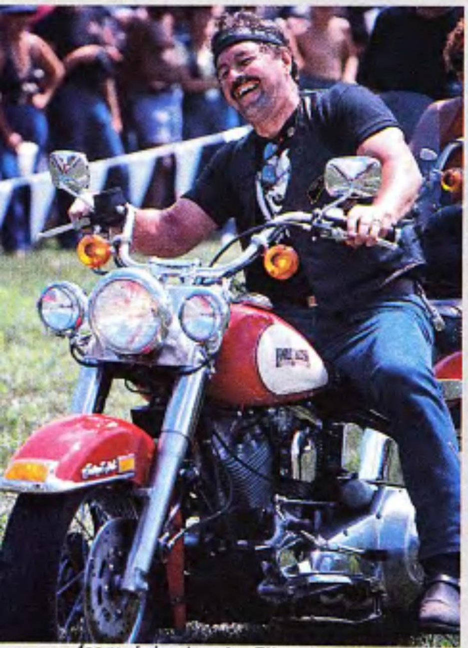


—from Tony Shipp, Bozeman, Mont.

—from Cutt, Medina, N.Y.



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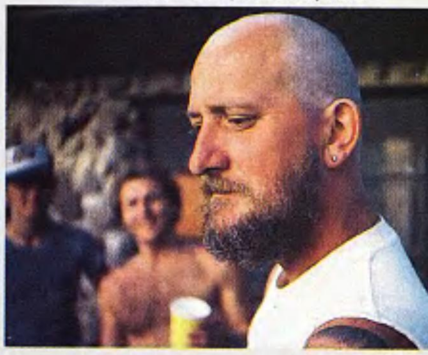
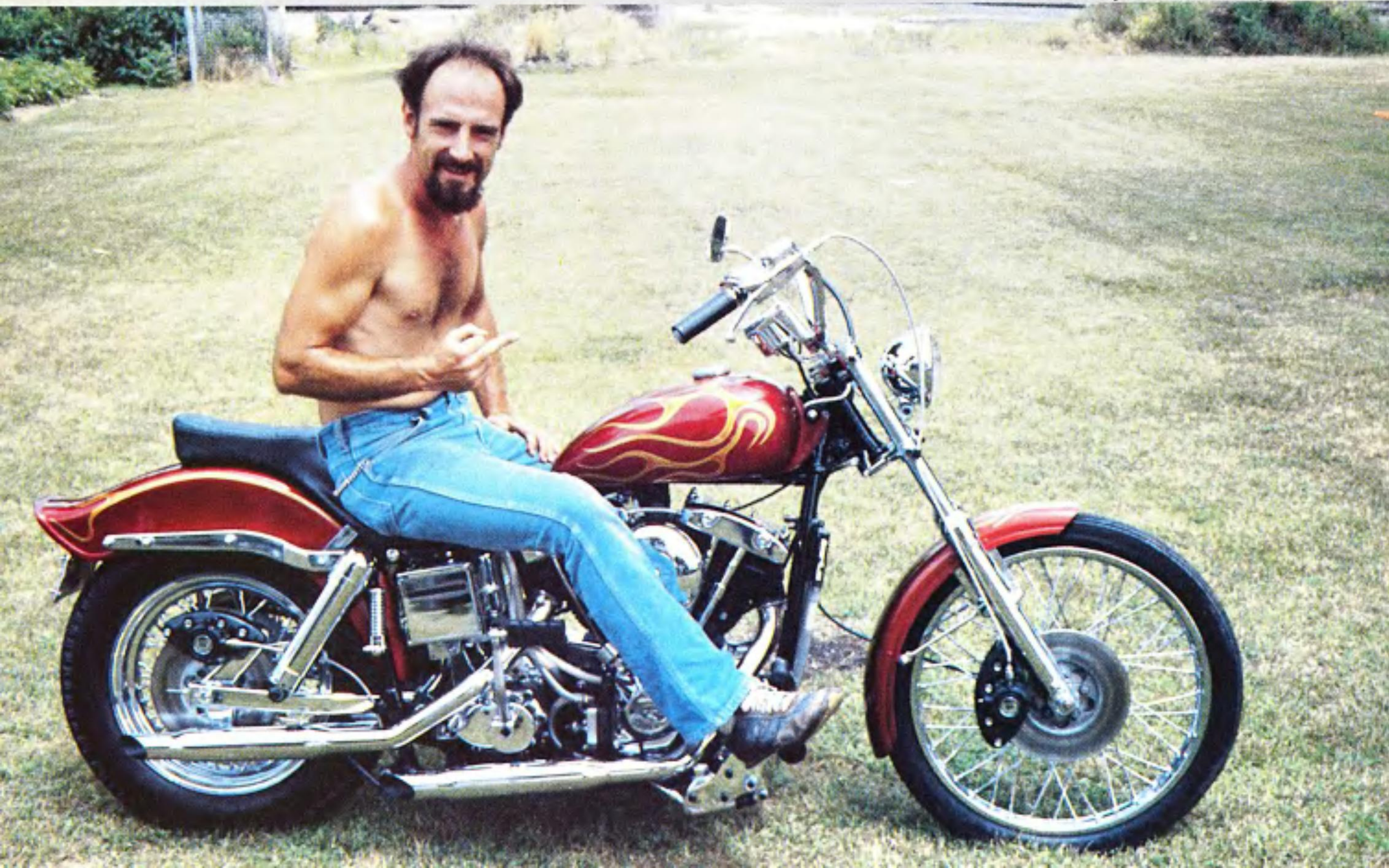


—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

—from Trapper John, Montgomery, Ala.

—from Fuzz, Davenport, Iowa

—from Barry Leeds, Port Byron, Ill.



—from Ron Inselman, Enid, Okla.

—from Fast Ed Krupinski, HDRA circuit

—from Fast Ed Krupinski, HDRA circuit

—from Lisa, Peoria, Ill.

—from Skip, Napa, Calif.

—from Scott, Lancaster, Calif.

Bob Tessier: The Villian Who Turns Hero

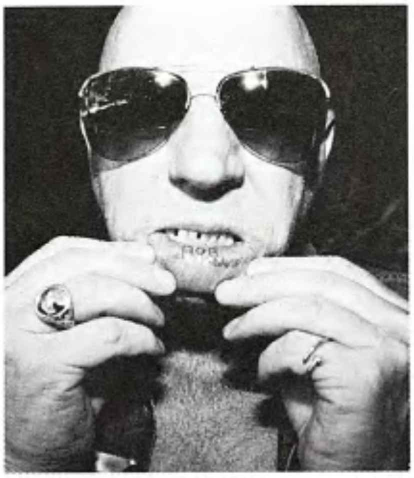


Photo by Gregg Daniel

Someone once said about Robert Redford that if you threw a stick at the Malibu beach, you'd hit three guys who look just like him.

Nobody ever made that statement about Robert Tessier.

You could, in fact, hack down a towering redwood and hurl it just about anywhere without too much risk of striking someone bearing even the slightest resemblance to the farmer-biker-carpenter-actor who's added his often-menacing presence to such hit movies as "The Longest Yard," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Deep," and "Hard Times."

With his shaved head, heavily tattooed body, and Charles Bronson modified, French-Canadian-Indian nose, Bob Tessier looks like he'd be more at home at Sloppy Joe's in Key West, Dumont's in El Cajon, or dark alleys anywhere than on a Hollywood sound stage. But in this case, as is so often true in regard to guys who've spent a lifetime on Harleys, appearances are deceiving.

For one thing, Bob Tessier would rather use those two big mitts of his to create than destroy. A bike builder since he "first discovered Harleys would run on one plug and baling wire," he did everything on his current shovelhead himself with the exception of the five-inch, extended front end. When not working on bikes or being killed by Tinseltown good guys ("I've been killed 27 times and never the same way twice," he says proudly. "You might say I've made a good living out of dying"), he builds furniture, works in leather, and cooks huge amounts of "East Coast specialties" (salmon pie, French-Canadian pea soup, clam chowder and 101 varieties of meatloaf) for his kids and non-celebrity, working-class neighbors.

On location he spends his spare time ("If they're going to be doing some kind of love scene, I know they'll never need me") hanging out with the crew, walking, and visiting every zoo he can find — not to match karate chops with the gorillas, but "to see how well kept up they are."

We caught up with Bob Tessier at one of his favorite hangouts, Vince's Gym in Studio City, California, a sizable stone's throw from Hollywood — and an even lengthier distance in terms of attitude. Vince's motto is No Pool, No Music, No Chrome, Just Iron, but it could just as well be Real Men Don't Pump Nautilus. Not a single shiny counterbalanced, pulley-driven, high-tech body building contraption has ever pierced the honest gloom of Vince's. Not a soul is huffing, puffing, and going nowhere fast on a bicycle bolted to the floor. If anyone ever once made the mistake of wearing designer sweats to Vince's, he never would again.

Piles and racks of honest-to-God weights crowd the room. Real barbells, chipped and stained from years of heavy use by serious body builders, are everywhere. Black press benches and incline boards round out the decor. A big guy — maybe 285 lbs. — strains under a huge stack of iron that must be nearly his body weight. Whoosh! *inhale, weight up, elbows lock,* aaahh... *a sound something like a Harley exhaust, breath out, weight down, protruding eyeballs slowly sinking back into sockets. Suck it in and do it again. . .Two tiny Scottish terriers, resplendent in tartan collars, frolic about the equipment as the big guy goes through his workout. They probably don't have to worry about conditioning — their owner is working hard enough for all three of them.*

Vince's Gym is one place where Bob Tessier is really at home. Its ambiance compliments both his "streetfightin' man" looks and his no-bullshit, heavy-on-the-work-ethic personality, and its decor suits his style — as well it should. As a between-jobs, struggling actor 25 years ago, he built and installed the wall paneling and counters to work off his workouts.

Leaving the clanging, banging, and heavy breathing of Vince's behind, we head across the street for some beer and conversation. Out in the sunlight, Bob cheerfully rolls over his lower lip so I can snap a picture of its Harley-Davidson tattoo. "Everybody who rides a Hog should have Harley-Davidson somewhere on their body," he explains to a few hangers-on.

"But, Bob," someone says, "you've also got your name tattooed in there. What's that for?"

Photo courtesy of Bob Tessier

Circa 1960 — The Tessier family on the way to seek fame and fortune in Hollywood.

"That's for medical emergency identification," Tessier shoots back.

"Come on, Bob," the questioner persists, "if you pass out somewhere, the ambulance guys aren't going to look behind your lip for ID."

Tessier furrows his endless brow while feigning heavy thought. "With a biker they should," he says at last. Then he laughs, a big, hearty, I've-got-my-shit-together-and-know-it laugh. That same laugh surfaced quite often during the two hours we spent discussing his still-evolving and often surprising career.

EASYRIDERS: How'd you get started in show business?

BOB TESSIER: I grew up on a dairy and poultry farm in Massachusetts and one day I got called by some friends who were out here doing stunt work. They knew I could do it and they thought I'd like the work.

So I came out [to Hollywood], bringing a couple of Harleys with me. I started by doing motorcycle stunts and high falls. A few years later a friend of mine who was working out at Vince's — an actor named Jeff Cooper — asked me if I'd rent my motorcycles to be used in movies. This was in 1962 or '63, and at that time I had four of them. I said, "Sure, I'll rent 'em all," and he said, "If you'll teach me how to ride, I'll get 'em rented for you."

I taught him how to ride a chopper and we did a picture called "Born Losers" [the first flick in the Billy Jack series — ed]. All four of my bikes were in that picture.

ER: You must've started riding pretty early in life. Do you come from a biking family?

BT: My dad didn't ride, but my brother does. I have several sons and 10 nephews, and they all ride — all Harleys. They all ride Harleys.

I won't ride anything else either, even in movies.

ER: Did you ever have any problems with producers or directors over that?

BT: Not too much. I just tell 'em that I won't even sit on 'em [imports]. I don't want to sit on it, because I'm not going to take it for a ride.

ER: What branch of the service were you in?

BT: I was in the Army, a sergeant first class in an Indian outfit, the 45th Thunderbird Division. We were mostly half-breeds.

ER: What tribe do you belong to?

BT: Algonkin. We're from the St. Lawrence Seaway area — both sides of the St. Lawrence. And we speak Algonquian, which is [often used as] a misnomer for us. We're Algonkins; there are no algonquians. There *is* an Algonquian nation (comprised of the Algonkin, Arapaho, Cheyenne, Chippewa, and other tribes — ed), but no Algonquians. It's like the Iroquois; there are none of them, either [because it's a nation, not a tribe]. There are the Cayugas, the Senecas, the Mohawks — they're tribes within the Iroquois nation.

ER: So after Korea you went home to the farm and eventually came out to Hollywood, just like thousands of other movie hopefuls. The vast majority of those people never get as far as the front of a camera, let alone up on the screen. How did you break in?

BT: Naturally, I didn't have an agent, I didn't have any background, so I got a job at Universal Studios as a grip on the first shift. We got off at 11, which gave me time to go on interviews [for acting jobs], then I'd go to work at CBS as a studio carpenter on their second shift.

Both places knew I was doing stunt work and acting, so it was all right. When I'd get a call I'd go do a couple of stunts for a few days and then go back to my regular jobs.

I did everything. I'd load the truck, drive the truck, unload it, set up equipment. . . .

ER: Ever run into union problems?

BT: Nope. I pushed the dolly, I'd stop it on the mark and go around, and when the guy panned around I'd deliver my lines. When he panned away, I'd go back and unlock the dolly and push it to the next spot. I didn't care what I was doing, as long as I was doing it in the business.

ER: You really like the movie business, then?

BT: Yeah. I've spent more time on the set than most five or ten actors do in their entire lives. When they're not working, they're not on the set. They're out doing something else. While they were out doing something else, I was back on the set. Consequently, I got to work with *thousands* of directors and pick up their methods. It was like going to acting school.

ER: Did you ever take any formal acting classes?

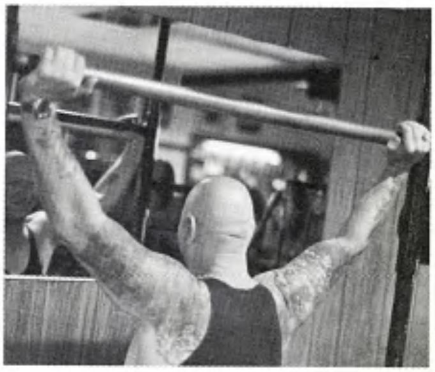
BT: I was working for a director who taught acting, and some of the other actors in the picture signed up for the class. I asked him if I could join and he said no, not to waste my time. I said, "Wait one minute, this is my *business.*"

He said, "No, no, stay in the business, don't waste your time taking acting lessons. Just keep doing what you're doing." That was about 25 years ago, so I guess you could say it just kind of came naturally in a way. But, like I said, I spent a lot of time on the set. I worked with different cameramen and different directors. I must have shot 500 or more commercials just standing in the background.

ER: As far as commercials go, you've been right up in the foreground for the last couple of years. You've got that Tough Act spot where you put your head through a wall, and I understand that in Canada you're big with the muffler set.

BT: In Canada, I'm known as the "top gun," the guy with the pneumatic gun who takes off the nuts and bolts — *rrrgh, rrrgh* — in the Midas Muffler shop. I always have one of those guns in my hand in the Midas commercials. The idea is, we're supposed to be the fastest. You come into Midas and by the time you fill out the form, the muffler's on. I do the commercials in French and in English and wherever I

"I refused to do biker pictures after a while, because the bikers were always raping and killing. They've never done it while I was around and I'm sure they didn't wait until after I left. . ."



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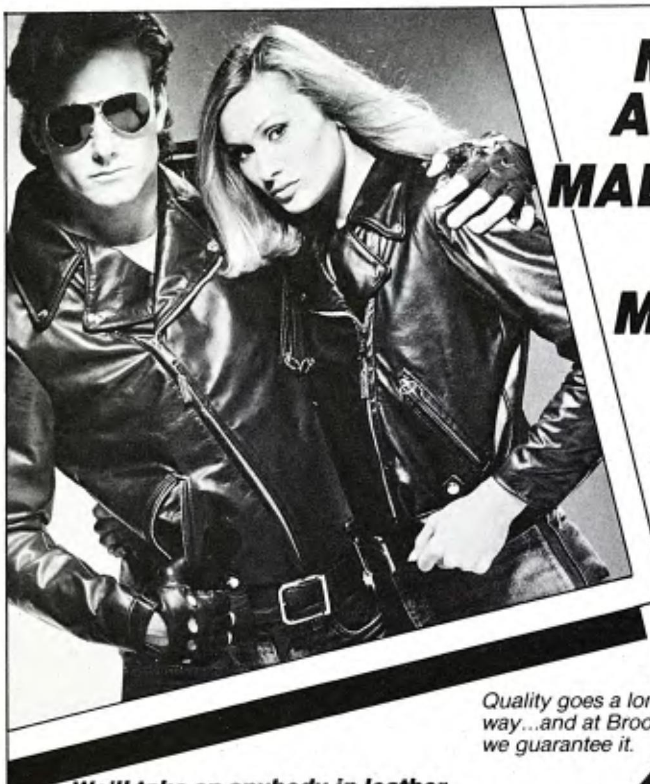

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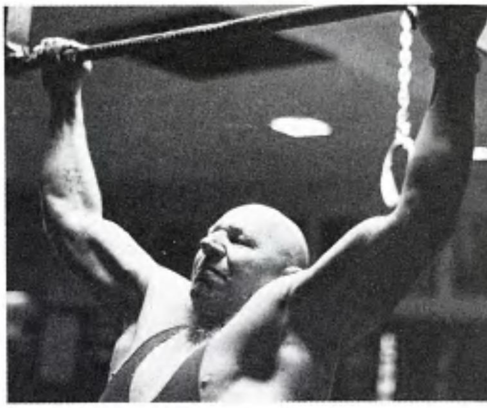

go in the world, if somebody sees me and I hear them yelling, "Hey, top gun!" I know they're from Canada.

But I won't do commercials for products I don't believe in. I was asked to do Honda commercials, but I wouldn't even go on the interview. Harley spots I'd do anytime.

ER: When did you make the jump from stunt man to character actor?

BT: When director Robert Aldrich asked me to shave my head for "The Longest Yard" in 1972.

ER: Did you mind going bald?

BT: I didn't like the idea. I'd been playing a lot of Indians in Westerns and I had long hair. You know, in those days only Indians and bikers had long hair. But Aldrich told me there'd be a lot of other actors and stunt men [in the picture] with shaved heads — but I ended up being the only one.

ER: Was that the last time you had flowing locks?

BT: No, I grew it back, but the next picture they wanted it shaved again.

ER: Do you still do your own stunts?

BT: I do my own stunts if it's necessary. I'm working on a picture with a lot of stunt work right now. It's titled "No Safe Haven" and it's being directed by Ronnie Rondell, one of the top five stunt men in the world. It's got helicopter flying, a lot of car chases, a couple of cars and a truck explode, a bus gets ripped in half.

We did a record high-fall in this picture. We set a stunt man on fire and he went off a ten-story building — on fire. Twice. The first time he wasn't on fire enough (laughter). And we had some boat chases. I was supposed to wrestle an alligator. . . .

ER: Do you have to be a little crazy for those jobs?

BT: No, you just know that you can do it. If you think you can't, you shouldn't try.

There's a lot of danger in it. I've gone off six- or seven-story buildings and, jeez, a gust of wind that you didn't realize was coming up could take you off the pad. It's like, *whoa!* (Chuckles.)

Your heart is fluttering enough as it is without that.

ER: Did you have any specialties as a stunt man?

BT: I was very good at doing back falls. Falling off buildings and walls backward, without looking back or down or tumbling. And I didn't mind being bulldogged off buildings or cliffs — that's two men going off at the same time.

I was bulldogged off a 40-foot cliff in "The Last of the Mohicans" with a stunt man who'd never done one before, Peter Stater. His father Paul is a big stunt man. He did the "Poseidon Adventure" and "Sea Hunt" with Lloyd Bridges. Paul also did a big, 100-foot dive off a mast in "Hurricane," with Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour.

The kid was good. It's a dangerous stunt — if he falls on you, he busts your ribs, that kind of stuff.

ER: Do you rehearse those falls?

BT: You rehearse it *on. . .the. . . ground*! (Laughs.)

ER: Have you ever been seriously hurt doing a stunt?

BT: Yeah, I lost a kneecap in a car I was turning over. The accelerator got stuck wide-open and the transmission blew. A piece of the flywheel came up through the floor and went right through my knee.

In [the TV mini-series] "Centennial," they brought some horses off the range that hadn't seen human beings in four or five years, so they were jittery to start with. Then we started shooting off the guns and stuff like that, and they got even worse. Mine was bucking and bucking, and my elbow hit a fence and severed my triceps.

On another picture I wrecked my shoulder. I've got a couple of nails in there holding the muscle down.

When you're shooting a cavalry charge, there's, say, six guys in the front row, five guys in the back row, and so on and so forth. You flip coins to see who's going to be in the first row, because if you're in the first row, it means that once you're down the horses behind you are going to have to jump over you. For years I was always in the back row. Then this one time I got in the front row and the horse behind me stepped on me, fell on me, and twisted my shoulder out.

ER: So there's a price on trading the farm for the silver screen?

BT: You can never tell. Another picture, "Run, Angel, Run," Bill Smith and I jumped on a moving train. We rode our bikes up a ramp, through a fence, and onto a moving flatcar. No problem. The day after that, I was supposed to be the leader of the gang chasing Smith. There were about 35-40 bikers riding behind me. The director, Jack Starrett,

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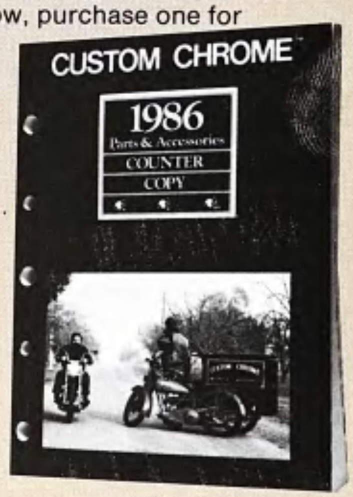

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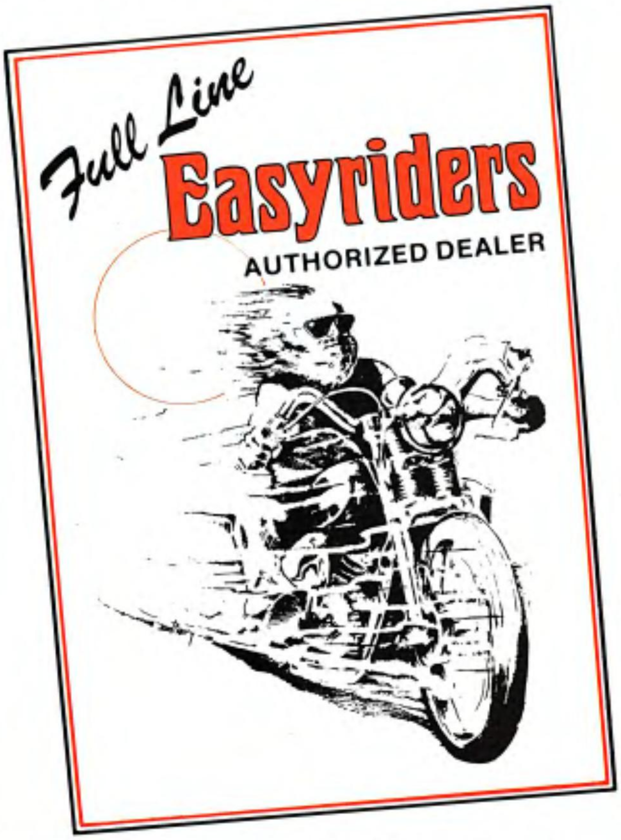

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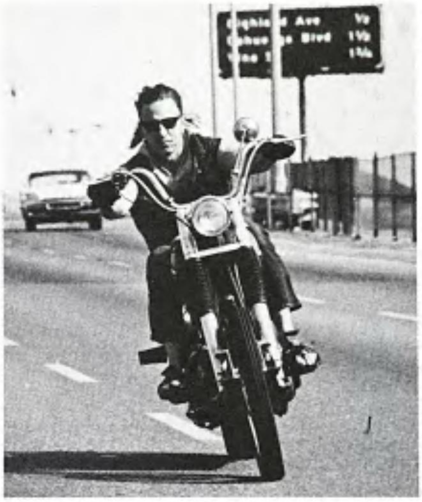

Runnin' free on the Hollywood Freeway in the flower-power-and-sandal-year of '67.

was up on a boxcar and he said, "Come up to the car, go sideways, and stop about 50 feet past the car." All the bikes were running and he's shouting and I shout back, "You got it!"

So they go ahead and mark the spot where they want me to stop, and they focus the cameras on that spot. I come in doing about 45 or 50, I lock up the rear brakes and get a beautiful slide, I stop, I put my foot out, look up, and wow — all the other bikes crash into me. One guy's footpeg went right into my leg. Man, when he hit me, my head twisted around, my sunglasses took off — they found them about 40 yards away — but I never fell. They left everything in the movie. Luckily, this guy had those new-type, aluminum folding pegs. It still made a big hole.

They weren't professional actors, they were just bikers the producer had hired from around Hollywood. Nobody ever told them about rack-focusing and hitting a mark.

ER: How long have you been working on your tattoo collection?

BT: About 40 years. The last piece of work was coloring the one I have on my back, my family history. Here's the family crest (points to a shield that's blue with silver stripes and a silver anchor over it).

The Tessiers come from Marseilles, France; some are still there. They were shipbuilders and part of the family migrated to the United States over 300 years ago. They ended up on the St. Lawrence Seaway and the first people they met there were Algonkin Indians (here he flexes a few muscles to add animation to the portion of skin art depicting that historic moment) who were canoe builders. So they had something in common, "You build 'em this way, we build 'em that way."

In French-Canadian history, the Tessiers are responsible for building *le grande bateau*, the big boats. They could put 100 Indians in one canoe, a 40-50 footer. You can imagine the scene when they built a couple of those, crossed the St. Lawrence, and ran into some of the Mohawks and Senecas and stuff. Those Mohawk or Seneca scouts would tell the rest of the tribe they'd seen 100 Indians in a canoe, and it would be, "Hey, what have you been drinking or smoking, bro?"

After the shield, the tattoo shows a ship in a storm. It turns into a saltwater marsh, saltwater plants, and a lake. Algonkin means "he spears fish from the bow of a canoe," so there's an Indian at the bow of a canoe with a trident. My family belongs to the tribe of the otter, so there's also an otter. Then the water turns into fresh water, fresh-water foliage, a river, salmon going up the river, and so on. . .

ER: Obviously, you designed all this yourself. Did you sketch it out or just explain it to the tattoo artist verbally?

BT: I just described it. My nephew Norman "Nummy" Simard, a Harley rider, did a lot of it. My uncle is also a tattoo artist.

ER: How long did it take?

BT: Sixty hours.

ER: Of the movies you've done, what's your favorite?

BT: Actors have a strange sense of humor, they always say, "My best picture is my *next* one." But I really like "The Last of the Mohicans." Being an Indian, and playing the lead heavy, Magua, the guy who gets to capture the girls. . . .

Being a heavy is really good, because we always get the girls first. And even though the *audience* knows you're a bad guy, you play the good guy to your partner, though later on, as soon as he leaves, you're going to kill the girl and rape her.

The good guy, he's only a good guy. . .all the time.

ER: Good guys have no fun.

BT: Yeah, I can't play a really *good* good guy. The public won't accept it. They see me in the movie and they know something is going to happen. If it doesn't, they're disappointed.

I had to laugh when my agent called me and said she had a great part for me as a judge. I asked, "Is the judge corrupt?" She said no, so I said, "Then I don't want to do it. If there's some murdering going on and towards the end we discover the judge has been doing the killing, then that's me."

In "No Safe Haven" I do play a good guy, but I still get to do some killing.

Another picture I liked was "The Longest Yard," which was very difficult to make. We shot six days a week, 14 hours a day, at the prison in Reidsville, Georgia. We weren't allowed to have any visitors on the set, but the prisoners seemed happy just to have people from the outside around for 12 weeks.

One day they had 12 guys escape and we weren't allowed off the bus until they were rounded up. "We'll have 'em back by noon," the officials said. "They want to get rid of one of the guys for being a fink." By noon they had 11 guys back. They never went out looking for the twelfth guy, because they knew he was in the swamp someplace. That's a hell of a community.

Photo courtesy of Bob Tessier

A rare shot from the Tessier archives shows Bob with both scalp *and* face hair.

ER: You've worked with some of the biggest names in the business — Bronson, Coburn, Reynolds. Why do some actors' careers take off and fly, while others never leave the ground?

BT: It's a kind of magnetism they project. For instance, when I'm playing a heavy, a real bad guy, I try to project evil. I look around and I hate every mother I see, especially if I'm going to have to fight with another actor pretty soon. I've had some actors come up after a scene and say, "Jesus, I thought you were really pissed off there for a minute."

ER: So you really psych yourself up before a scene, you just don't get in front of a camera and turn the emotion on and off like a light?

BT: Yeah. You've also got to spend more time studying than working. Any actor who doesn't do that is a fool and doesn't last very long. People pick up on that.

Some actors just grab a script the night before and maybe they'll read it once and decide they know it, then the next day they'll start cramming the dialog. . .Look, usually there's two or three guys involved in writing a story, and those *two or three* guys have input in the dialog. Well, what they come up with isn't necessarily the way *one* guy would talk.

The good actor realizes hey, I don't have to say *this*, I can say something else that means the same thing, but

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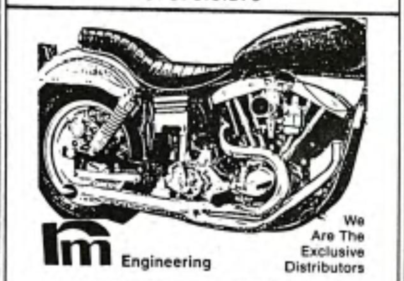

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not this way, this way is stupid. So you make notes, you do all kinds of things so that when your turn comes up on the screen you're projecting a character that you've studied and *created* with the help of the writers. If you don't do your homework and just get up and say your lines, you're just another dummy saying his lines. No matter whether you're Errol Flynn or me, it's a nothing [performance].

I like my business, I like my product. A couple of times I've had to tell some young people, "Cool it. Don't show up late and don't start studying your dialog at breakfast time." They'll say, "But it's exciting out here. We're from North Carolina and I've never been here." I say, "That's right and you won't ever come back if you screw up on this film."

It's hard for a guy who's got a lot of dialog to do a scene with three other people, two of whom don't know their lines. Everytime you get to them, it's a cut. You've got to do it all over again. You just don't have that energy all the time if you know somebody's gonna screw it up again.

ER: I would think that most of the veterans who've paid their dues probably don't have that problem.

BT: Right. In a "Fall Guy" episode I worked with Roy Rogers, John Russell, Jock Mahoney, and Peter Breck. Breck was a Warner Brothers actor who was a regular on "Big Valley." Jock Mahoney was a great stunt man who had played Tarzan, Russell was "The Lawman," and Roy Rogers is. . .well, he's Roy Rogers, what else can you say?

I was playing a half-breed trying to rustle gold. It was very nice working with them. I'd worked with them in separate pictures, but never all at once. It's nice to have that as a "souvenir."

ER: Speaking of different types of actors, what do you think about method acting, an actor trying to become like the person he's portraying?

BT: It's a little much for me, but I've used it with other people. Once this particular actor in a picture we were doing had to limp, but couldn't. I mean, he'd limp on his right leg for part of a scene and then he'd change over and limp on his left leg.

ER: That kind of thing must be pretty difficult to fake if you've never had a leg injury.

BT: That's right, so I called him over to the side and put a couple of rocks in his shoe. . .he limped.

ER: I'm not sure if that's method acting or movie magic, but while we're on the subject of faking injuries, tell us something about those knock-down, drag-out fights. In a fight scene like the one you did with Bronson in "Hard Times," how many of those "pulled" punches accidently connected?

BT: About seven or eight, plus he broke my nose when he kicked me. . . *heh, heh.*

ER: How about him? Did he get hit at all?

BT: No.

ER: You managed to pull yours okay, but he didn't?

BT: He was getting in too close. Actors have a tendency to get in close, even though it's a make-believe thing and you don't *need* to be close because it's the camera angles that make it look real. In fact, the stunt coordinator had to tell him to pull his punches back because they were coming in between frames [punching beyond the camera's range]. Bronson looked at him, like, "Oh-oh, there's something I don't know about here" (big laugh). Actually, he's a very good professional. I'd like to work for him when he directs; I think he'd make a great director.

ER: How pissed were you when he broke your nose?

BT: I didn't get pissed at all. It was whoops, there's a mistake. He was supposed to kick me in the stomach with his right foot, then I bend over and he kicks me in the face with his left foot. What he did was kick me in the stomach with his right foot, then kicked with his right foot again. If he'd kicked with his left, he would've missed me. I was down holding my stomach when I saw the wrong foot come up and it was just too late. He's not stupid and he's kind of well-coordinated — it was just something that happened.

In "The Deep," when I did a fight, Earl Maynard broke my nose, too.

ER: Must be something about the size of your nose.

BT: Again, I was bent over. He kicked me in the stomach and then he was supposed to grab my head and hit me with his knee, and he did. . .(laughter).

ER: Working on pictures with bikes in them, did you ever have occasion to correct or try to correct a writer or director's impression of what motorcycling is really about?

BT: Always. Usually I went in as an actor, or stunt man and technical advisor.

ER: Are they responsive to that sort of thing, to you telling them, for example, that real bikers would never talk the way the script reads?

BT: They are if they respect the actor, if they respect him as a man not as an actor, because a lot of that stuff won't have too much to do with acting. It'll have to do with personality and reality.

Sometimes they'll let you change the dialog, but sometimes they'll exercise artistic license, as they call it. "It's

okay," they'll say.

It's like. . .I refused to do biker pictures after a while, because the bikers were always raping and killing. They've never done it while I was around and I'm sure they didn't wait until after I left. I never had a biker friend say, "You should have been here last night, we raped these chicks and we had to kill one of their boyfriends."

It never happened to me, but it always happened in the movies. I said okay the first few times, "The Glory Stompers," "Born Losers," but then it got to be kind of stupid and I said, "No, no more. No more stupid motorcycle pictures for me." I wouldn't even work on the crew.

ER: You've had a fair number of parts where you played a hard guy who didn't talk much. Is it harder to play a silent part than one where you have a lot of lines establishing your character and motivations?

BT: Sure, it's like a person who stutters. He thinks that he's gonna get his point across, but the more he tries to get it across, the more he stutters, so he ends up not revealing anything. Having a role with no lines is like when you want to say something but you can't. And you can't be as animated as they were in silent pictures, either, making up for not having dialog by going like this (he throws his arms up in a classic parody of Groucho Marx doing a takeoff on an operatic tenor).

ER: In "Hard Times" with James Coburn and Bronson, you play a virtually mute streetfighter, yet despite the lack of lines, you walk away with a lot of scenes, almost steal the picture, in fact. There's a certain wisdom projected by that silent tough guy, a sense of knowing where all the bodies are, a sense that he's seen it all and finds it faintly amusing.

How did you, to use your word, project that without dialog?

BT: While they were doing their scenes, say, where James Coburn was trying to make a deal [for my character to fight Bronson's] and I'm in the background squeezing a ball, without anything to say, I was just projecting what I was thinking. "Fuck you. . .I'll get your guy. . .I'll murder him in the first round."

ER: In other words, even though you're just basically set dressing in a scene like that, your head is still in the role, you're not thinking about mounting a new tire on the scoot or where to go for dinner?

BT: Yeah, yeah, that's doing my homework. I don't just show up on the set. When they're having dialog, I'm having my own dialog in my head. When he says something that I don't agree with, I can just do this (a cynical "Yeah, right" look flashes across Tessier's face and quickly disappears), without doing too much. But if I'm just *there*, thinking about the chick I met last night, or will I get laid tonight, there's absolutely nothing. They could just take a mannequin out of a window and put it there.

ER: How long did it take you to get both the self-confidence and the experience to project like that?

BT: I think it came in 1973 or '74, when I had my knee operation. I was still on crutches and they called me to do a "Little House on the Prairie." Michael Landon knows that I'm a runner, and he used to work out at Vince's, so he called me. And I said, "Well, Jesus, I don't know." He said, "What are you hesitating for? I've always wanted you to do one of my shows. I'm going to send you a script."

So he sends a script. I open it and the guy's name is Running Deer. . . .

ER: Already, you knew you were in trouble.

BT: Yeah, Running Deer, a runaway renegade Indian. There's a marshal after him and Michael Landon asks, "What did he do?" The marshal says, "He was born — shoot him on sight." "What did he do?" "Nothing — he was born."

Anyway, I go down and see Michael at Paramount. By this time I'm off the crutches and walking with a cane, but the leg is still wrapped up. I told him that I really wanted to do the role, but that I couldn't bend the leg yet. Then I went home. When I got there the phone was ringing. It was Michael. "Come on, you're gonna do my show. We're gonna change it to Lame Deer. You can limp all you want."

After a couple of days shooting, Michael comes over and he says, "We've been looking at the dailies and you're coming across so good that I'm going to ask you something that's suicide for an actor."

As soon as he said it, I knew that he was going to ask me to —

WOMAN WITH TRAY OF FOOD: Hey, are you the guy who puts his head through the wall?

BT (laughing): Why? Is there a big hole in the ladies' room? (He laughs again and cops to his Tough Act role).

Anyway, Michael says, "You've only got a few lines anyway, so why don't we take them away?" and I say, "Fine." Then in my next scene I'm supposed to be standing there feeling compassion for this guy. It's started snowing and his family is trapped in the blizzard, starving in a log cabin they just happened to stumble on. He goes out to hunt a deer and something happens

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and I find him and I'm supposed to show compassion.

Originally, I was supposed to have dialog at that point. So I went over and I just had dialog with myself, you know? I was just looking at him and saying [in my head] how sorry I was for him.

So for the rest of the picture, whenever I had a confrontation with the marshal, I'd just look at him and do dialog with myself. He'd be looking at me with hate and I'd look back at him with compassion, while in my head I'd be saying, "Why do you want to kill me? I've never done anything to you. I like your mother, I like your sister, I don't like your brothers too much. . ." I'm doing all this in my head and it came off.

ER: Have you ever thought about writing your own screenplay?

BT: I do write. I've written several screenplays and I'm working on a novel. In fact, I've got one screenplay that I'm getting ready to submit to some money people. It'll feature just about every kind of motorcycle made, from full-dressers to choppers to racers. It's a murder mystery — but I can't tell you who done it.

ER: How about directing?

BT: I've done second-unit and stunt directing, and I did direct a Western years ago. I've also taken over a couple of pictures where the director got sick or something, and they didn't have any money to hire another one, so my name never got on the screen.

ER: So you've done just about everything in the business, except singing and dancing.

BT: I do that, too.

ER: Really? Have you gotten a chance to show off your hoofing on the screen?

BT: Not yet.

ER: Maybe Hollywood isn't quite ready for that sight.

BT (laughs): That's right, and I haven't sung in public for a long time, either. But I'm ready. If the role is really good, I'll try it. Then they'll probably say, "Ah, he just went and took lessons — 12 easy lessons."

ER: Hey, you know, I can kinda see you swaggering down a cellblock on your way to the death chamber, doing a little jig and singing. . . .

BT (more laughter): Yeah, singing "Old Man Stream" instead of river. You'd be surprised. I don't get prison roles, I *lose* prison roles because I look too much like I belong. People wouldn't even let me come in for an audition, they didn't even want me in the office. They say, "No, no, no, we don't want his type." My manager, Cathryn James, would say, "What do you mean, his type? It's a prison picture." Then they'd say, "Yeah, but he looks too much like he belongs in prison."

It's mostly the tattoos. They're a little scary for a lot of people. That's why bikers still get in trouble just because of looks. I meet some people, say, from Hollywood or Beverly Hills, and get to be friends, and everything is going fine until we all meet at the pool. Hah! As soon as they see all this stuff, it's "Oh-oh, this guy's a weirdo."

But there are a lot of girls who are tattooed now. Susan St. James — she's really very nice; I got to try to rape her once — has one on her ankle, and Cher, who used to work out at Vince's, has one. And that makes a difference.

In Canada, by the way, they love the tattoos. When I started doing the Midas commercials they gave me a black T-shirt and cut off the sleeves.

But my manager still has to go with me [to auditions] sometimes, because people think that if I don't get the job, I'll eat the furniture.

ER: People in the industry should know better. You don't survive 25 or 30 years in a small community like Hollywood if you devour casting directors for between-meal snacks.

BT: That's true. I've never had any trouble on the set. I've had people yell at me, but I've never had any trouble, I've never been late. I really love my business. It's not a job, it's a profession — and you've got to act professionally.

In my years in the business I've seen a lot of guys I thought were very good and then you don't see them anymore. They're back driving a cab or being a plumber, because they couldn't act professionally, they needed [the security of] steady work.

ER: Speaking of non-theatrical endeavors, you do all kinds of crafts work in between pictures. Do you still need the side income from them at this stage of your career?

BT: No, I don't, but the side jobs help me keep my head together when I'm between parts. I build furniture, I sculpt wood. That's also what I was doing before I was an actor. My father was a carpenter as well as a farmer. My grandfather was a carpenter, my great-grandfather was. . . .My tools are a hundred years old or more, they were handed down. A couple of my kids are carpenters.

I also work in leather — I make saddlebags, wallets, anything. These jobs give me things to do in between, and that's where a lot of actors and actresses will go bad. The hardest part of being an actor is the in-betweens. Too many actors don't do anything but wait for the phone. I always have something else to do. I don't have time to think "Will I ever work in another picture?" because I get up in the morning and have a project to do.

ER: With all these interests, do you still have much time for riding?

BT: Yeah, except when I'm doing a picture. I don't ride then.

ER: Is that because your contracts prohibit it?

BT: No, that's for me. You know the old story, there are only two kinds of biker, those who've fallen and those who are going to fall. I don't want anything to happen that would cause me to screw up a picture, like showing up with a broken arm.

I'm really one of those guys who can't stand anybody pointing a finger at them, and saying, "This happened because it's your fault."

ER: You sound like a guy with a hell of a lot of self-discipline. Were you born that way or do you have to work at keeping yourself under control?

BT: I think it goes back to the farm. I've always looked responsibility right in the mug. . .When I was a young kid, I had to be the first one up in the morning to shovel the snow from the house to the well, and then from the well to the barn gate. I used to freeze.

Or the old man would say, "Take these 15 people here — you know what rows to put 'em on to pick beans." I'd say, "Follow me," and we'd go to work. And it was seven days a week, because cows don't care if it's a holiday.

Then I went from there to the Army. Discipline didn't bother me and I was already in shape — I could easily walk 20 miles, so that was nothing. I already knew how to shoot.

The discipline was the same [as at home]: Here's what you have to do, do it. All that background has helped me a lot.

ER: Background — that's an interesting word. You've got about as much background, behind as well as in front of the cameras, as a person can get in this business. Let's say Bob Tessier wakes up one morning and decides to put on a Sylvester Stallone hat and write, direct, and star in his own movie. Clearly, you have the ability and experience to do that; the question is, would you cast yourself as a good guy or a bad guy?

BT: Jeez, that's something — that's not an easy question. I guess I'd cast myself as the villain who turns hero. ■

WHAT A COW GIRL

When one of the last cowboys meets up with today's version of a cowgirl, the situation might call for drastic measures.

"Man, cowboys had it all," Big Al said. We were standin' around at Pete's studio waitin' for the subject of our scheduled shoot to show up and Big Al was holding forth. "Anytime they were in town there was always an open saloon, nobody bothered 'em about packin' a rod, and who ever heard of gettin' a horse licensed and registered?"

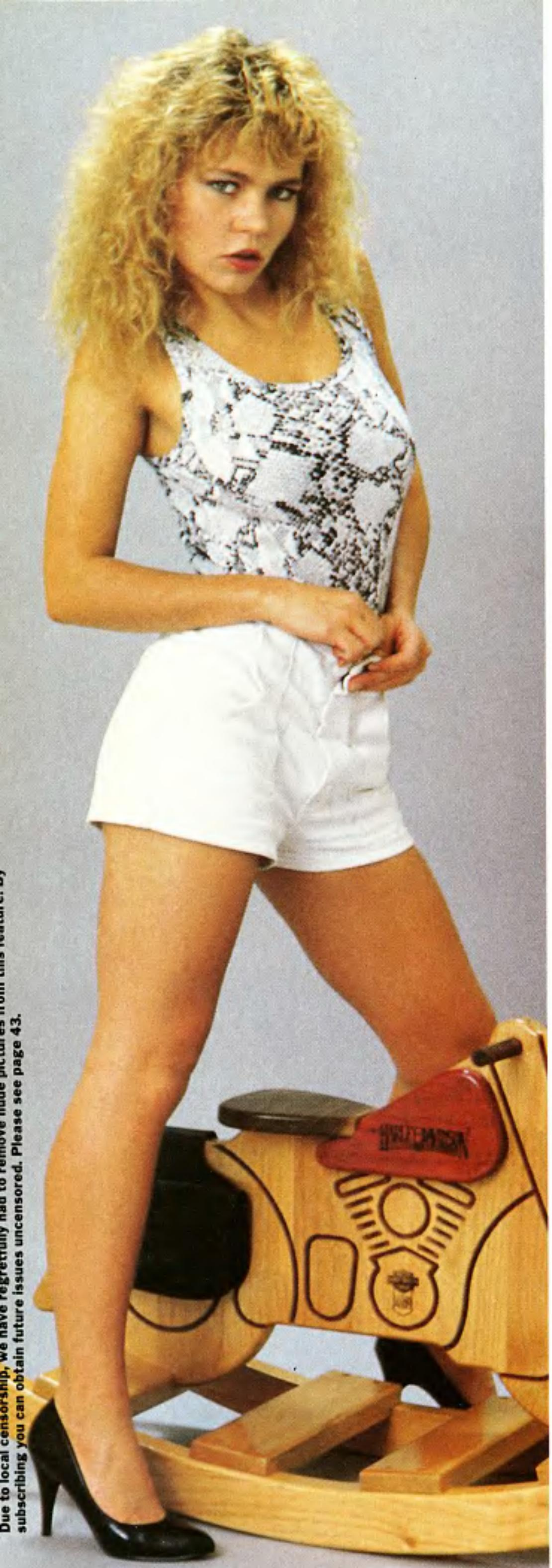
"Uh-huh, right, Al," Bomber responded. "They also missed out on VCRs, major league baseball, and nude sunbathing. Did ya ever think of that?"

"Well, uh, no," Al muttered.

"And how about air-conditioning?" Bomber pressed his advantage. "Don't ya think that after a hot day in the saddle chasin' stupid cows, they wouldn't have appreciated goin'

Continued after two pages of photos

Due to local censorship, we have regretfully had to remove nude pictures from this feature. By subscribing you can obtain future issues uncensored. Please see page 43.



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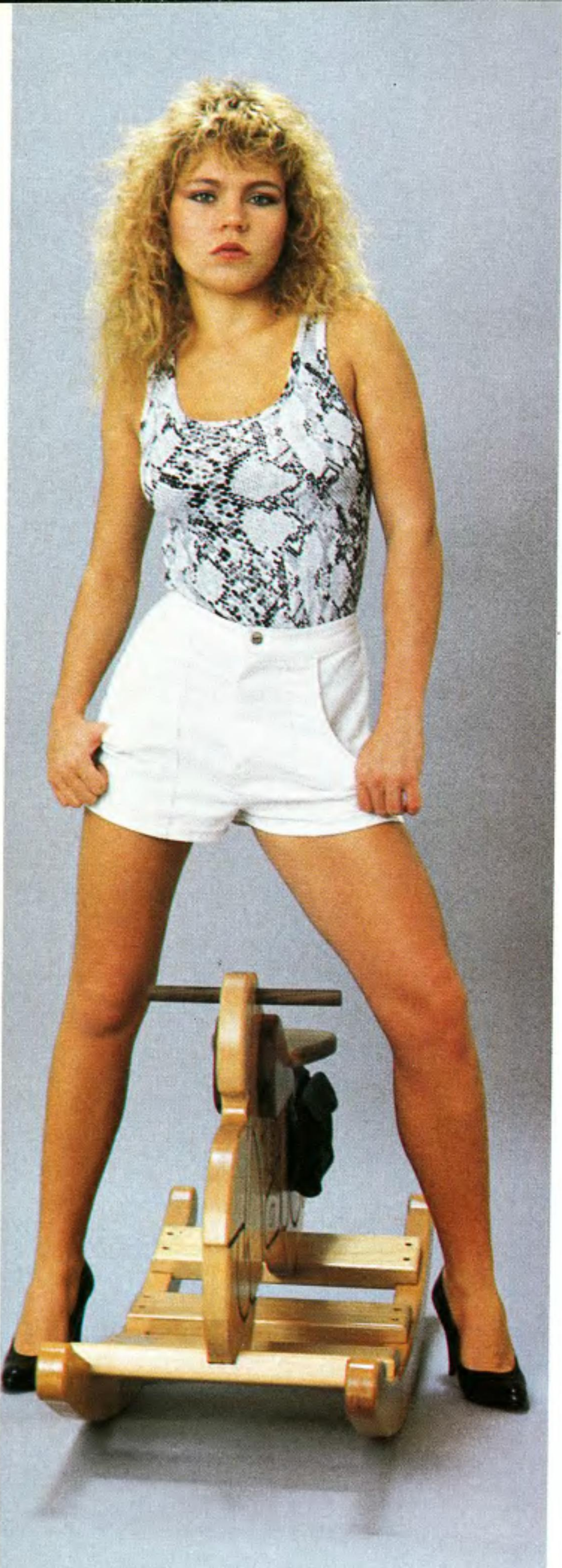
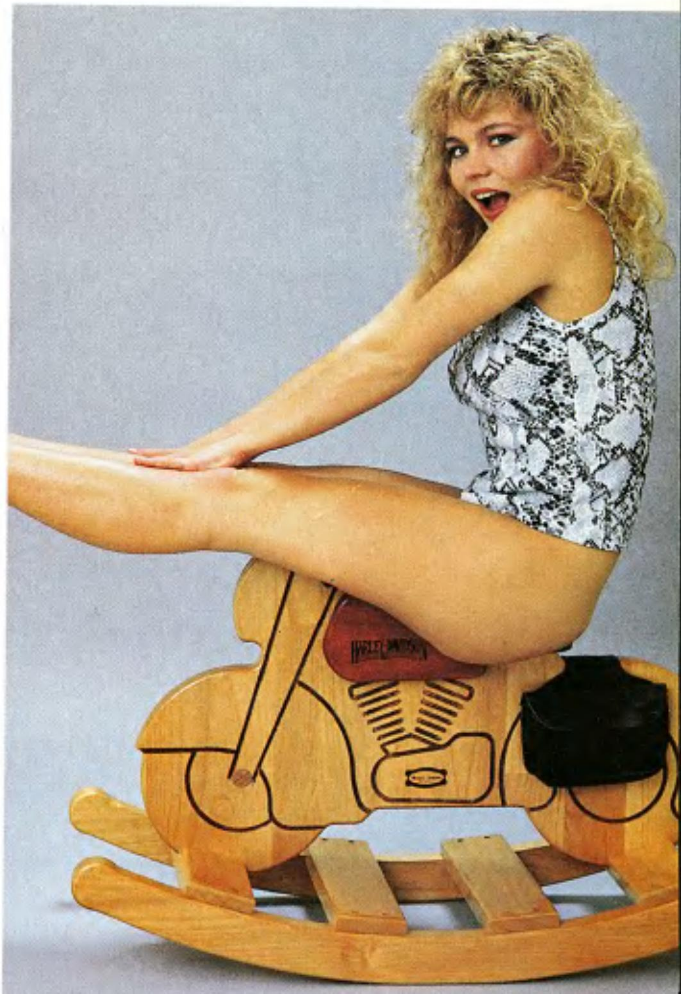




Photos by Pete Chiodo

into a fuckin' saloon that was air-conditioned?"

Big Al looked a trifle whittled down to size by now and was clearly casting about for some way to change the subject when a pan came skiddin' up to the curb. "Jesus, look at that," Bomber marveled, taking in the blue-and-gold, Ram-helmeted fatbobs.

"I am lookin'," Al assured him, starin' at the pretty little number who'd hopped off the back. "I'm lookin' at her legs and her butt and her. . ." He lapsed into slobbering gibberish as Breezy approached and inquired if she was at the right place.

"We're gonna have to restrain him," Bomber said to me, "if we want to get any work done. Where's the damn first aid kit we brought?"

Eventually we got ol' Al parked in an out-of-the-way corner with a little takill-ya an' herb. Meanwhile, the golden-locked babe named Breezy was workin' out the kinks from her ride on the rigid by playin' with this new hobbyhorse. It looked good, so we shot her with it and split, quick and easy.

The phone was ringin' off the hook when we walked in the office. "Ya forgot somethin'," Pete growled when Bomber picked it up. "A big moose, to be real specific."

"What makes ya think we forgot him?" Bomber asked.

—Eight Ball

1200 EVOLUTION SPORTSTER

Tech Tip

By Joe Minton

There are a lotta trick-lookin' Sportsters, but the trick about this one is the way it runs. It makes 30hp more than it did as a stock 883. The exhaust is the new Harley pipe set made by Kerker.

The Harley-Davidson 883 Evolution Sportster has the latest engine design. It's strong, reliable, and precisely made. And you can have one for $3995. With a good-handling chassis and the best single-disc brake around, it's smooth. It's also slow. The purpose of this article is to show you how to fix slow and fix it good. You'll also have a generally better-running engine and one that, as far as we can determine, is as reliable as stock.

Our modifications are simple and easy to do. You'll need a set of Branch XRV #1 pistons and a bore job to go with them. You'll install a new ignition module, a set of coils, and two plugs per cylinder. The carb will need to be bored from 36mm to 40mm, and modified to get rid of the EPA madness and the restrictive choke plate. You'll need one of Harley's Kerker-built exhaust systems and a Screamin' Eagle air cleaner.

The 883 Sportster was originally designed to be as large as 1200cc. The difference is in the bore size. An 883 has a 3-inch bore while the 1200's bore would be 3.5 inches, the same as the Big Twin. When Harley decided to make the 883, they simply used the same cylinder casting with a thicker iron-alloy liner. The 883's cylinder liner has the same outside diameter as the Big Twin. It's almost half an inch thick. You can bore to 3.5 inches and still have a perfectly strong and stable cylinder.

When we realized that this was possible, Jerry Branch and I undertook the development of a 3.5-inch piston that would work with a bored-out 883 cylinder. We did considerable testing on Jerry's Super Flo computerized dyno, and I spent many miles testing and tuning on the street with a modified 883 Sportster. The results are spectacular: Our 1200 version makes more than half again as much power as the stock 883. Our 1200 is faster than a stock 1100 Sportster, looks better, sounds better, and costs less. Extensive testing (abuse) has shown the 1200 engine to be as reliable as a pet rock.

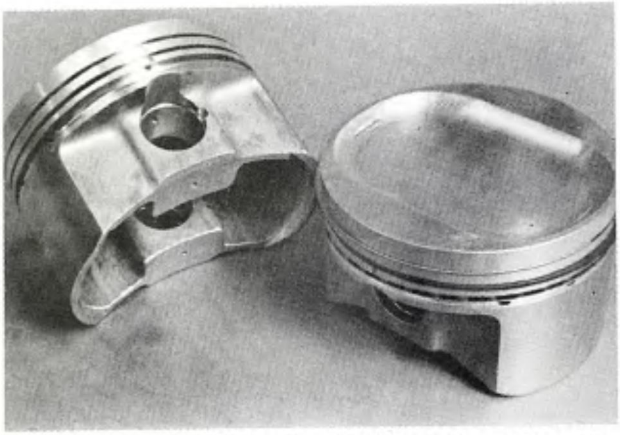
NOTE: Whenever you work on your Harley, you should have a factory shop manual to refer to. These manuals contain essential information about assembly procedures, fluid volumes, torque specs, etc. Get one, read it, and use it.

PISTONS

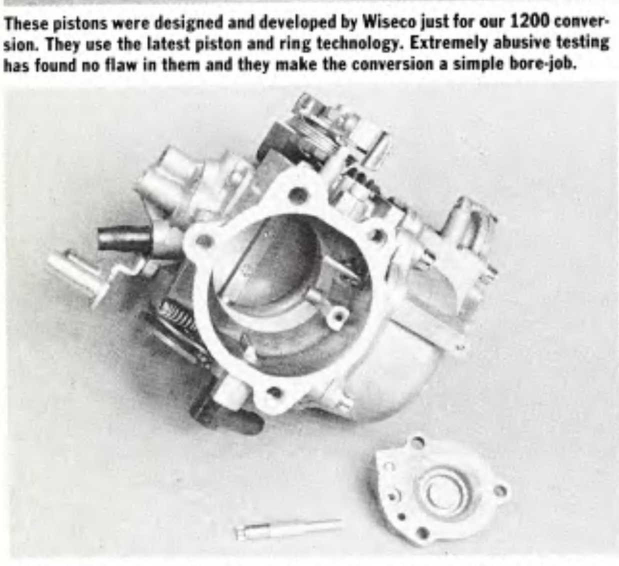
We started our work as soon as the 883 became available. Our first priority was to find a piston. We discovered that S&S Cycle had a stroker piston for the Big Twin that was almost a drop-in fit in the new Evolution Sportster, but it's flat-topped and that presented a problem. The chamber of the 883 is small and the 3.5-inch S&S flat-top piston raised the compression ratio, to an unacceptable 10.8 to 1. The amount of material that could be removed from the dome of the piston was limited. In order to get the compression down to an acceptable 9.7 to 1, S&S had to modify the size and shape of the combustion chamber. This is a ticklish job in spite of the excellent instructions S&S sends with their pistons. Also, we found that the S&S engine quickly overheated on the dyno, something that neither the stock chamber nor a set of Branch's ported heads did with flat-topped pistons. The S&S chamber shape doesn't work too well.

There was one other problem with the S&S pistons. They've been using 1/16-inch-thick compression rings for many years. Modern ring development has shown that such rings don't work as well as the more recent thin-ring designs. Harley currently uses compression rings that are .050 inches thick. Virtually all motorcycle manufacturers follow a similar practice with excellent results, both in ring seal and life. Thin rings are better.

When S&S chose not to use such rings, we turned to Wiseco for alternate pistons and



These pistons were designed and developed by Wiseco just for our 1200 conversion. They use the latest piston and ring technology. Extremely abusive testing has found no flaw in them and they make the conversion a simple bore-job.



When modified, the stock carburetor is the best one for the 883/1200 Evolution Sportster conversion. Bored to 40 millimeters (up from 36) and with its choke plate removed, the stock carb will deliver all the air the 1200 engine can use. And it's cheap to do, too.

rings. We found a progressive, can-do attitude and came away with pistons designed for this engine from the ground up. The Branch (Wiseco) XRV #1 pistons have a dish in the center that matches the shape of the stock 883 combustion chamber and retains the squish area on both sides of the chamber. The engine runs cool with these pistons. Most important, it's not necessary to modify the shape of the combustion chamber to install them.

Branch's 1200 piston is a forging with .047-inch, barrel-shaped, chrome-plated compression rings. We ran a set of these in our 1200 test engine for more than 350 full-throttle, high-rpm dyno runs. They're still in excellent condition and are currently doing duty in the road racer Bartel's H-D made from our test bike. Tough parts. With pin, clips, and rings, the Branch XRV #1 pistons run $77.50 each.

Quality cylinder boring is hard to find, especially when the cylinder is being taken out half an inch. The honed finish that's been traditional with many Harley shops is simply too rough. The cylinder should be very smooth. Wiseco recommends a #300 grit stone for finishing and the honing should be done with a precision hone, not one held in a drill. If you have any doubts whatsoever about the ability of your local boring bar hero, don't take any chances. Send your barrels to HES for boring and honing. HES removes the majority of the material on a lathe setup, then finish-bores the cylinder on a boring bar. Final sizing and surface finish is done with a Sunnen precision hone. The 883/1200 conversion costs $47 per cylinder and will take less than a week in the shop.

HES is owned by Andy Hanson, whom we've mentioned previously. Andy built the very special engines that power the Jammer twin-Harley streamliner and is one of the most accomplished machinists around. His superb work and curiosity got him in the middle of this project early on, leading him to develop some of the services and goodies necessary for our conversion. Our assessment of his assistance? Invaluable.

IGNITION

One of today's most common concerns has to do with the quality of our gasoline. A bore size as large as 3.5 inches can give detonation trouble. When we had such trouble with early high-compression pistons, we stopped and developed a two-spark-plug-per-cylinder ignition setup. The two-plug setup makes the engine much less sensitive to fuel quality, timing, and fuel-mixture strength. The peak power of the two-plug-per-cylinder ignition isn't greater than with one plug, but the engine responds to throttle better, especially at middle rpm.

Two plugs per cylinder require two coils. There's a gadget available that takes two leads off each high-tension terminal on an ordinary coil, but that setup won't work. It'll merely fire the two plugs with the lowest resistance instead of all four as it should, so don't be fooled by the thing. You need two coils with two wires each.

HES makes a two-coil kit for the Evolution Sportster (with more to follow) that will work with the stock Harley-ignition black box. The coils are made especially for Harley two-plug-per-cylinder installations by KV Products, which also makes the Dyna 5 ignitions used by so many XR750 tuners. Similar coils have been used by the factory on their XR750s. The HES kit, including a clever mounting bracket and all hardware and instructions for an easy installation, retails for $109.50, plus shipping. A matched set of high-tension wires for the coils are also available from HES. They can also install the second plug hole in your engine's heads.

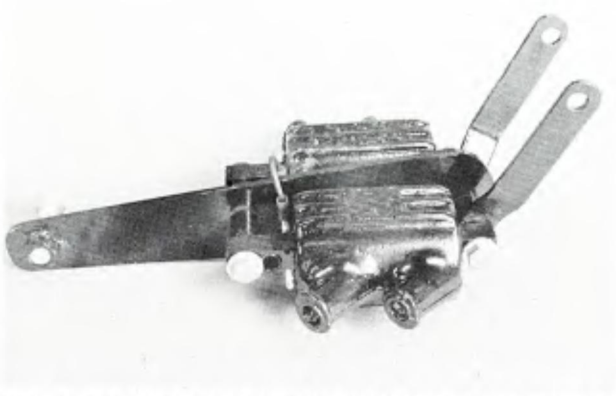
The best ignition black box is H-D p/n 32399-84 ($147.50), featuring an early-advance curve. It begins to advance the ignition timing around 1400rpm and finishes by 2400rpm. It also starts with more advance, which makes slow-speed response much better, but it doesn't have a rev-limiter feature, so watch your tach. The stock ignition doesn't reach full advance until redline at 6200rpm. Harley had to

use a slow advance to get rid of detonation with the restrictive stock exhaust, air cleaner, and lean jetting. If you don't have the bucks or don't trust black boxes, you can install the standard points and advancer. Our recommended ignition actually duplicates the advance curve of the traditional points setup. With two plugs per cylinder, the advance timing should be 25 degrees before top dead-center. With one plug, the timing should be 30 degrees. Dyno testing confirmed that these timing figures give the best torque and peak power.

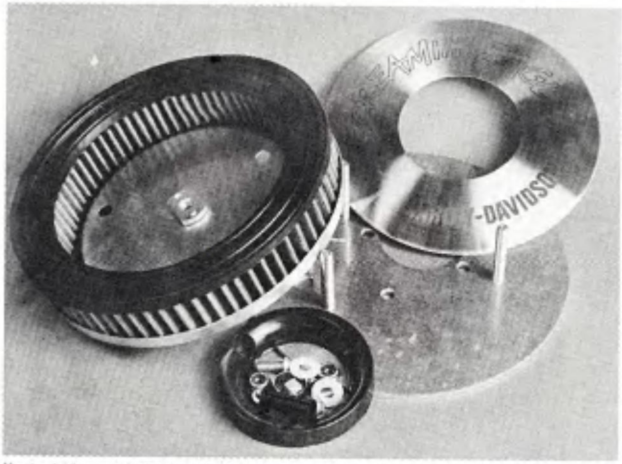
CARBURETOR

The stock Keihin carburetor is a fine instrument. Easily tuned, if it were larger, it would be the best performance carburetor available for Harleys. It can be improved by boring and by removing the choke plate in its mouth. With these and some tuning changes, it's perfect for the 1200-conversion engine. By removing the choke plate and boring the 36mm stock Sportster carb to 40mm, the amount of air it'll pass is increased by nearly 25 percent, more than enough to handle the airflow capabilities of the stock intake ports and the 1200cc displacement.

HES will bore your Sportster carb, install the correct slow-speed and main jets, remove the choke plate, install one of the old-style, large-flow accelerator pump housings, and put in one of their special accelerator-pump jets. They also include two alternate main jets. The HES pump jet has a smaller outlet hole and will get the fuel into the throat of the carb even when you move the throttle slowly, whereas the stock jet has a tendency to dribble, leaving the engine lean and staggering when you operate the throttle slowly. HES also includes the rest of the modifications I recommended in *ER* #160. Their carb service retails for $70, plus shipping, and is an exceptional deal for a virtually new carb. Turnaround is less than two weeks; usually less than one.



HES makes this special dual-coil setup for the Evolution Sportster. It fits under the tank and is less visible than the stock coil. Two plugs per cylinder improve engine response and let you run bad gas.



Harley's Screamin' Eagle air cleaner passes plenty of air and looks good. No other filter we tested worked as well with the bored stock carb on the 1200 conversion.

Photos by Joe Minton

AIR CLEANER

The best air cleaner for the stock carburetor is Harley's Screamin' Eagle filter (p/n 29051-85, $39.95), because it costs no horsepower to run with it. The next best filter, the traditional S&S teardrop design, costs two hp. The H-D filter lets you use either the late Big-Twin 8-inch round cover or a smaller 7-incher that comes with the $54.95 version of the filter.

EXHAUST

Small, staggered dual-mufflers have been a part of Sportster hop-ups for at least a couple of decades. Such mufflers, if allowed to get very loud, can make several more horsepower than stock. They don't, and can't, match the power gain from a system with large, well-designed mufflers, though. Harley and Kerker have collaborated on an exhaust and the results are better than anything Harley has previously sold for their Sportsters. The system makes great power, sounds good, and won't drag on the ground.

The Harley-Kerker exhaust has three baffles in each muffler. With all of them in, it's EPA-legal (80db). If you remove the rear baffles (10 minutes), the sound level goes up and so does the power. This particular baffle configuration is best for all-around performance. If the front baffle is taken out, your Sportster will sound for all the world like an XR750 — loud and beautiful.

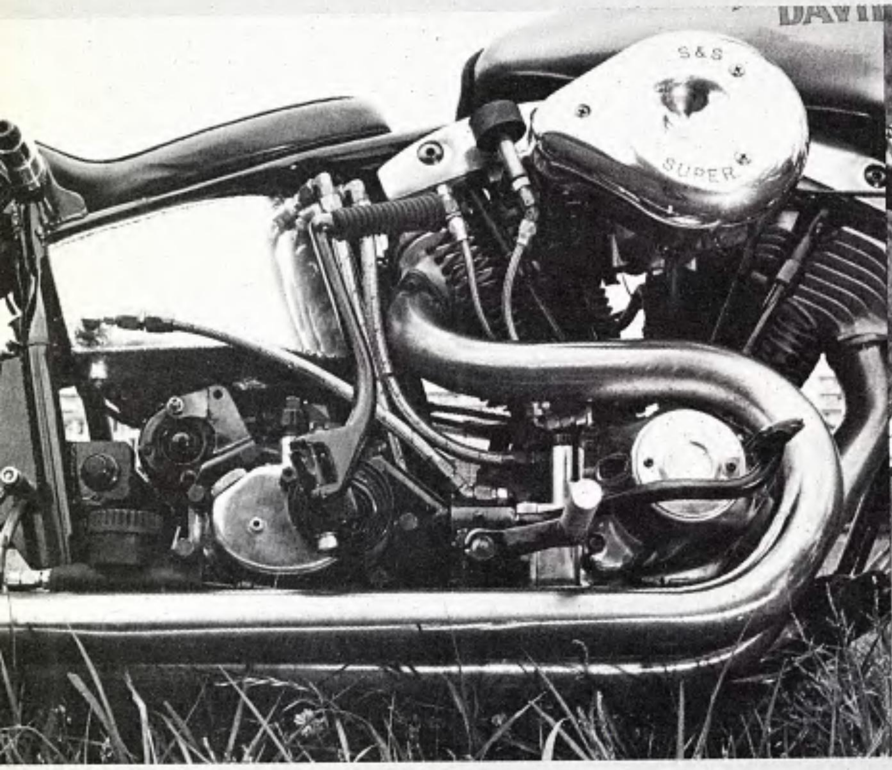
RESULTS

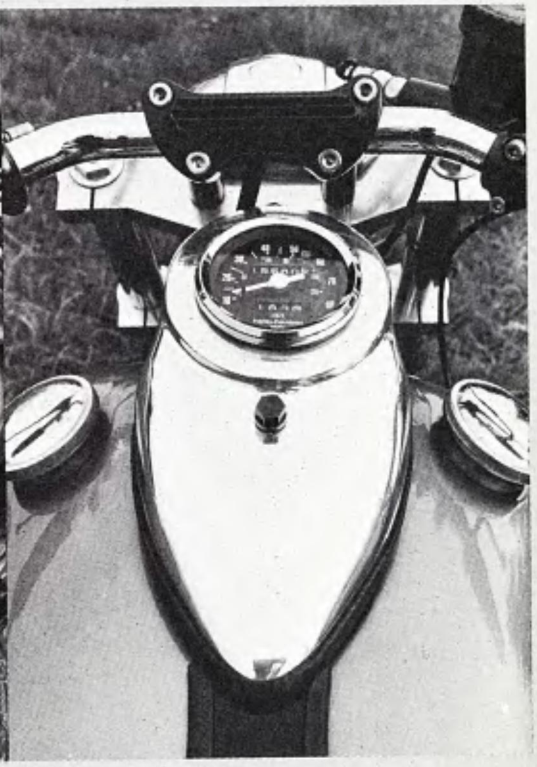
The 1200 that you can build, using the parts, recommended, will make 70 ft. lbs. of torque and 68hp. The stock 883 made 44hp and 41 ft. lbs. That's more than 50 percent more power and 70 percent more torque. The reason torque improvement is so much greater than power gain is due to the limited amount of air that can get through the stock ports. The limited flow tends to cut the top-end power more than it will peak torque, which always occurs at a lower rpm.

This thing will pull your arms straight and do power wheelies in first gear. A yank on the bars will put the back of your head on the ground. It'll outrun a stock 1100 Sportster or any other stock Hog. The torque it produces at all useful rpm is so great that you'll find yourself staying in top gear a lot. ■

READER'S RIDE

Ya gotta give credit where credit's due and for sure, today's Big Name builders have earned the attention they get — otherwise they wouldn't be Big Names. But those guys don't have a monopoly on the art of turnin' out great-lookin' stuff. Some of the most righteous customized bikes we've seen have been put together by dudes workin' alone who've had to scrounge parts, build in their spare time, and squirrel away nickels and dimes until they added up to some hefty long green. The end results always have one thing in common — they're rides worth lookin' at. Scope out this month's Readers' Ride. Yep, it's another case of credit bein' due.





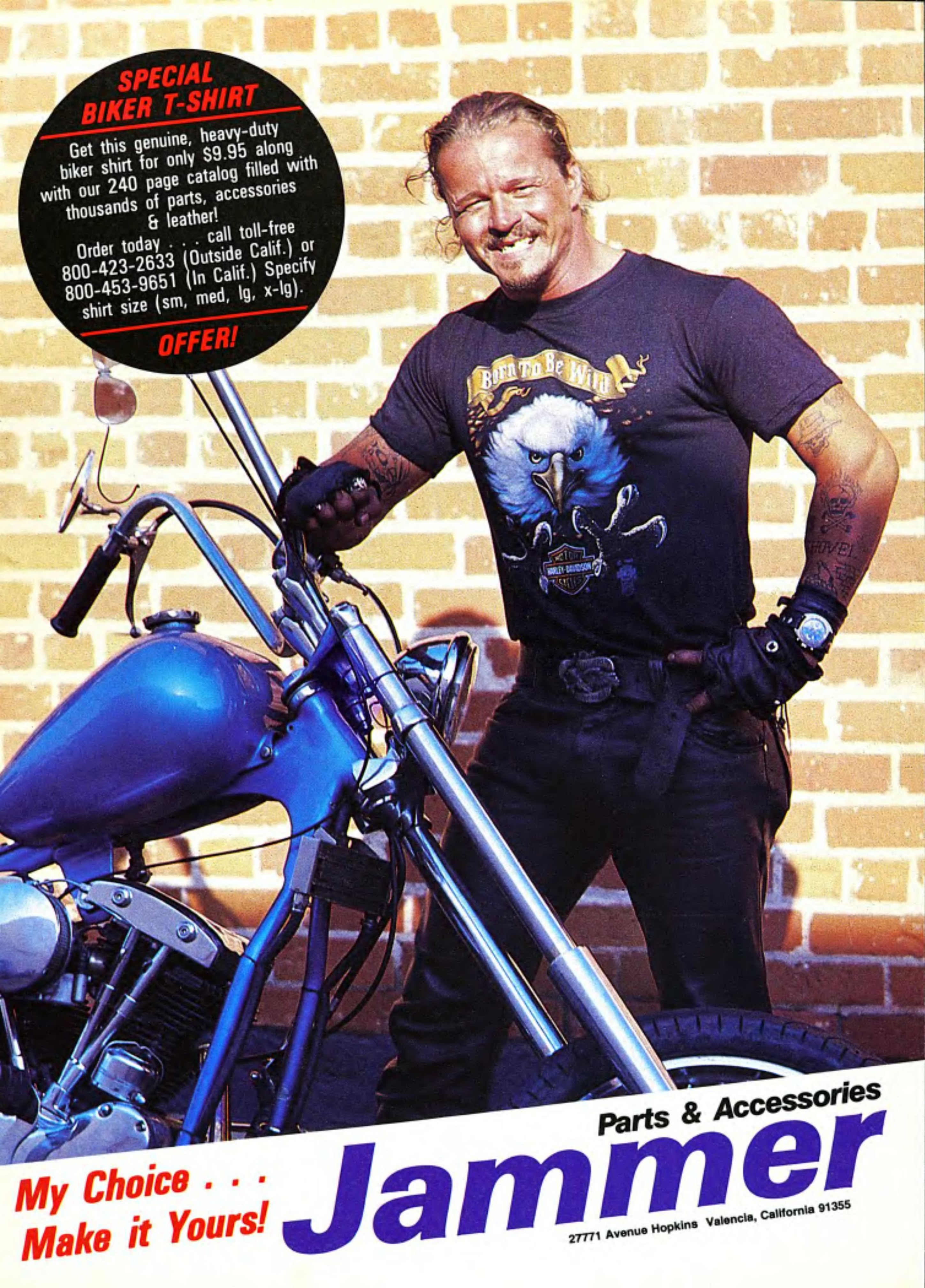
Mr. Yanagi (Baby Face), Tokyo, Japan
Harley-Davidson Low Rider

Usually, when we get to talking about the Far East — and I don't mean Bar Harbor, Maine, but the real far-out East, the one with geisha girls and the Rising Sun — we're throwing rocks. But what do ya know — we've got an opportunity to admire a good-lookin' piece of American machinery now living in the land of silk. And it's not owned by some military-type stationed over there but by an actual native son of the Asian archipelago.

Baby Face is one of an enthusiastic few who proudly ride Yankee iron in Japan. In fact, he and his like-minded countrymen are real freaks for Harleys. They have a yen for riding Hogs — and it costs plenty of 'em, too. (That's sick.) This one was made at Hot Dock, a custom cycle shop in Nerima, near Tokyo, under the guidance of shop boss Keiji Kawakita.

—Studley

Photos by Hitoshi Satoh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Asstrology

By Dusty Sage

Astrological Profile For Sagittarius

It's easy to identify a Sagittarius by his chapped lips, speeding tickets, and bruises. (They never know when to shut up or slow down.) Sags possess a rare combination of the ability to get along (with almost everyone) and still retain their independence. Better yet, they do it without one teeny bit of ass-kissing.

Sagittarius is honest to a fault (blunt), loyal, and respects other people's need for freedom. "Live and let live" is the Sagittarius motto. The only problem with Sag is his tendency to shoot off his mouth till your ears swell shut. Don't get me wrong, he's fair-minded about other's opinions. That is, if you can get him to listen to 'em.

If you bed down with a Sagittarius, either buy a muzzle, sit on his face, or stuff dirty socks in his mouth (or your ears). Sexually, Sag is a 10 if you're having a taffy pull at the same time, or don't mind screwing someone who breaks wind and never misses a beat. Most have huge dicks and the rest grow warts to make up for it. If you like stories with head, this one's for you.

As I've said before, Sagittarius loves anything fast: cars, bikes, fucks. He can't take boredom or life in the slow lane. Sagittarius is prone to indigestion from eating too fast, talking with his mouth full, and a whistling asshole. He also has a tendency to hip fractures and broken bones in general, especially jawbones.

Some famous Sagittarii are Phil Donahue (figures, with a talk show); Harpo Marx (the one who didn't talk but was horny); Woody Allen, John Cassavetes, and Dick Clark.

Value your Sagittarius friend — his outgoing personality and humorous side are unbeatable. He'll be there when the shit goes down and stick around for the good times. The deaf especially enjoy his companionship.

DECEMBER FORECAST

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)
This month catches you by your hanging limb (or lips), leaving you limp and lazy. Aside from a case of Geritol, an electric cattle prod, or a year's supply of uppers, nothing gets you going. Face it, party-time has worn you to a frazzle and even the puckers on your asshole are pooped. Give yourself a long nap, before you fall out.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)
This cycle finds you riding high on the hog. Good times grab you by the gonads and tickle your fancy. Partners treat you to freebies, and your rugrat leaves his piggybank lying around for you to pilfer. Your ol' lady turns into a nympho and leaves ya wearing a smile and a raw dick. Get 'er while she's hot, 'cause it won't last long. Enjoy.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)
This is one long holiday hangover. All the recent ho-ho-ho makes you wanna puke! Relatives come outta the woodwork and plop themselves in your pad. Cheer up. Around the 20th you really get in the swing and give 'em all the boot. Afterwards, you decorate your balls and hang 'em in your ol' lady's mug, with a "Do not open till Christmas" sign!

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)
Don't pester partners with your petty problems. Who cares if your grandmother is getting a sex-change, your ol' lady's hemorrhoids look like the grapes of wrath, or your dick has shrunk to the size of a peanut? Stop with the bitching and sniveling, and look on the bright side. You can always look forward to something worse — like no dick at all.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)
Party-time can be a problem now. It takes up most of your time, plus there are all those decisions to make: what to bring, who to take along, what prescription is best for a gang-bang, should or shouldn't you wear your leathers, cock ring, and grease your dick with WD-40, or should you merely bring your slippers and camera, and kick back to watch. Don't forget your barf bag.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)
Financially, the month is fucked. On the other hand, goodies come via other bros' generosity. If you scan your brain waves, you come up with a clever way outta hock. The trick now is not to get uptight. Your best ideas come while relaxing on the shitter, driving with your finger up your nose, or beating your meat in the shower while singing "Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head."

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)
Looks like the mileage has caught up to your crusty can. Funny bumps with hair on 'em aren't a good sign, especially when accompanied by a cough that brings up green gollywobbles. If you notice the smell from your butthole has moved into your mouth, run, do not walk, to your nearest doctor. Another thing that might help is to try taking a bath once in a while.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)
Good luck tickles the hairs on your ass and takes your mind off recent restraint. Avenues of approach open at your place of employment that were formerly off-limits. Take advantage of the holiday spirit. Home base is better than average, with mind-fucks at a minimum. All in all, this one could turn into the stroke that makes you squirt.

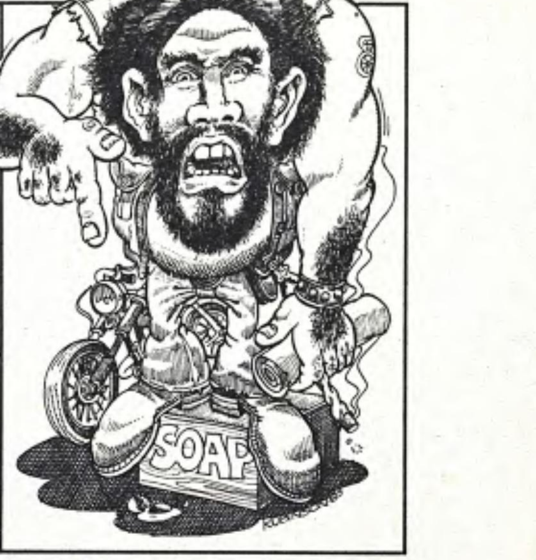
Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)
Happy birthday, donkey dong! This one will last into the new year and leave you little time to yawn and scratch your ass. Everyone is treating you to a testicle-twisting good time. The least of your worries now is bucks, fucks, and healthy bowel movements after breakfast (if you have one during, so what?).

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)
Put your ass under the mistletoe at your annual office bash. Let VIPs kiss yours for a change — you might even get a bonus. Expect surprise encounters around the 20th, in the form of uninvited (but welcome) guests. Someone from your past pays a visit that lights up your tree and hangs your balls on it. This is one of those blows-to-go, so enjoy while ya can.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)
The only hair in your pie now is lack of funds. You'll have to cut through some unexpected red tape and juggle the books around mid-month to cover costs, but your ingenuity pays off and keeps your balls dry. Holiday happenings throw you off guard but turn into unforgettable high times. This one ends on a mellow note and promises much.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)
This holiday month sends you on a wild goose chase for someone to cover your past fuck-ups. Luckily, partners come to your rescue and you end up with fringe benefits. As long as you don't smell and tell, you've got it covered now. Good smokes, good drinks, good friends, and some stinkfinger fun — what else could you ask for? Have a good one.

Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91301.



Big Brother's Unemployment Figures Are Lies!

By T.K.

Last night I switched on the tube just in time to catch a newsperson grinning ear to ear like a fuckin' fool while he told his viewers how the national unemployment rate had just dropped to a new all-time low. The idiot really pissed me off, because, for one thing, he's working and I'm not. But even more important, it was obvious the asshole was reporting bullshit labor statistics he didn't even understand. My recent experience at looking for work has made it pretty clear that when official unemployment figures are reported to be very low — as the asshole on TV was saying — it means Big Brother's takin' a lot less heat than usual from the general public.

Actually, it's probably clear to just about anyone who gives it any thought at all that the "right" employment figures make Big Brother look very, very good. Meaning that he and his pals will have an easier time keeping their cushy jobs in Washington for a few more years — while you and I are still out pounding the pavement, of course. On the other hand, when labor statistics are "wrong," when the unemployment rate is obviously sky-fuckin'-high, Big Bro & Co. appear pretty incompetent to the voting public — and they show a marked disinclination to reelect the same old bunch of do-nothings.

These are exactly the reasons why we shouldn't believe bullshit (official) unemployment statistics, no matter who's parroting them. Politicians have a vested interest in seeing to it that the numbers turn out their way, regardless of anything approaching the truth. For example, here I've been out looking for work the past four months while Big Brother and his labor statisticians (all employed, it should be observed) are telling the public that everyone in the country has a wonderful fuckin' job. Just how the hell can that be true when literally all my bros and I are essentially unemployed? The answer — yes, of course, there's one — requires an understanding of how Big B bends the numbers so they always come out in his favor.

See, the Bureau of Labor Statistics (which is nothing more than an agency filled with the administration's cronies, empowered to handle the important task of collecting and reporting labor force stats) hires non-professionals with political ties to release their findings to the media. So right off the bat there's a means of masking or distorting the actual extent of unemployment, as well as a motive for manipulating those figures. Certain folks want to be reelected; others want to keep their jobs in the bureau.

But there's more to it than that. The Head Honcho not only hires his own henchmen to report the unemployment figures to us, he also tells 'em exactly how the numbers are supposed to be calculated. And you can bet your butt they're calculated to make the current administration look like it's doing its fuckin' best to see that jobs are available for everybody, even when there are actually millions of people who are unemployed and looking for work.

This discrepancy between fiction and fact begins with employment statistics based on surveys taken from samples of the entire U.S. population, surveys whose questions are devised to make it look like more people are working than there actually are. Respondents are classified as being unemployed, employed, or not in the labor force. In order to be classified as unemployed, you can't have worked at all during the previous week, and in addition you must have taken specific steps to obtain a job during the previous four weeks. This fucked definition has the effect of completely ignoring the large numbers of people who have simply given up looking for work in the belief that employment opportunities for them don't exist. At any one time these so-called "discouraged workers" are estimated to number 750,000-1,250,000, all unemployed but missing from the official body count of the nation's unemployed. This non-counting is especially prevalent when it comes to groups whose unemployment rates are traditionally too high, like the young, the old, and minorities. The phony figures

arising from these people being factored out of the count altogether are then used to justify doing away with needed employment programs for them, resulting in a few extra bonus bucks to spend on The War Against Drug Usage or some other bullshit.

To make bad matters even worse, none of the official figures take notice of what social scientists call underemployment. For example, a dude who worked only one or two days at a car wash during the period of a labor survey is counted as employed. It's plain that many people in economically depressed agricultural, mining, and industrial areas are grossly underemployed, but according to the official count they're working. What Big Brother hides with his figures is the fact that the economic position of a family man who works only ten hours a week isn't really any better than that of someone who's totally out of work. Again, this means Big Brother can switch money out of programs directed toward helping these people (through training them in new, more marketable skills, for example) to other areas that are of more interest to him. And why not? According to the official numbers from Big Brother's Bullshit Bureau, almost everyone's working.

There are additional sources of "error" inherent in the way Big Brother obtains unemployment figures. For instance, transient or largely mobile segments of our population are systematically overlooked by the surveys because people who move a lot are almost never questioned. These same people, of course, are also likely to be unemployed — hell, that's why they're moving!

Then, too, wording of the surveys' questions inexorably leads to higher employment figures than actual facts support. Specifically, folks who worked *at any time during the survey period* are counted as employed, even if they're not currently working. Workers on strike, for example, are classified as employed, regardless of whether they're receiving any income, and seasonal workers are considered employed even when the survey covers a period in which they haven't had any work. As a result, the unemployment picture painted by official statistics is by no means accurate or complete. Case in point: A Bureau of Labor Statistics survey would rate me as employed, despite the fact that I had work only three days this month and can't pay my rent.

What are the real numbers, you ask? A group of scientists recently got together and concluded that official figures seriously underestimate the true extent of unemployment in the United States. Taking into consideration things like discouraged workers, underemployment, and the very questionable accounting procedures used by Big Brother's Bullshit Bureau, these scientists estimated that *4,000,000* people in excess of those officially counted as unemployed aren't working and would like to have jobs. Thus, you can always add several percentage points to the unemployment figures released to the public.

Now let's turn our attention to Big Brother's *need* for large numbers of uncounted unemployed or underemployed people. This is the one situation that guarantees all of the "dirty work" in America will always be done. Every economy has its underpaid, undignified, menial jobs. You know, things like cleaning up coagulated blood at the local slaughterhouse. Jobs of this kind can be filled either by paying higher wages than for more desirable jobs *or* by having laborers with no other work choice do it cheap, usually under part-time or temporary conditions. Keeping people underemployed creates a low-wage labor pool that's willing to do — or, rather, unable to be unwilling to do — shit work for next to nothing. And, naturally, once these folks are in the traces, they'll be officially numbered among America's full-time workers. *Ta-da!* Big Bro's administration scores another mighty, domestic victory.

Employed, unemployed, or not in the labor force. It's extremely and unrealistically black-and-white, because all the possible shades of gray have been thoroughly eradicated. They're not wanted, therefore they don't exist. Although it's been said before, it's well worth saying again. Big Brother always makes "our" decisions based on his own fucked figures. It doesn't matter whether the subject is helmet laws, seat belts, income taxes, crime statistics, body counts in 'Nam, or unemployment figures in New Mexico, the numbers are always at odds with the facts because they're drawn up by those with an interest in having them turn out their way — which isn't always best for you and me. The moral is simple: Believe none of what you hear, only some of what you read, and about half of what you see. ■

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DOWNTIME

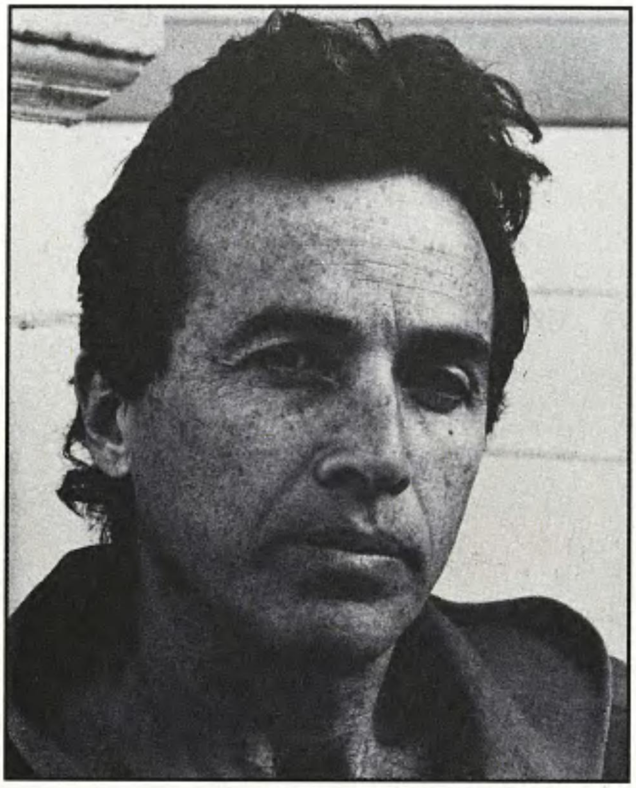
By The Austin Animal

Blue City/Ry Cooder: Talking about who's the best rock guitar player is as unproductive as arguing about whether a shovel's got more guts and soul than a pan, or whether Carla's a better-lookin' broad than Barbara, or whether football's better on grass or plastic turf. There just ain't no right or wrong answer, and likely as not, somebody's gonna get all worked up about it and want to ride out to Fist City to settle the matter — the guy with the most teeth left wins the debate.

So I'll skip opening up that particular can of crud and sidestep the problem by just saying that of the many possible candidates for top rock picker, my own personal favorite is Ry Cooder. Cooder's been knocking around the industry for years, first as a top-notch session musician, then debuting with his own solo album way back in '71.

That album has been followed by many others, including outstanding releases such as 1974's **Paradise and Lunch**, 1976's **Chicken Skin Music**, and 1979's **Bop Till You Drop**. If you're not all that familiar with Cooder's work or if you missed those records, do yourself a favor and grab any or all of them — you won't be sorry. Cooder plays with an authority and style uniquely his own, nailing each note with a clean purity unmatched by anyone in the business. Drawing on a wide range of musical influences — primarily lung-lunching gospel and gut-bucket blues — Cooder has recorded some of the richest and best rock 'n' roll turned out since Chuck Berry kicked Patti Page outta the Top Ten and changed the face of pop music forever.

Cooder's music has never really broken into the charts or set off storms in the record industry, but that's partly due to the fact that he's such an individualist, never fearing to record anything he damned well pleased, regardless of its commercial potential. Another reason his work isn't as widely known as it might be is that for the last few years he's been concentrating on doing music for a whole slew of movies.



RY COODER

If you've seen "Southern Comfort," "Paris, Texas," "The Long Riders," or "Alamo Bay" (to name just a few), you've heard Cooder's movie music. More recently, he did the music for "Crossroads," the flick loosely based on the life of the legendary blues singer Robert Johnson (who wrote one of the best tunes the Stones ever cut, "Love in Vain"). "Crossroads" featured Cooder at his kickass best, ripping off powerhouse blues runs that damn near leave you breathless with astonishment. If there's *ever* been a better slide guitar player in the history of pickin', I'm damned if I ever heard him. Anyway, the unfortunate fact is not too many people buy soundtrack albums, especially of straight dramatic (that is, not musicals) flicks. That's why some of Cooder's best stuff has gone unrecognized except by his loyal fans and the entertainment industry itself.

The most recent movie effort by Cooder is "Blue City." The flick starred Ally Sheedy and dorkface Judd Nelson, whom you may remember from "The Breakfast Club." The movie got the shit panned out of it by the critics and apparently flopped at the box office — which is too bad, at least as far as the music is concerned, because the album is absolutely one of the best I've heard this year, rock 'n' roll that showcases Cooder playing like a man possessed.

Many of the tunes were written in conjunction with songwriter/keyboard player Jim Dickinson, a collaboration that has produced many fine tunes on previous albums. One of their best efforts this time is "Blue City Down," with raw and raunchy lyrics that capture the steamy flavor of a dive on the wrong side of town.

Other outstanding cuts include the title tune (not to be confused with "Blue City Down," discussed above) "Nice Bike," "Tell Me Something Slick," and a boozy, let's-have-a-laugh reworking of the old Johnny Cash chestnut, "Don't Take Your Guns to Town." My personal favorite, however, is an instrumental called "Greenhouse." After a droning opening passage, the tune builds ponderous, thumping chords like a bored and stroked 74 working toward launch velocity, torquing up like a mammoth engine turning over, a dynamo gaining RPMs till you're smack in the middle of one of the best fuckin' slide guitar pyrotechnic displays ever committed to vinyl. Cooder's slide work has to be heard to be believed — soaring, high-rev runs and searing licks that cut through the air like a switchblade slicing some sucker's gut. Plop this baby on the turntable and stand back — ya don't want blood splatterin' on ya.

What more can I say? This album is worth a hundred of the faggoty-assed releases by the new breed of butt-boys in makeup who seem to dominate the charts these days — you know, whining, tedious music churned out by dipshit fruits who look like they got lost in a Salvation Army store. If you already like Cooder, **Blue City** will stand alongside your favorites. If you haven't turned on to him yet, rush out and get yourself one of the best albums to grace the record racks in many a moon. ■

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word for private individuals. $2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of $5 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgement. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.
Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing equipment: colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send $1 for catalog. S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (168)

Tattoo outfits. Several modern, professional outfits with designs, never used. Bargain. Send $2 for photos, etc. Britt, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (172)

Drink and drive to the best party tape ever! "Pussy-Licking Tommy, I'll Never Fuck You Again," and seven more original nasty songs on cassette. Send $8.95 to Mack Banks, Box 17, West Point, MS 39773. (164)

Want to find Lt. Rankin, or anyone knowing his whereabouts. You were with MAC (Military Assistance Command), Vietnam, 1969-1970. In '69 you won the Silver Star; in early '70 you served with my son, Sgt. Hanley, around Dak To, Vietnam. Please contact me. Rev. W. Lloyd Hanley, Rt. 1, Motley, MN 56466. Urgent. (162)

"Tattoo Network." Send $1 & SASE for first issue. Include shop's name, address, etc., for free listing in next issue. Articles on shops, equipment, fiction, cartoons, jokes, flash, and lots more — don't miss an issue. Send to TN, Box 1067, Crystal Bay, NV 89402. (170)

Donna McChesney, or anyone knowing her whereabouts: Please contact Gary Lew at 213-648-3762, or write Box 453, El Segundo, CA 90245. (162)

Free samples. Phone fuck. Gigi/Heather, 18, sounds younger. Toll 50¢ first minute, 35¢ each additional minute. 1-900-410-4444. (163)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title of "Reverend." Send $10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (165)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (162)

A step-by-step guide to tattooing, by Madman Kelly. Over 40 pages of methods, formulations, set-ups, and equipment. Send $10 to D. Kelly, Box 10005, Tahoe Valley, CA 95731. (179)

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment* This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the bros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., $3; foreign, $5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85. New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, NY 12186.

Want to find Warrant Officer James Matlock, or anyone knowing his whereabouts. In late 1969 you were wounded in the upper right leg by enemy fire while piloting a chopper headed for Pleiku, Vietnam. My son's hands were your tourniquet until you reached the 71st EVAC at Pleiku. Allen saw you before you went home. Please contact his father, Rev. W. Lloyd Hanley, Rt. 1, Motley, MN 56466. Urgent. (162)

Denim biker hats, several styles; finished, kit, or easy-to-follow plans. $1 and SASE for information. Old Hat, Box 1132, Tioga, LA 71477. (162)

Wholesale sales reps wanted to sell licensed David Mann T-shirts to motorcycle dealerships and retailers. Call Bob, 805-498-4560. (164)

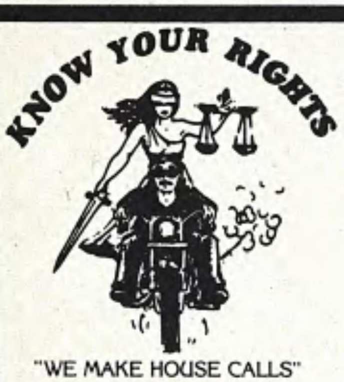
Attention, all women riders and enthusiasts: We are proud to introduce "Harley Women," a brand-new magazine written by women Harley riders for the woman rider and enthusiast. We will be featuring interviews with women riders and groups, readers' photos, accessories for lady riders, tech tips, and just about anything and everything of interest to women riders! For a one-year subscription, bi-monthly (6 issues per year), send check or money order for $12, payable to Asphalt Angels Publications, Box 864, Addison, IL 60101. Dealer inquiries welcomed. Ad rates available on request.

"Peeper's Single," seen in *ER* #158. Make big offer. Have sidecars, 37ULH, 38UL, 22JD, and parts for sale. 406-721-3937. Box 21, Lolo, MT 59847. (162)

Attention, motorcyclists in and around Jacksonville, Florida: You're all invited to attend Wolfgang's 7th Annual "Toys For Tots" motorcycle run. We will meet on Sunday, Dec. 14, at 12 noon, on Coastline Dr., behind Jacksonville City Hall. The run will start at 1:30 p.m. sharp. Santa will lead. Donation: One new toy per rider. After a ride around town, the run will end at Metropolitan Park. Music provided by the Southland Express. Trophies, door prizes, gift certificates to be given away; T-shirts and buttons for sale. All proceeds donated to Hubbard House Children's Program. For more information, call 904-398-8528 or 904-778-0941. (163)

Australian remail service, $3 per letter. Miss Lorry Ford, Box 593, Noarlunga Centre, S.A. 5168; Australia. (162)

Illustrators, artists, cartoonists: We're looking for free-lance contributors whose work matches the quality of what we regularly print in *Easyriders*. Submit spec illos, drawings and/or portfolios (along with a SASE) to Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (159)



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Melbourne, Australia. Wanted: Lovely, shapely, full-figured, affectionate, uninhibited, friendly, well-built American house mouse to come to Australia. All relocation expenses paid. I'm single, 155 lbs., 5'10", youngish looking, 30s, self-employed, luxury home, can afford the best. Great opportunity for nice, genuine, attractive girl. Please reply quickly with photograph, telephone number, address. The Box Holder, Box 236, Post Office, KEW 3101; Victoria, Australia. Please, genuine ladies only.(164)

Everyone's been hurt, everyone's been fooled. There are those who build walls, and those who keep an open heart. Love, feeling, caring, and intimacy aren't bad words. Lonely Harley rider, 29, is still searching for an affectionate woman who feels the same and won't play mind games. Where are ya, babe? I need you desperately. The California Ghost Rider, 3953 Carol Ave., Santa Barbara, CA 93110. (162)

W/m wants open-minded female. No drunks or drugs. Send pix. Ralph Peak (Chap Div.), USS Blue Ridge, FPO San Francisco, CA 96628-3300. (162)

Englishman, 27, 5'10", good-looking, into heavy metal, Triumphs, and Beemers, seeks relationship on either side of Atlantic with fun-loving, loyal lady. D. Bembridge, 36 Mayfair Crescent, Mackworth Estate, Derby DE34HW, England. (162)

Lady wanted. Live in Florida near beaches. Need lady to take care of my home and me. Looking for non-smoker, 18-32, 95-120 lbs. Tom, 2856 Pine Tree Ave., Largo, FL 33541. (166)

Beautiful, unspoiled, English-speaking Oriental ladies want friendship, marriage. Video available. Pal, Box 31, Blanca, CO 81123-0084. (164)

Italian inmate, 30, in shape, good-looking, financially secure, looking for a good woman for whatever our thing leads to. Must be sharp, perceptive, caring, and above all, stand-up. Send name and phone number. Neal Giraldi 75-B-1049, 135 State St., Auburn, NY 13021. (163)

Attention, ladies: Here sits a red-haired, brown-eyed 25-year-old w/m with the Kansas prison blues, in serious need of some love, affection, and female companionship. If any of you ladies out there in the free world would like to help a downed brother out, please write and send pictures. Tommy Williams 35594, KSP (B-130), Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043. (162)

One convict, free to good home. W/m, 5'2", 28, 135 lbs., long hair, beard, tattooed, lookin' for good ol' lady who wants good ol' man. Make my day, send pix and letter. Joe Gregory 76274-012, D-Block, 3901 Klein Blvd., Lompoc, CA 93436. (162)

W/m, 34, 5'9", seeking ladies to write regularly who are willing to learn how to earn up to $100,000 a month. No games here, 100% legal! Write and see. Michael Yarbrough Box 607-21788, Carson City, NV 89712. (162)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends. Photos, information, free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (162)

W/m, 23, blue-green eyes, needs sincere lady to help me through these lonely days. Pix for pix. Jeff Brown 180629, Rt. 3 Box 2000, Hagerstown, MD 21740.

From L.A., lookin' for a lady who's into partyin', lovin, and has some care for her man. I'm 23, 5'8", 160 lbs., red hair, hazel eyes, tacked, down with a year left to do, getting out in July '87. Send flicks and phone number to Barry Knight, D24278 (26-11), Box 3535, Norco, CA 91760. (162)

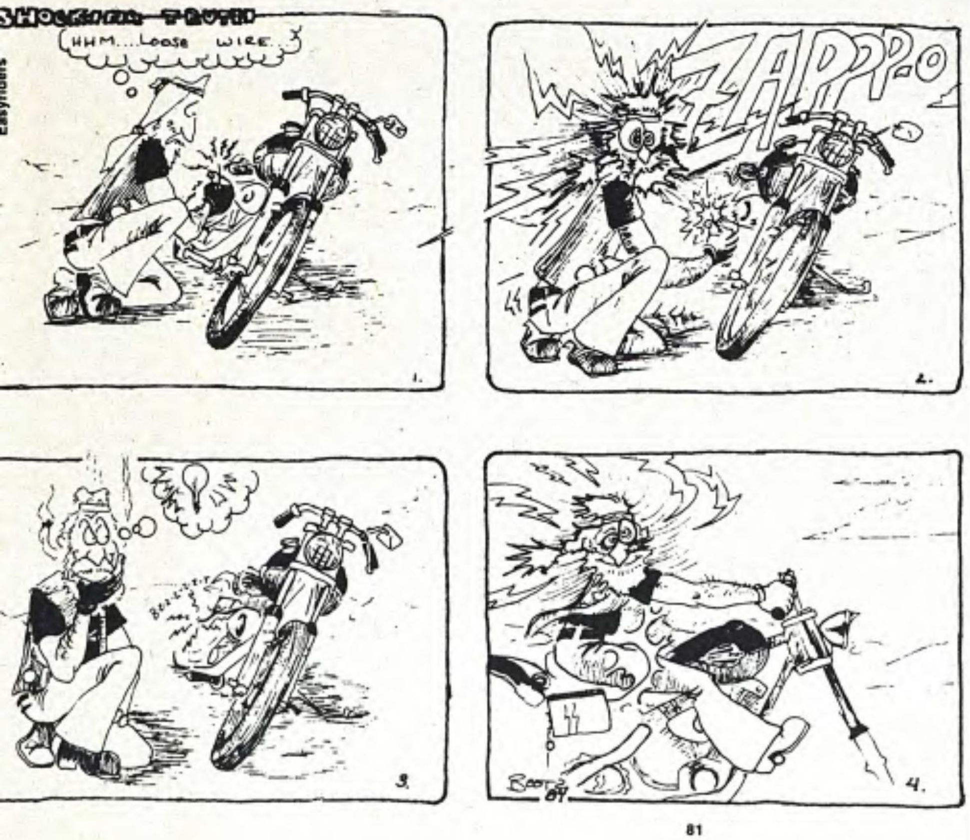
Ladies: Lonely prisoner, 34, 5'6", 170 lbs., been down 7½ years, have 8 more to go. Please write. Frank James 231-190, F-209-IMU, Box 900, Shelton, WA 98584. (162)

Beautiful girls worldwide want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details, photos, free. Rothe, Box 270/E, Berlin 61, West Germany. (162)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. $3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (162)

White female, 34, brown eyes, 5'9", 36C-30-37, lonely and needs pen pals. Cannot write another prisoner. Nancy Flowers 150704, Fla. Corr. Inst. Keller 5, Box 147, Lowell, FL 32663. (162)

Average-looking w/m, locked down, wants to correspond with unattractive, overweight women. No slim cuties need apply. David Grucza 60396, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (162)



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A Tribute To Brothers Lost

Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. *Note:* No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In loving memory of **Larry "Cos" Carsrud**, 6/12/56-5/24/86. He lived to ride and rode to live. You're gone now, but never forgotten. I'll love you forever. Love, your ol' lady and son Aaron.

In memory of **Jeff A. Sparks**, died 8/5/86. We love ya and we'll never ever forget ya. G.W., Scooter, Amy, and Melissa.

In memory of **Laura Jo Steele**, 5/30/56-7/27/86. Lady, you're gone but you'll never be forgotten. You were more of a bro than most men we know. Hope the cops catch the lowlife that left your lifeless body in the road. Tampa Big Mac, Katie and the Delta Chapter VNV MC, St. Pete, Fla.

In loving memory of **Kenny Martini**, 4/26/60-5/1/86. Your life has been taken, but not the memories. Ride hard, party hearty, and have fun — I'll be with you and you are with me forever. I love you, sweetheart. Lauren, your family, friends from everywhere, and all your bros and sisters of New Milford, N.J.

In loving memory of my brothers, **Randy Adkins** and **Chappy Tackett**. I love you and miss you both. Till we meet again, your "little sister," Tamaeta, Cleveland, Ohio.

In loving memory of **Snake**, 9/25/53-7/24/86. Love always, your ol' lady, Wolf, and all your bros in northern Ill.

In loving memory of **David "Mof" Moffitt**, 5/31/86. You left a lot of bros and family with a lot of love and respect for you. We know you went the only way you knew how — on your Harley. The run on October 11th is in your honor, bro. Missing you. The Gang, Mom, and sister Connie.

In loving memory of **Paul LeCompte**, 5/27/86. He walked through the Valley of Death and feared no evil. We'll all meet again. Loved and missed by many friends and family.

In memory of **Tony C. Waddell**, 6/8/62-3/18/86. A husband lost, but found in Harley Heaven. I love ya — see ya up there. Your ol' lady, Eve.

In memory of **James Needham**, 1/56-6/86. The short times we spent together were not enough. We will miss you, but we'll meet in Harley Heaven — until then, I'll ride in your memory, and you in mine. R. Miller, Jr., Bushkill, Pa.

In memory of **Richard "Stick" Wheeler**, 5/11/86, killed by a cage. He was loved and respected by all. Never made it back to you, but you're always loved by me. Ride free, babe. "Scooter" Susie.

In memory of **Henry Eugene "Hemorrhoids" Shores**, 2/14/85. Henry was a Vietnam vet and a Harley wizard. We all loved his humor and feel his presence when we ride. Loved by all who knew him. Leatherneck Levi and friends, Marianna, Fla.

In deepest memory of **Ed "Edge" Cage**, gone 7/31/84. The times we shared with you are forever remembered. Your spirit will always live and ride within us. Keep it righteous and ride free, brother. Deeply missed by Stroke, Red, and Blondie; Racine, Wis.

A tribute to **Ray G. Brinley, Jr.**, 26, who was run down on 9/13/85, and his loving father **Ray G. Brinley, Sr.**, 49, who left us to ride with his son again on 6/26/86. They left two young Brohouses to carry on the family name. May the Lord be with them all. Ride safe, your family in Phoenix.

In memory of **Bill Rand**. The miles we rode were fast, but too few. Gone, but never forgotten. Turn Pike and family.

In loving memory of **Douglas E. Gilbert**, downed 6/25/86. Ride free, my man, until we met again, and we will. The N.J. Farmer.

In memory of **Tom "Short Fuse" Hubbard**, 3/24/50-4/26/86. MMA member/rep and brother to the Chosen Few MC. Only you and the cage driver know for sure what went down. You are gone but not forgotten by us or the kids. Wolf, Russ, and all of your brothers.

In loving memory of our freebird, **Sam "Teddy" Froehling**, 8/13/85. We miss and love you more than you could've ever imagined. You were so special, one in a million. We love you. Kristen, Debbie, Paul, and all your Cabot bros and sisters.

In memory of **Robbie Curet**, 6/28/86. He left us at the age of 29; they say the good die young and they are right. Missed by all his bros and friends at The Broke Spoke, Kiln, Miss. We'll see you in Harley Heaven.

In memory of **"Wolf,"** 7/8/86. You were and still are a true bro, and the memories will never fade . May you rest in peace. We'll miss you, but never forget you. Darlene, Wayne "C," Big John, and all your bros and sisters in Orlando and St. Augustine, Fla.

In loving memory of **Jerry Tincher**, 3/4/57-7/5/86. You enjoyed life to the fullest, you made each of us around you proud to be your mother, father, son, brother, sister, and friend. You were taken from us too soon, but we will love you always. We'll miss you and remember you forever. Karen, Warren, and all who knew and loved you.

In loving memory of our brother and friend, **"Stroker Jim" Porkorney**. May you feel the wind on that beautiful highway in the sky. Wilkie, Linda, Candiee, and many brothers and sisters in Tucson.

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. Subscriptions and renewals of existing subscriptions are now available to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate of $14 per year (offer doesn't include premiums available to subscribers paying regular rate). Send $14 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. *Note:* Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Lonely? I am! Blue eyes, brown hair, 25, 5'11", slim, need understanding woman. If you're her, write and send pic. Age doesn't matter, will answer all. Lincoln Swears 136554, Augusta Corr. Center, Box 1000, Craigsville, VA 24430.

W/m, 36, 5'11", 180 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, tattooed needs to hear from sincere ladies; will answer all. Greg Young 02853-097, Box 1700, Black Canyon Stage I, Phoenix, AZ 85029.

W/m, 29. So few people really care that true friendship is so rare, but if you care, find a pen for I truly need a friend. Wayne Hill, C-042146, D-222, 500 Orange Ave. Cir., Belle Glade, FL 33430.

W/m, mid-30s, down but not out. In need of foxy females for friendship and future fun. I'm sincere and will answer all ages. A forever-and-a-day relationship. Photo, please. Danny Hamilton 86C26, Box 338, Napanoch, NY 12458.

Lonely young man, down too long without any mail, would appreciate hearing from a lady in her 30s. Lonnie Abercrombie 150241, Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 32, 6'1", 175 lbs., blue-gray eyes, brown hair, needs a lady to care about. Write with flicks. Miachael Nyemchek 84A5442, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562.

Downed scooter tramp, out in '88, looking for a righteous ol' lady to put it in the wind with. Tired of head games and looking for righteous mouse to share the good times with. James Fay 42020, Box 351, Waupun, WI 53963.

W/m, 31, 6', 190 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Seeking correspondence with a woman who wouldn't mind writing a lonely con. Will answer all who write. Randy Simon, N51189, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

Lonely white boy, 31, 6', 195 lbs., looking for one special lady. Must be intelligent, independent, sincere, and slim. Karl Roush 34921, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Down and lonely w/m, 30, 6'2", 180 lbs., looking for the right someone. Wants to hear from honest, sincere ladies. Age and looks unimportant — just a soft heart. Flick will get the same. Due to rise in '87. Jim McIntyre 576178-376, Hendry Corr. Inst., RR 2, Box 13A, Immokalee, FL 33934.

Incarcerated, need letters from any woman willing to share a kind word or two. Need correspondence to keep me dreaming. Looking for a rare bird with a healthy sex appetite. Ed Kucinski, Y-5046, Box A, Bellefonte, PA 16823.

W/m, 23, long brown hair, hazel eyes, 5'10", 160 lbs., with a little over a year to go. Would like to hear from some ladies. Will answer all. Thanks! Craig Roberts, N-52816, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

White tramp, 36, brown hair, blue eyes, 5'9", 160 lbs., Taurus. Been down since '71, freedom in '87. Time has destroyed all; need new friends. Age and looks unimportant, your heart is. The years have been many, I have nothing to offer at this time but myself and friendship. James Robert Hall, Marion Corr. Inst., 026490 F-311, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663.

Down and out lady, mid-20s, light-brown hair, brown eyes, seeks permanent relationship with man, 30-60, who is compassionate, understanding, and sincere. Sabrina Thomas 160328-463, Broward Corr. Inst., Box 8540, Pembroke Pines, FL 33024.

Lone blond, blue, and buffed Viking, bound to Folsom, seeks unique woman to share timeless friendship and distant coastlines with. Bob Rye, Box C-23133, Represa, CA 95671.

Lonely tramp, w/m, 5'10", 170 lbs., dark hair and eyes; needs lady tramps to make time go by. Send kite and pix. Be on the bricks in twelve months. Dayle Olson 154050, Box 539-CMCC, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

Lonely w/m, 30, 5'9", 165 lbs., brown and hazel. Five years left. Looking for a warm, fun, and sincere lady of any age to make hard times better. Will answer all. Bob Spires, Box B, 50703, Florence, AZ 85232.

W/m, 40, 6'2", 200 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Looking for that special lady who is open-minded, sincere and loving, 18-40, to build a relationship with. Ladies with photo and SASE will be answered first. William J. Carey, DeSoto Corr. Inst., A-072947, Mail No. 765, Drawer 1072, Arcadia, FL 33821.

Downed w/m, 27, 5'7", brown hair and green eyes. I'm looking to meet some good people. Getting out in '87. Will answer all letters and will send pix. All you ladies out there, pick up a pen and paper and write this ol' boy a few lines and say hello. Kenneth Boyd Gilley, Rt. 1, Box 403, Mocksville, NC 27028.

Lonely w/m, 24, 6', 170 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Seeking loving lady, 20-34, for correspondence and possible marriage when I am released. Send photo. Shelby Tydings 078916, Hendry Corr. Inst., Rt. 2, Box 13-A, MB#453, Immokalee, FL 33934.

Christmas Options

By G. Willikers

What we're layin' on ya this month, instead of our usual crossword or word search, is a group activity (that's group, not grope) — a slightly twisted, fill-in-the-blanks Christmas tale. So gather up a bunch of your friends, treat 'em to your best hospitality, and once they're suitably buzzed, run this by 'em. Just remember, someone's gonna have to stay straight enough to write down the answers legibly.

Whoever gets picked to hold the pencil should note that the blanks are followed by a request for a certain type of word and that's what the other players are supposed to supply. (Here's a quick refresher for those who can't — for one reason or another — remember what they were told in grade school. NOUNS name things; for instance, *razor*. ADJECTIVES describe nouns: *white* powder. VERBS indicate action: He *kicked* ass. ADVERBS modify verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs: She apologized *lamely* for the *poorly* baked brownies.) When all the blanks have been filled in, pick somebody to read your group masterpiece aloud.

Sure, it's silly, but what the hell. So's the idea of some fat guy slidin' down your chimney once a year to bring ya a bunch of presents.

Once upon a ______ (adv.) cold Christmas Eve, a wretched ______ (noun) was roused from his stupor by a great rumbling sound. Peering down the ______ (noun) from within his crude shelter, a cardboard ______ (noun) that had formerly contained a ______ (noun), he ______ (adv.) beheld a group of ______ (pl. noun) parked in front of the ______ (noun) on the corner. Something about the bar's ______ (adj.) neon signs reminded him of the ______ (noun) he'd been nursing earlier. Upending it, he discovered it was not only empty but now, due to the ______ (noun), had just frozen to his ______ (noun). Forcibly separating himself from his brand-new ______ (noun), he stumbled out into the alley, oblivious to the ______ (noun) pouring from his ______ (adj.) lips, and ______ (past-tense verb) toward the scoots. He'd frequently heard them called ______ (pl. noun) and he wanted to see if ______ (number) of them belonged to ______ (name of someone in room), so he could hit him up for another ______ (noun) of grape juice.

Arriving at his ______ (noun), he bent to ______ (verb) each ______ (noun) in turn, looking for some sign of ownership. Confusingly, each seemed to belong to someone named Harley-Davidson. Finally his ______ (adj.) eyes focused on one ______ (color) machine. Filled with ______ (noun), he lurched toward it, putting out ______ (adj.) hands to ______ (verb) the ______ (adj.) fatbobs. A wonderful sensation of ______ (noun), coming off the still-warm ______ (noun), penetrated his consciousness just about the time a ______ (noun) sounded behind him.

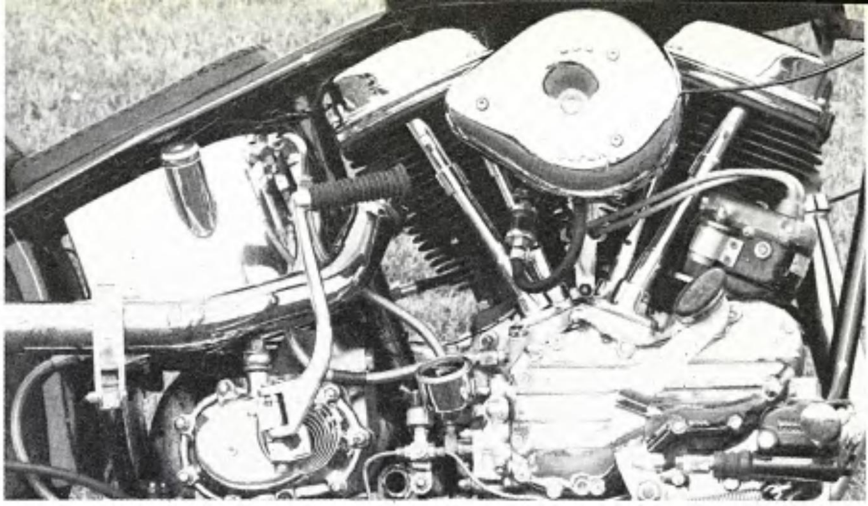
Swinging around expecting to see ______ (name of someone in room), he wasn't disappointed. A ______ (adj.) bearded ______ (noun) wearing a bright-red ______ (noun) was standing there holding the very thing he wanted, a ______ (noun). "Well, I'll be ______ (past-tense verb)!" the wino blurted. "You ______ (adv.) brought me a ______ (noun) for once. I'm sorry I never believed in you before now. Got any more of those in your ______ (noun)?"

"Touch my ______ (noun) and you're ______ (adj.) meat," Santa advised him. "Here's ______ (number) bucks, now go ______ (verb) Christmas somewhere else, ya old ______ (noun). And don't let me ______ (verb) you ______ (adv.) these ______ (pl. noun) again — catch my drift?"

Snatching the ______ (noun), the derelict shuffled away, wishing he'd had the ______ (noun) to ask for one more thing, something he'd always wished he could do just ______ (adv.). Oh, well, maybe next ______ (holiday), he thought. Maybe I'll catch him in a better ______ (noun) then.

Moral of story: Santa's the only guy who'll let ya get near his Harley without breakin' your fuckin' gourd, but don't push it. ■

READER'S RIDE



Johan Billander, Uppsala, Sweden
1950 Harley-Davidson EL

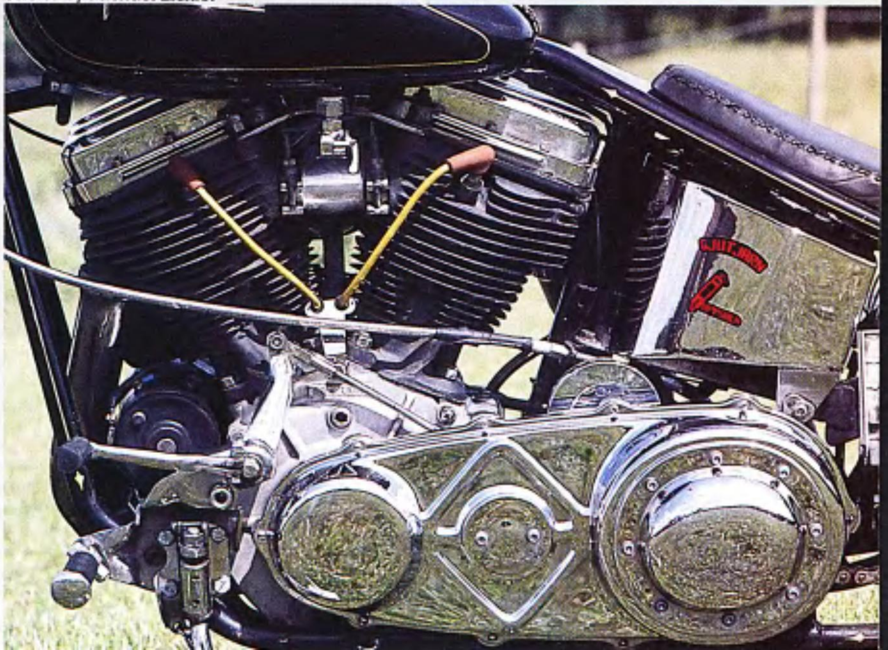
Off in the farthest corners of the world, even in Sweden, you can find some outrageous Harley handiwork — as evidenced by this clean, rigid-framed panhead.

Johan put it together himself, as do most of the bros up there, out there, or wherever "there" is. The basic guts are from a 1950 El model Hog. It took bro Johan a winter to get it wrapped up (which could be anywhere from six to ten months, depending on the Viking sun god's attitude).

He's got more modifications than he cared to remember. Just be satisfied that the bike has made successful runs through Norway, Sweden, and England.

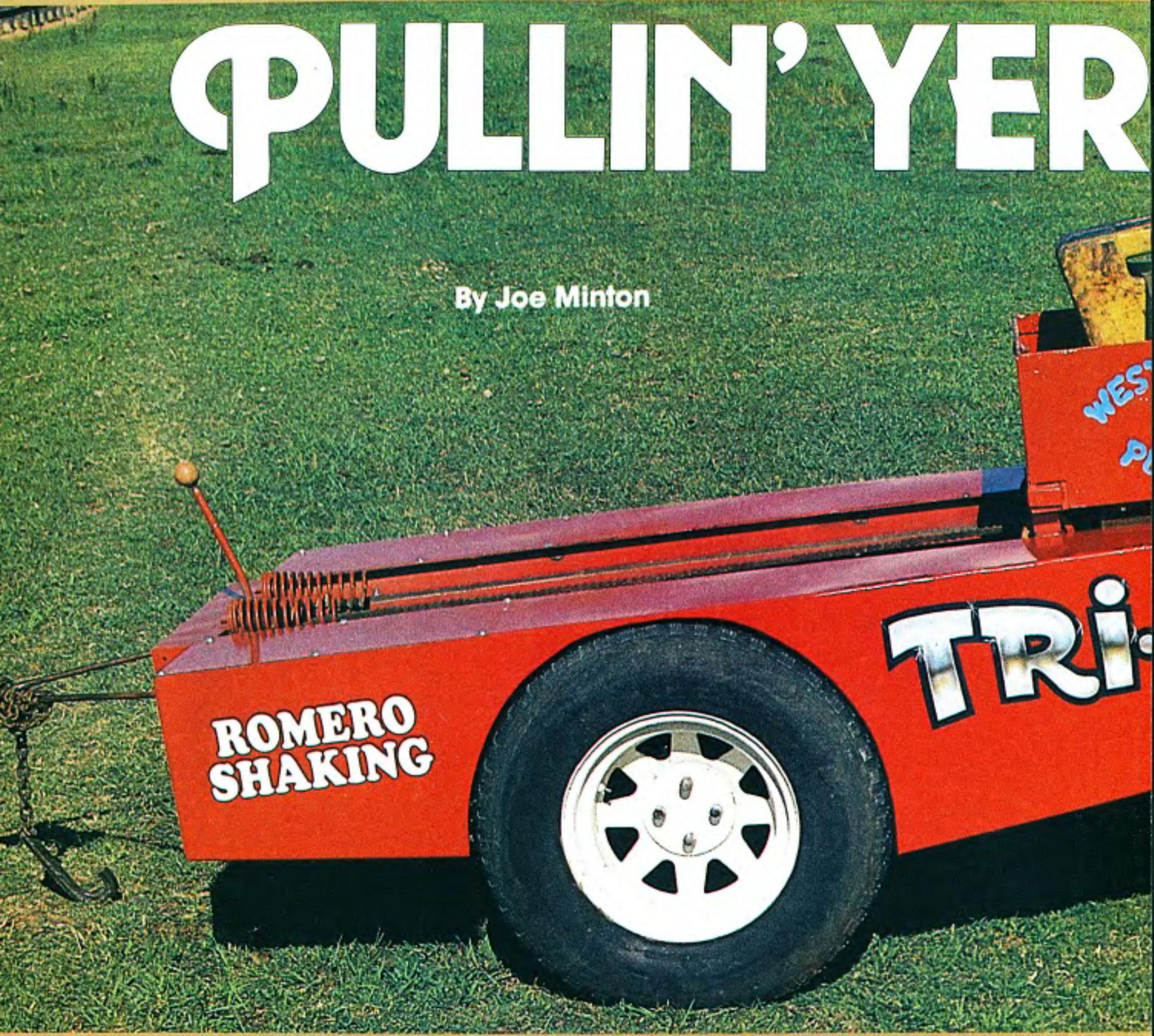
—Sparky

Photos by Michael Lichter



PULLIN' YER

By Joe Minton



WEIGHT

It sits there like a tractor, with a piece of chromed sewer pipe where the engine is supposed to be. The driver huddles in a little cage above and behind the fire-belching jet engine. The announcer makes his pitch and the jet monster whooshes and yanks the sled it's towing to the other end of the course. The crowd shouts collective approval and orders another round of beer.

The jet-tractor monster is impressive, all right, just like those trucks with 12-foot wheels, but if a '60s acid-tripper were to stumble across the scene, he might think it was something designed to make a pitch for Ronnie's Star Wars. That, of course, is just what's wrong with the monsters that show up

Photo by Sonny Dukes

PULLIN' YER WEIGHT

at tractor-pull events — they're entertaining but not real. Buy your beer, bro, but don't think you're part of what's happenin' out there.

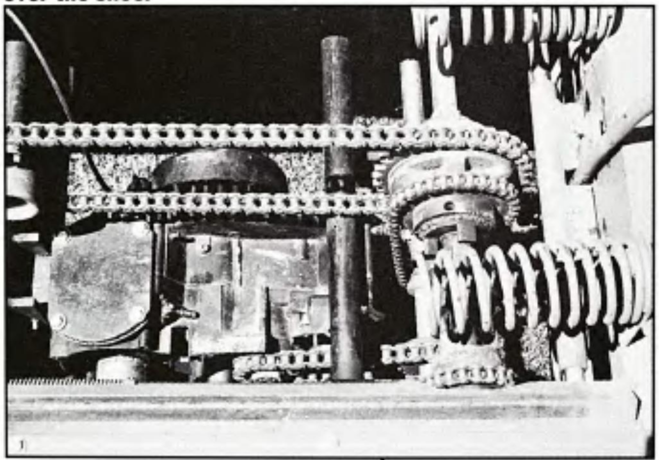
It's different with the bikers. When the announcer pitches Boss Hog he doesn't talk about how much it costs to build or how much fuel it's burning as he speaks. Why? Simple, it didn't cost all that much and it doesn't burn enough fuel to get the whole crowd to work the next day, like the jet. Besides, he doesn't have to shuck an' jive; the fans know that Boss Hog is real, is possible. One doesn't need a government grant to make one of these. All you'd need is what the announcer says it has: "A 93-cubic-inch Harrrrley-Daaavidson with the chassis built by a Po-lock, the engine by a Jew, ridden by an Okie, and powered by nitrous-ox-iiide!" You will need a sled, though.

Tri-N-Whip It, the sled you see on these pages, belongs to the West Coast Tri Pullers (WCTP), a club of about 100 members who have grass-rooted their way into immense popularity among the fans at tractor-pulls around the Western states. The three-wheelers have gained so much popularity that they're beginning to have their own meets, separate from the mega-buck Star Wars wonders. Why not? They get more applause than even the funny trucks that steer at both ends, need elevators to climb into, and include parachutes as part of the safety equipment.

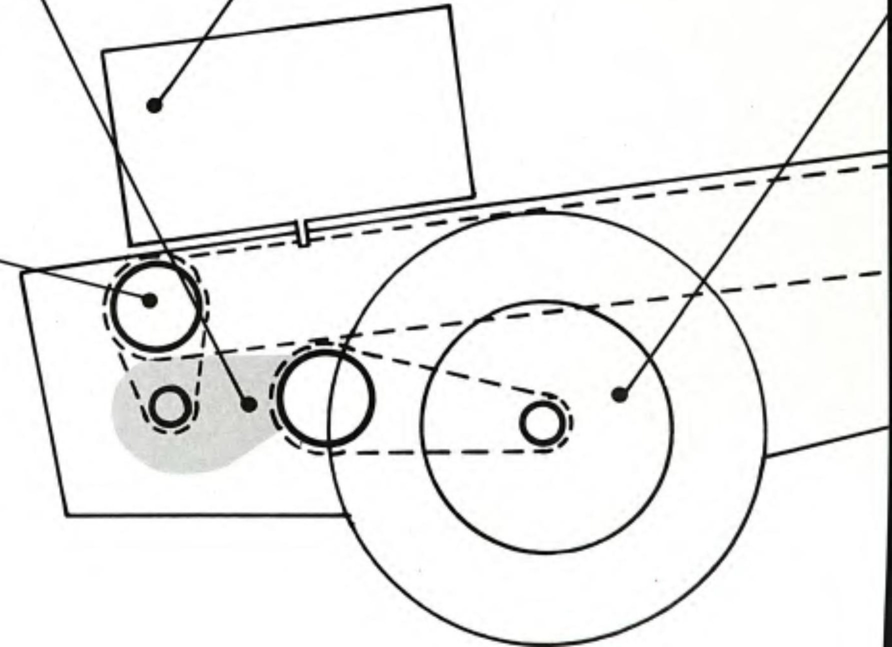
Tri-N-Whip It was originally built by Gene Atkins and has been reworked by several members of the club during the past three years or so. While there may be further changes to the design in the future, it's a pretty well-developed piece and works quite

Those are tractor weights sitting in the weight box. Lead bars can also go in the bottom of the box. The strap through the weight eyes keeps them from flying out if things get out of hand.

This looks more complicated than it is. A used dirt-bike engine acts as a reduction box between the sled's driving wheel and the chain that pulls the weight box forward over the shoe.



The weight box runs on a set of inverted angle irons. It is an easy and reliable setup. That suggestive piece on the lower front of the box is part of the latch mechanism.



well. The sled currently resides at Leon Hatcher's place just outside Clovis, in the central valley of California. Leon is the man who owns and rides Boss Hog, the 93-incher that wins most of the meets it's entered in.

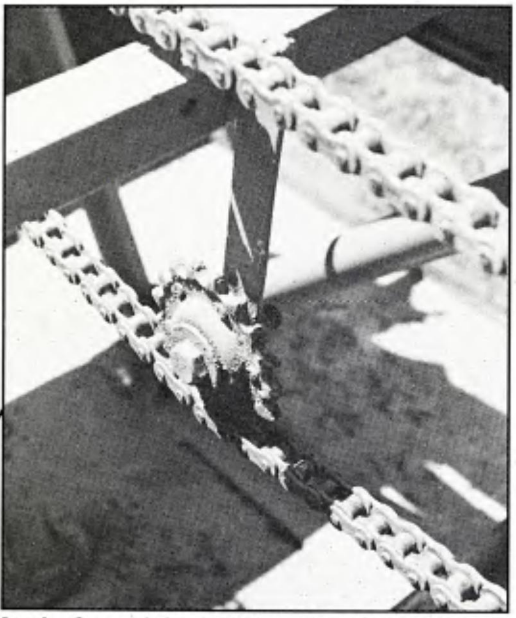
A good sled must do several things if it's to be of any use; it must, above all, give a good show. That means it must let the bike pulling it get some speed up before it begins to apply substantial load to the shoe at its front. Weight on the shoe mainly determines how hard the sled is to pull. If the rider had to deal with the clutch, the nitrous switch, and a full load on the shoe all at the same time — well, it wouldn't be much fun to do and would be even less fun to watch.

Once the sled and bike are moving, weight must move from over the rear wheels to over the shoe fast enough so that the bike will have a hard time getting to the end of the track — and tracks vary widely in length. The sled must also be adjustable for a considerable range of traction conditions and engine power levels. The WCTP's sled handles these chores easily.

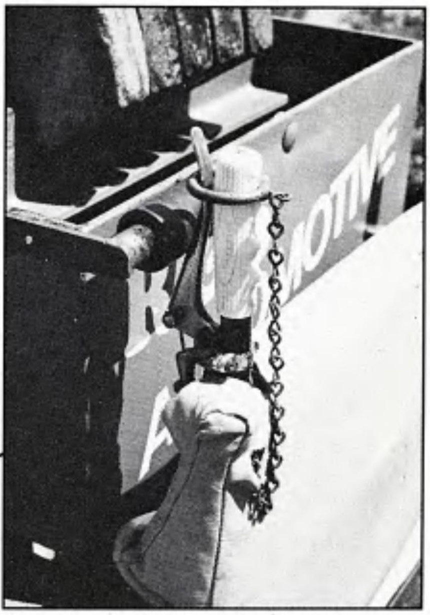
As the illustration shows, the weight box starts at a point to the rear of the wheels, located near the rear end of the sled. This takes some weight off the four-by-four-foot shoe. As the bike starts its run, widely adjustable gearing driven by the rotation of the wheels moves the weight box forward, which in turn brings more weight to bear on the shoe. Between the variable weight in the box and the adjustable rate at which it's brought up over the shoe, the sled can quickly be adjusted to the power of the bike, the traction available, and the length of the track.

The gear train of Tri-N-Whip It is interesting and one part of it is just plain funny. First, there's enough

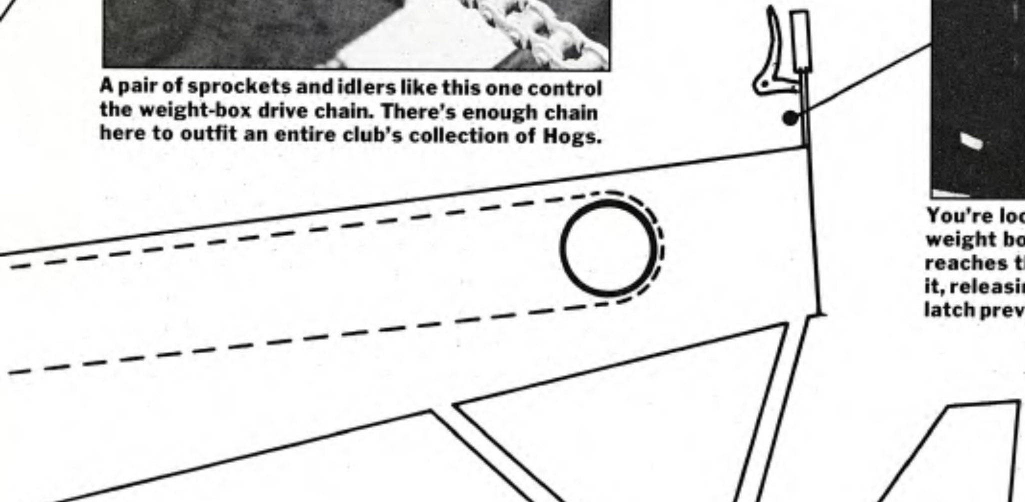
These photos show some of the construction details of Tri-N-Whip It. You'll need some chain, as you can see. The big springs are there to catch the weight box if it gets away while being returned to battery. The third member at lower left just came with the axle wheels. Like the Jap engine, the wheels were scrap. You won't have to spend a whole lot of money to get a sled up and runnin'.



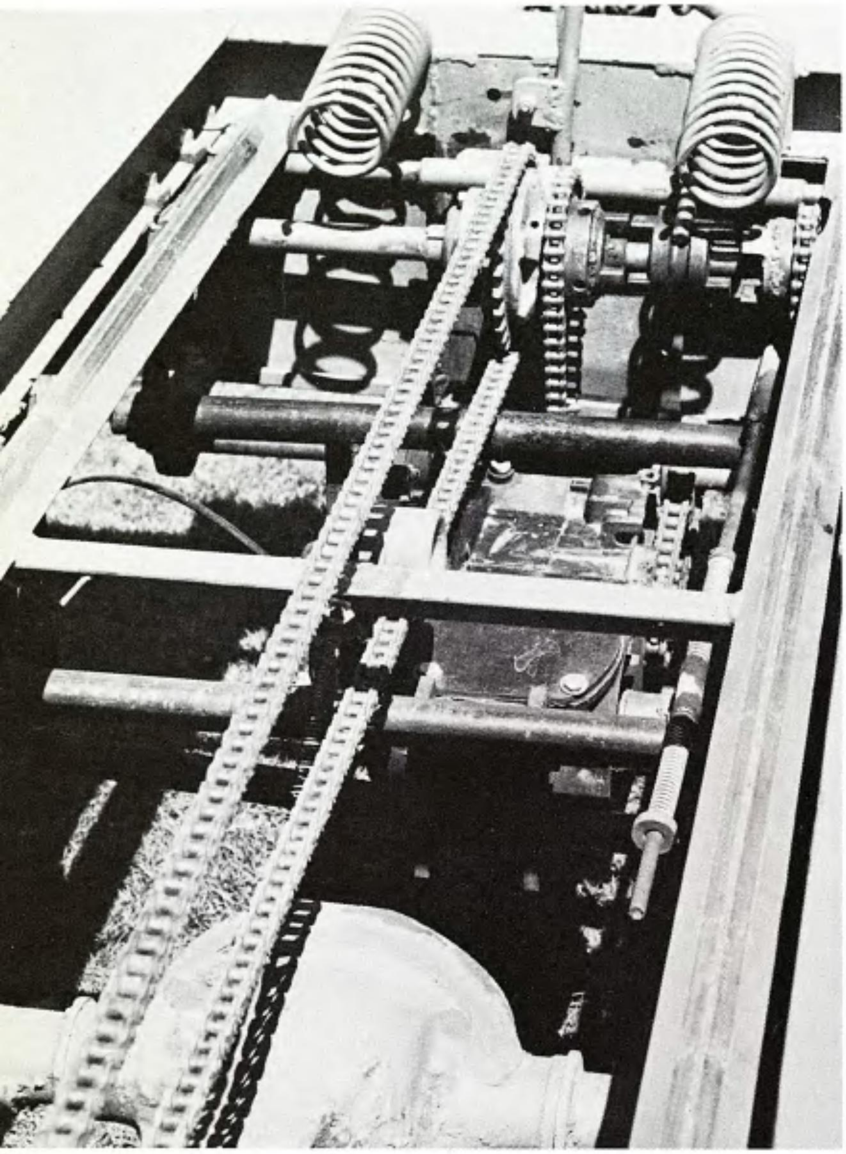
A pair of sprockets and idlers like this one control the weight-box drive chain. There's enough chain here to outfit an entire club's collection of Hogs.

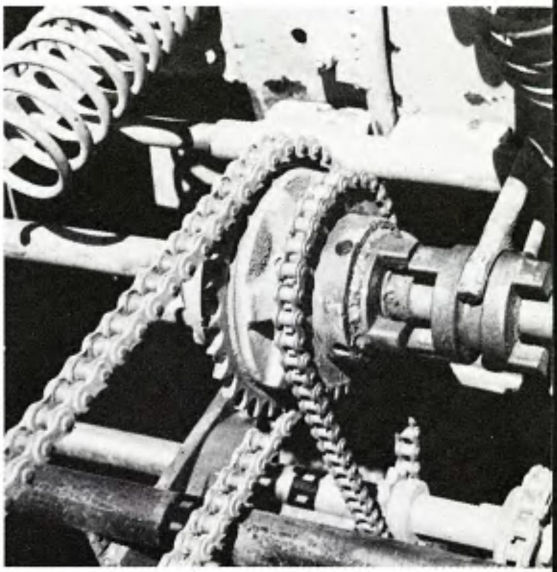


You're looking at the front of the weight box and sled. When the box reaches the clutch lever it depresses it, releasing the box drive mechanism. A latch prevents the box from rolling back.

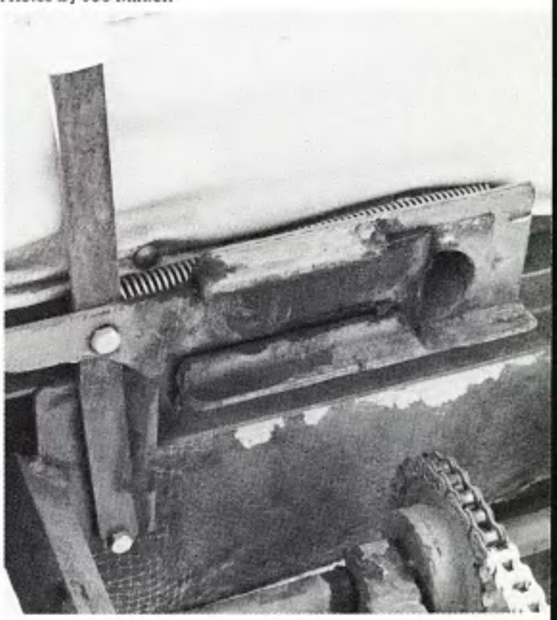


PULLIN' YER WEIGHT

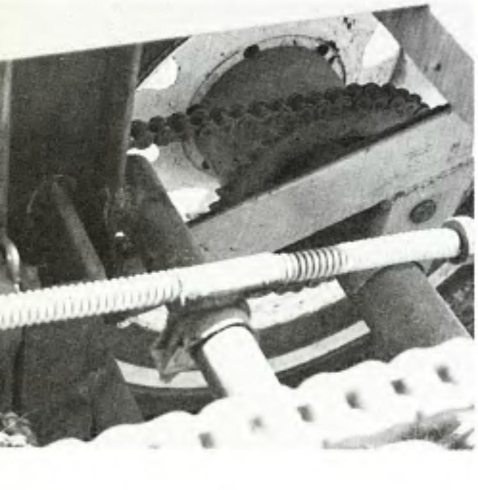




Photos by Joe Minton



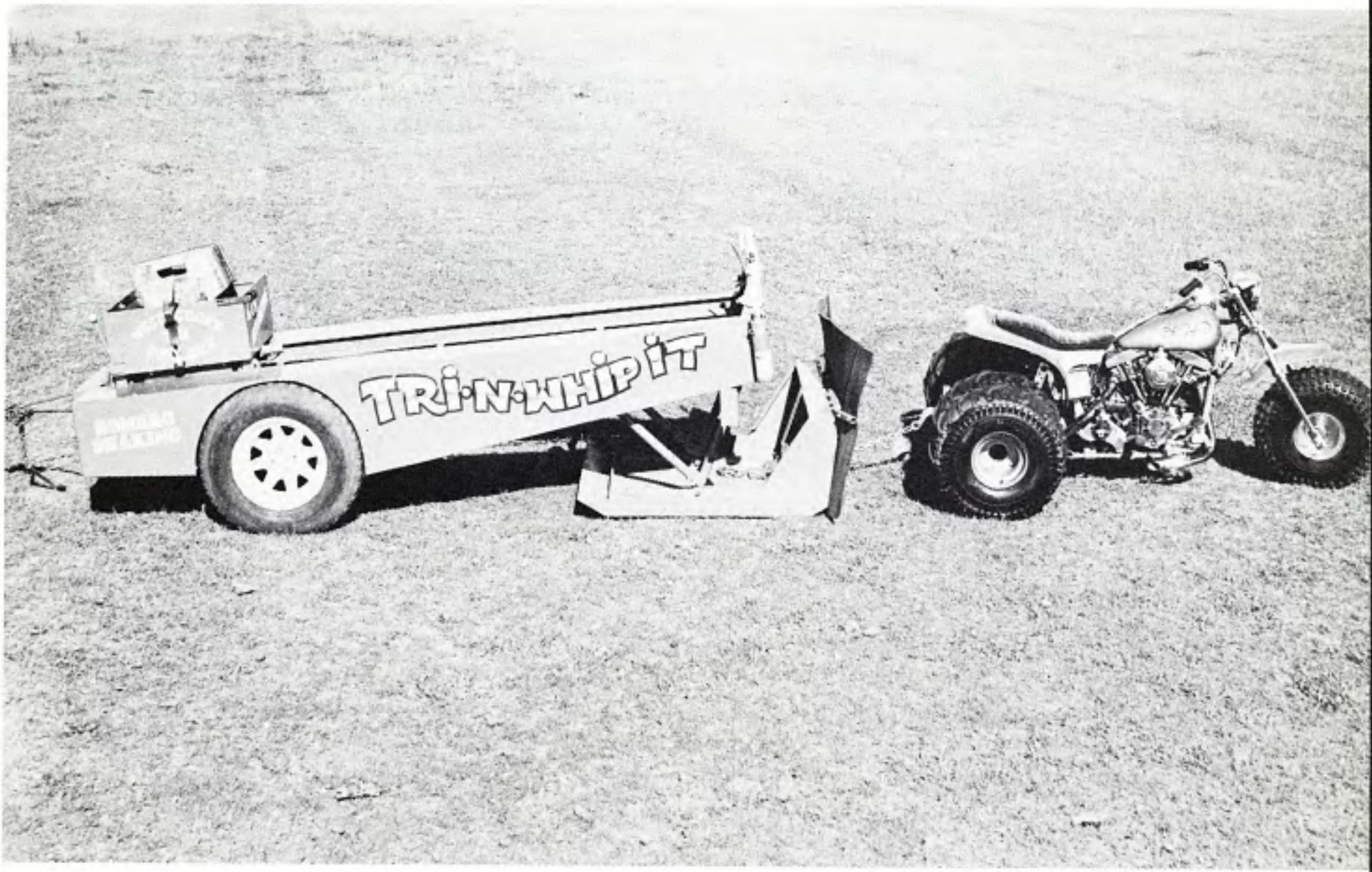
The detail shots on this page may not be as interestin' as one of our girl features, but they'll sure be handy when you and your club start workin' on your own version of the Tri-N-Whip It sled. California isn't the only place in America with Hog-ridin' farm boys — y'all ain't gonna let them California boys have all the fun, are ya?



chain running around in the sled to outfit the entire H-D dirt-track team. From a sprocket attached to the left wheel, a chain runs to a three-to-one reduction sprocket on a lay shaft which is bolted to the crankshaft of a Suzuki 400 single dirt-bike engine. The engine is used as a five-speed reduction gearbox. The top end has been removed from the J Model engine, the connecting rod hack-sawed off and welded to one of the flywheels (to get it out of the way), and the cylinder hole plugged with a piece of sheet metal. They poured a little ATF into the crank cavity for lubrication before they sealed it.

The clutch in the Suzuki is used to release the drive train when the weight box reaches the front of the sled. Another chain runs from the J Model's output sprocket to the two-speed final drive shown in the photos. Altogether, the gearing can be changed over a range of more than six-to-one.

The weight box runs on a pair of inverted angle irons and is pulled from the rear of the sled, behind the rear wheels, to the front, directly over the shoe, by the final drive chain. With the wide gearing options, the setup man can control how many feet the sled travels before the weight, whatever it is, reaches the front of the sled.



With no weights in the box, Tri-N-Whip It weighs 2000 pounds. It can go as high as 6000 pounds if need be. The heavier the box, the easier it is to start the sled off, because when the weight is in the rear starting position, it's behind the rear wheels and actually unloads the shoe. Of course, the more weight in the box, the more drag there'll be as it moves forward over the shoe.

When the weight box reaches the front of the sled, two things happen: It's latched in place and the drive train is disengaged. A long cable runs from the front of the sled to the clutch in the J Model engine gearbox. As the weight box reaches the front, it operates an ordinary clutch-lever assembly and disengages the clutch. Simple and neat. At the same time that the clutch is released, a latch locks the weight box to the front of the sled. Otherwise, it would roll back, unload the shoe, and maybe put the whole thing through the fence.

One of the most important factors in sled-pulling is the configuration of the hitches. The length of the chain attaching the bike to the sled and the height of the hitches on the sled and bike are critical to the whole operation. For instance, if the hitch on the bike were to be raised one inch, an additional 1000 pounds would have to be added to the weight box of Tri-N-Whip It to make the pulling load the same again.

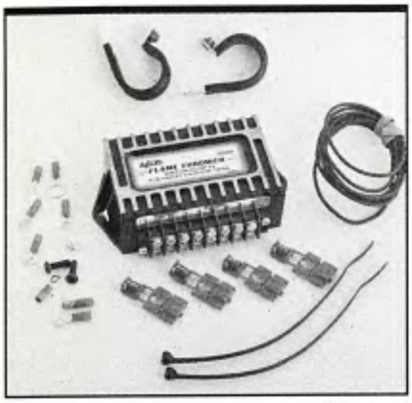
See, when the bike begins its pull, the chain between the sled and the bike angles upward from the sled toward the hitch on the bike. That tends to pull the bike over backward and some of the weight of the bike is transferred to the rear wheels, improving traction. Also, the same force lifts on the front of the sled, reducing the drag of the shoe. If the hitch is raised a bit, the weight transfer is greater, the driving tires get more grip, the front of the sled gets lighter and — well, you get the idea. Needless to say, hitch heights and chain length are carefully controlled. Some competitors used to try to twist the chain a turn or so to make it shorter, but they can't get away with that anymore.

The WCTP has made a couple of refinements to Tri-N-Whip It that are important. The mud flaps at the front of the sled keep dirt off the shoe, which would add weight in an uncontrolled manner. All modified class (big power) bikes must have a lanyard attached to the sled which will kill the engine should the bike come loose from the sled. Can you imagine how a 93-inch nitrous burner would accelerate if it suddenly lost a 6000-pound load? One thing is certain, the rider wouldn't be likely to have time to shut the throttle before something bad happened.

Sled-pulling has proven to be quite safe, maybe even more so than drag racing. While the WCTP brings as much fun into sled-pulling as they can, they're very strict about enforcing the safety rules outlined in their rule book. You can get a copy of those rules by sending a three-dollar money order to West Coast Tri Pullers, 7563 N. Armstrong, Clovis, CA 93612. Don't forget to give them your address when you give 'em your money.

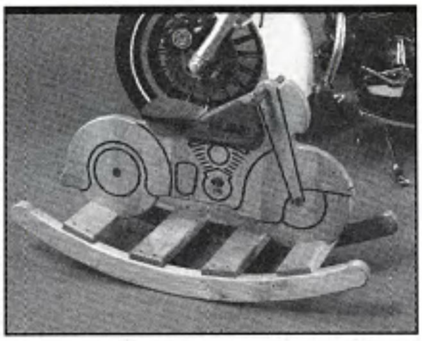
Motorcycle sled-pulling can be run in small areas and has proven to be a real crowd-pleaser. Safe and relatively cheap to get into, it offers the kind of fun bikers are apt to like having: just a bunch of fun-lovin', laid-back bros slingin' dirt an' havin' a good ol' time. Maybe you can find some iron, a J Model, dirt, and a few friends to help get something like this goin' where you live. It's a guaranteed good time and a fine excuse to get together with your partners over a project this winter.

PARTS BOX



IGNITION BOOSTER

Accel's new solid-state, electronic circuitry Flame Thrower for H-Ds intensifies coil output, improving both cold and hot starts, throttle response, low-speed idle, and top-end power. Complete with all necessary hardware and installation instructions; does require additional carb jetting. Available now from your favorite Accel dealer; tell him who tipped ya off.

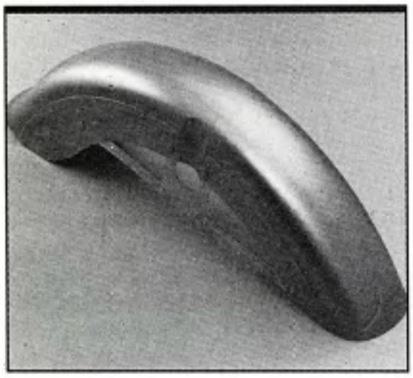


ROCKIN' H-D

Got a rugrat who isn't quite big enough to pilot two wheels? Here's the hot ticket — a rockin' Harley just his size, made of alder, black walnut and red cedar, complete with its very own title. Available at H-D dealers, bike shops, and toy stores for $199. Call or write for info on accessory package. Rockin' H-D Classics, Dept. ER, Box 3223, Juneau, AK 99803. 907-789-1646.

NAMEPLATES

Add a nice touch of extra class to your scoot with these "Deluxe OHV" nameplates from ACS. Made of brass with a highly polished, chrome-plate finish, the set's intended to dress up front fenders, saddlebags, or seats. Get full details from Antique Cycle Supply, Dept. ER, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Phone: 616-636-8200.



SKIRTED FENDER

The classic styling of this skirted front fender for 1972-86 FX and XL Harleys represents a perfect way to blend yesterday's look with today's performance. Remember when skirted fenders were "the" thing? Now it can be your thing for only $44.95. Visit your nearest Drag Specialties dealer for more info and don't forget where ya read about it — tell him *Easyriders* turned ya on to his blast from the past.

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These high-performance, stainless-steel rotors are surface-induction hardened with a 12-14% chrome content and stainless composition of AISI #420. Precision-ground to be f-l-a-t, with computer-punched holes, each rotor is highly polished to chromelike finish. Get full-line catalog, and details on rotors, by sending $4 to Arlen Ness Ent., Dept. ER, 15997 E. 14th St., San San Leandro, CA 94578.

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Featuring the same spoke pattern as H-D's 21-in. wheel (OEM 43602-8013), this 3.00/3.50 x 21" show-chrome drop-center rim has a fully rolled edge and safety bead. Will fit some of CCI's own hubs, as well as all H-D hubs, '72 and newer. Suggested retail is $62.95. Talk to your local CCI dealer or contact Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037. Phone: 408-778-0500.

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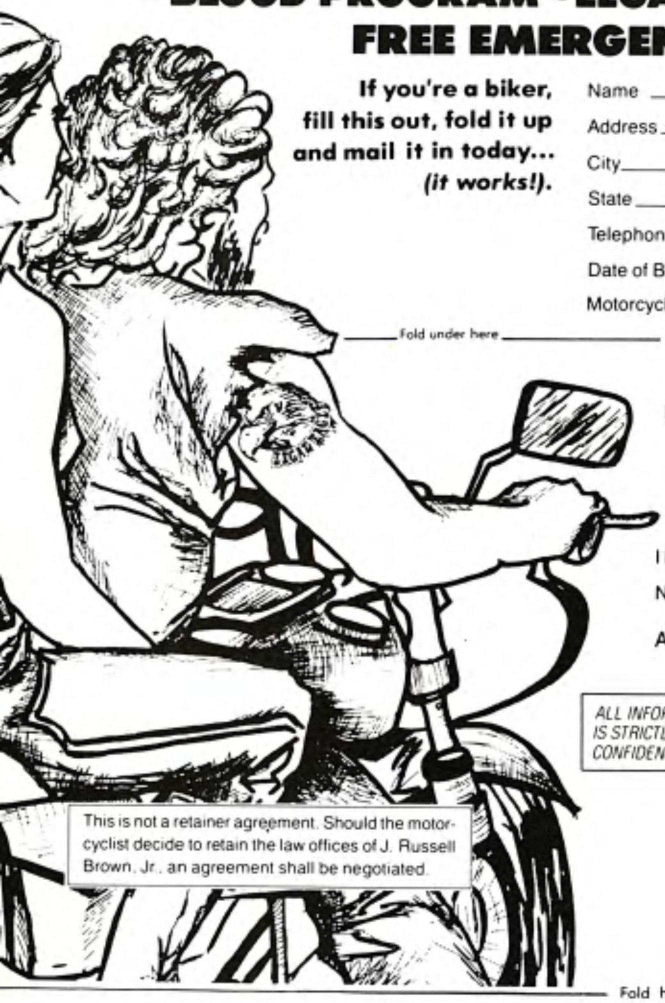

If you're a biker, fill this out, fold it up and mail it in today... *(it works!)*.

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Date of Birth ______________________
Motorcycle Owned ☐ Yes ☐ No

Fold under here

Make ________ Model ________ Year ________
Blood Type ______________ Allergies ______________
Medical Problems ______________________
Emergency Contact Person ______________________
Telephone (   ) ______________________
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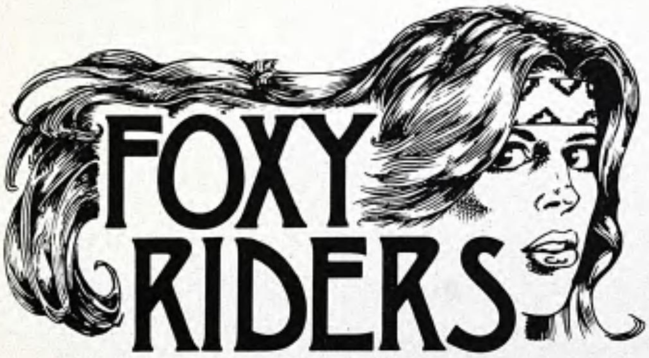


Sheila Mandel, Woodland Hills, California
1973 Harley-Davidson shovel

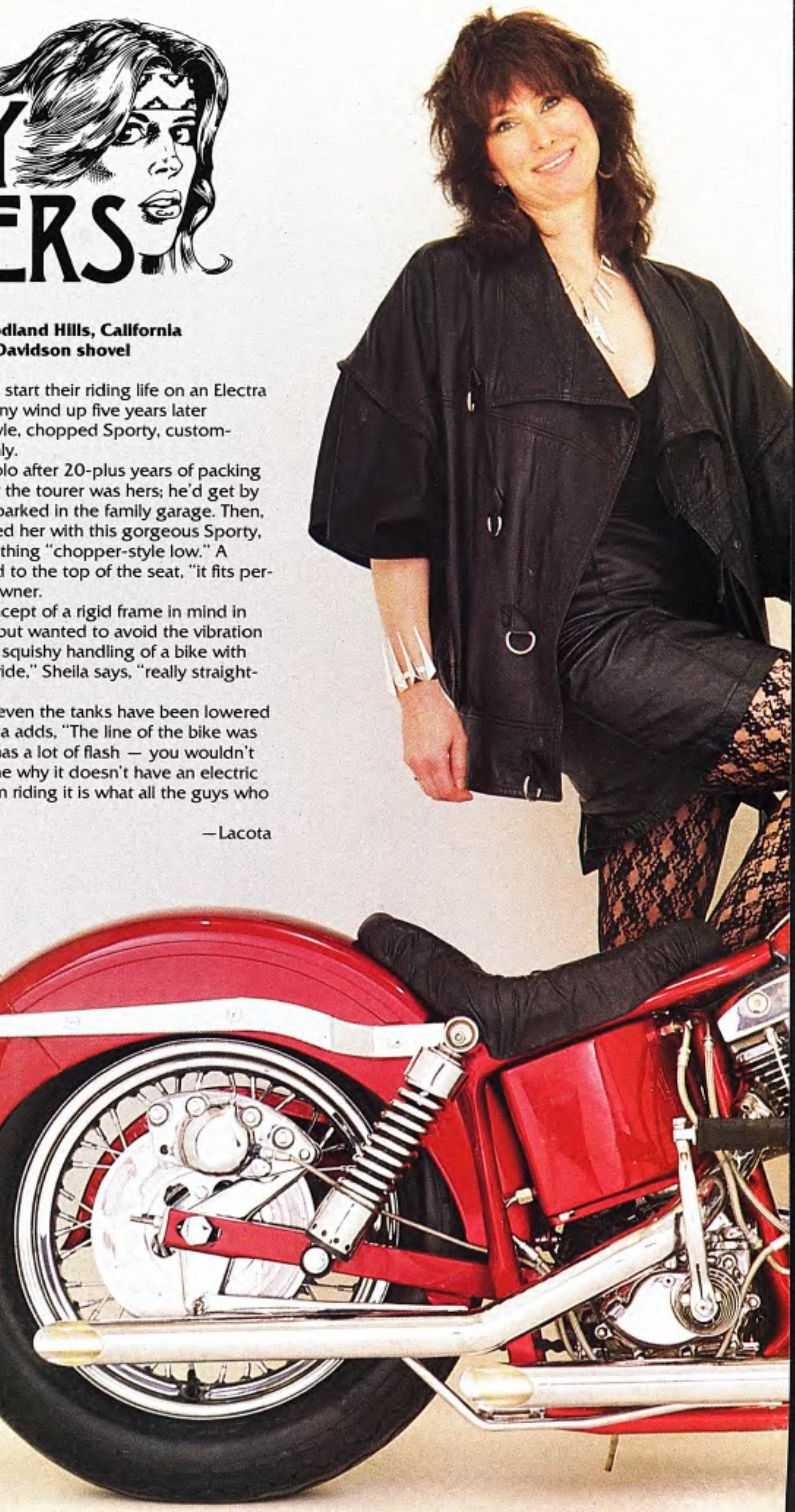
Not too many scooter pilots start their riding life on an Electra Glide, but then not too many wind up five years later ensconced on a traditionalist-style, chopped Sporty, custom-made to "fit" them and them only.

When Sheila decided to go solo after 20-plus years of packing behind, husband Howie told her the tourer was hers; he'd get by with the chopper that was also parked in the family garage. Then, within the past year, Howie gifted her with this gorgeous Sporty, after deciding to build her something "chopper-style low." A mere 23 inches from the ground to the top of the seat, "it fits perfectly," according to its 5'8½" owner.

Sheila and Howie had the concept of a rigid frame in mind in terms of lowness and handling, but wanted to avoid the vibration inherent to a rigid as well as the squishy handling of a bike with shocks. "It's incredibly good to ride," Sheila says, "really straight-track, even at real low speeds."

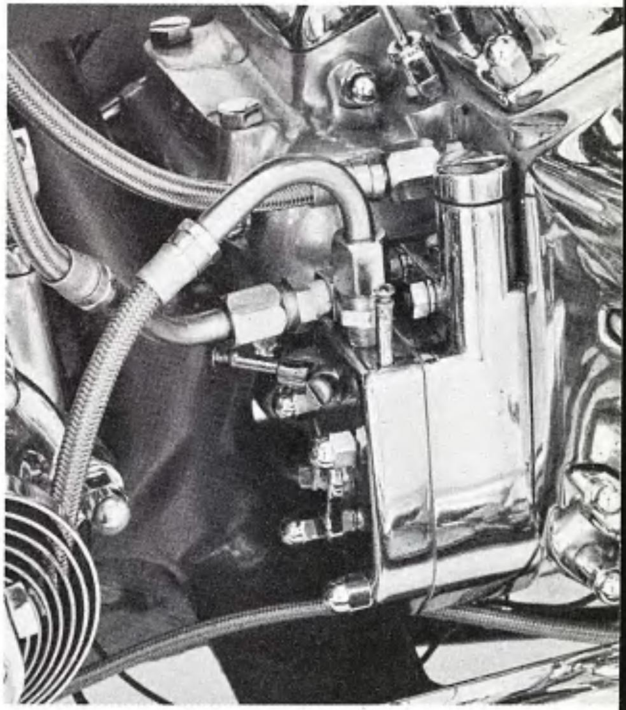
Chopped to the point where even the tanks have been lowered two inches onto the frame, Sheila adds, "The line of the bike was built for my body. It's loud and has a lot of flash — you wouldn't believe how many people ask me why it doesn't have an electric start. One thing I've learned from riding it is what all the guys who see it really want. . . ."

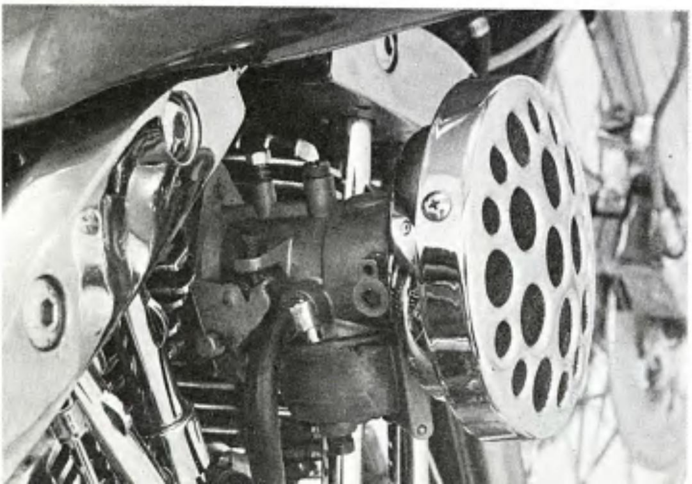
—Lacota



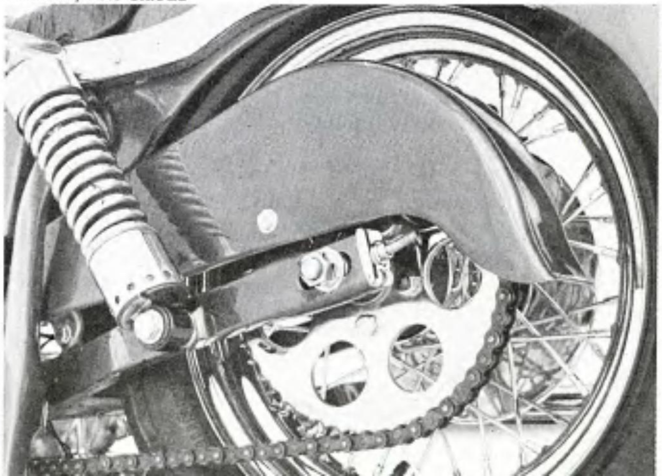
Owner: Sheila Mandel	**City:** Woodland Hills, Calif.	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: Howie Mandel	Year: 1958	
Year and make: 1973 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: shovelhead	Type: swingarm	
Value: $10,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Howie Mandel	Stretch: none	
Time: 1½ years	Other alterations: many	
Chroming by: Louie at Supreme	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: drag	
Year: 1973	Risers: yep	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): H-D	
Rebuilder: Howie Mandel	Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: points	Taillight: Howie Mandel	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: Paul Hoover	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Paul Hoover	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: TRW	Electrics: Howie Mandel	
Cases: polished	Gas tank: modified 3½-gal.	
Heads: Pete Mandel	Oil tank: modified H-D	
Cam(s): H-D	Oil system: Howie Mandel	
Lifters: hydraulic	Primary cover: modified H-D	
Carb(s): Bendix	Seat: Howie Mandel	
Air cleaner: H-D	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Santee	Height: 1½ in.	
Muffler(s): none	Material: steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Fast Joey Bartlett	Type: glide	
Year: 1973	Extension: none	
Shifting: foot	Builder: H-D/Howie Mandel	
Engine sprocket: Primo belt	Special features: triple trees	
Trans sprocket: 22	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 51	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: Howie Mandel	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: Howie Mandel	Rim width: WM0	Rim width: WM4
Color: candy burgundy/gold	Tire: Avon	Tire: Road Runner
Type: lacquer	Brake: dual-disc	Brake: disc
Special paint: Howie Mandel		

Special thanks to Howie, who's a real special guy.

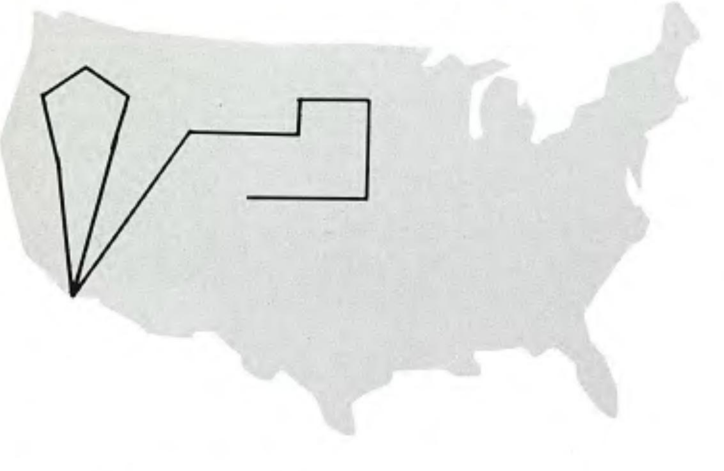




Photos by Pete Chiodo

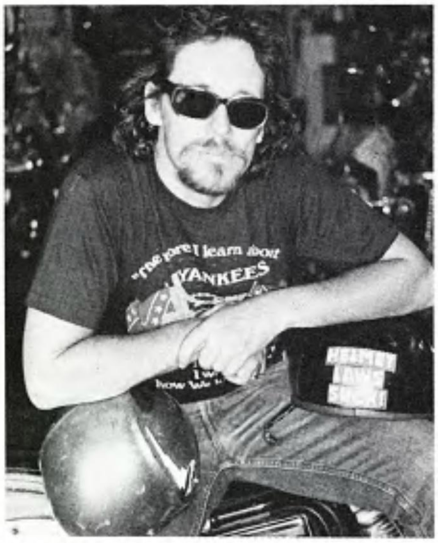


RIP'S RUN



MEAN IT

By Rip



Nevada lawmakers can make us wear helmets, but they can't make us like 'em!

The weatherman in these parts said, "It's 115 degrees outside," and followed up that cheery news with warnings about first-stage smog alerts, unhealthful air, etc. Believe me, I was chomping at the bit to get back up north where it's much cooler. That's how I came to leave L.A. in great haste.

How many people do you know who would leave the comfort of their air-conditioned homes and go 80 miles round-trip to bring a dumbass bro a helmet under such gourd-scorching conditions? Well, Fred Harrell did to get me across Nevada. He wouldn't do it for just anyone, but we're bros.

Leaving Vegas, I rode up to visit with my old pal Dr. Twatburger, near the great Salt Lake. After falling by the Baron MC clubhouse, we headed over to Caeser's, one of our new dealers. If you folks who live in that area are having a hard time finding the rag, pay him a visit. He also carries high-test fuel and has a few very fine restorations well worth seeing.

Putting Salt Lake behind us, the Softail and I headed north by north-east toward Pocatello and Idaho Falls, where I wanted to drop in on the Empties MC and find out if Squawman was interested in riding to Sturgis via Yellowstone with me. Check out Mike's Bikes if you're anywhere near Pocatello, Idaho, and need your bike looked at. For biker companionship, stop in at the Oasis and the Idaho Bar; you'll find some Empties MC ol' ladies working in both places. One barmaid, Kelly, used to ride a Sporty but now owns a shovelhead. To satisfy your craving for shit-kicking music and live entertainment, try the Green T. The bar manager gave me a patch that reads "Booze and Broads," a sentiment I'll drink to anytime. All in all, I had a deluxe time in Poky; they've got some crazy women there.

Further north, in Idaho Falls, the place to go for parts is Counsel Bros. on N. Yellowstone. If your bike needs attention, go see Bob at VW Bob's Repair, at Northgate Mile. He can do everything, including engine and tranny work.

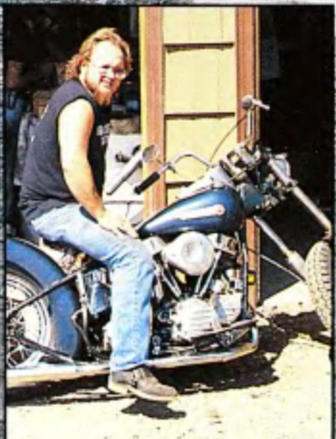
The run to Fall Creek with the Empties MC that weekend was fun, but the rain and hail we encountered en route wasn't any fun at all. About that part of the country, it is said, if you don't like the weather, wait five minutes and it will change. Along the way Squawman showed me some trick riding when the denim shirt bungied on his sissybar got tangled up in his rear rotor and caliper. First he did a brody to the left, then to the right. He finally grabbed the clutch lever to engage the clutch so it would freewheel, but by then his rear tire had lost all its air. I'm glad he held it up and didn't do a flip-flop on the blacktop — it would have been real messy, since we were both going about 80-85mph. Yessir, it's a thrill a minute out on the road.

Since Squawman had to work, I started off solo for Yellowstone. Approaching the West Entrance, I ran into some folks from Minnesota on vacation, taking the long way around to Sturgis. When I first spotted them, they were in the parking lot of an auto parts place, installing a new battery on one of their scoots, and later they caught up with me in the park. Since Jerry, Carla, and Egohr weren't nearly as packed down as me, I concluded they were moteling it — lucky folks. But, hey, J.T., I'm not complaining.

I could cover reams and reams of paper on the subject, but due to the small amount of space in the column, I'll refrain. Briefly, if you're within 1000 miles of Yellowstone, do it. We

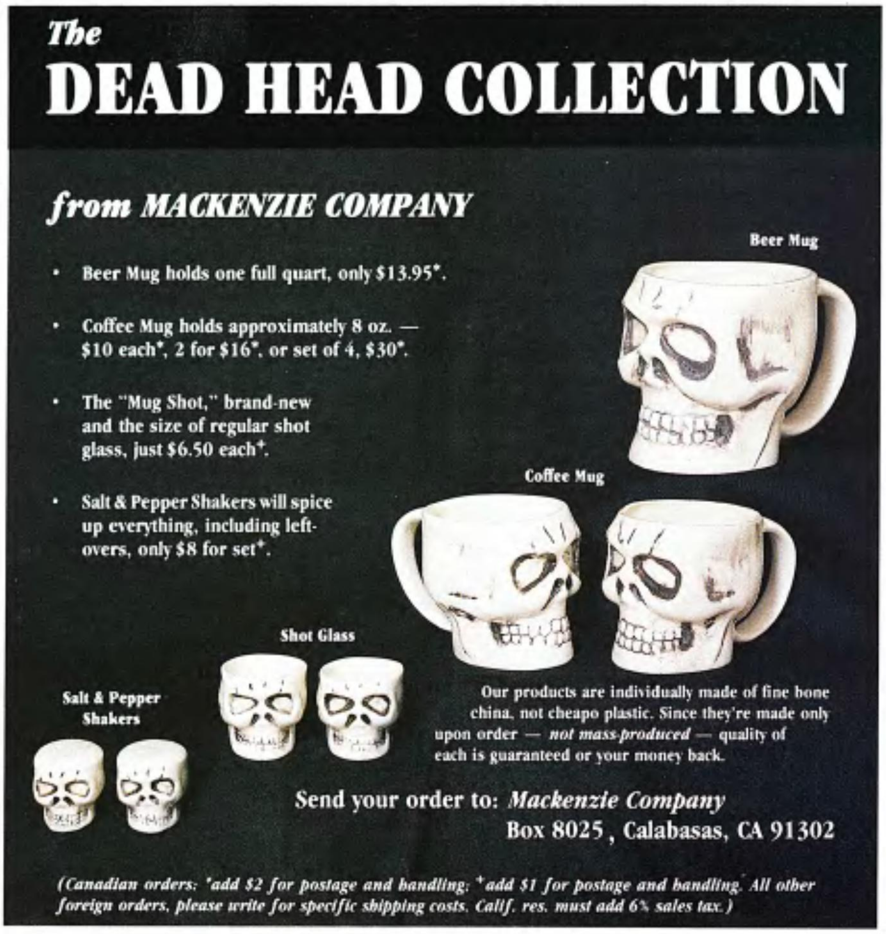
Jerry Wilson at Vegas Motor Works

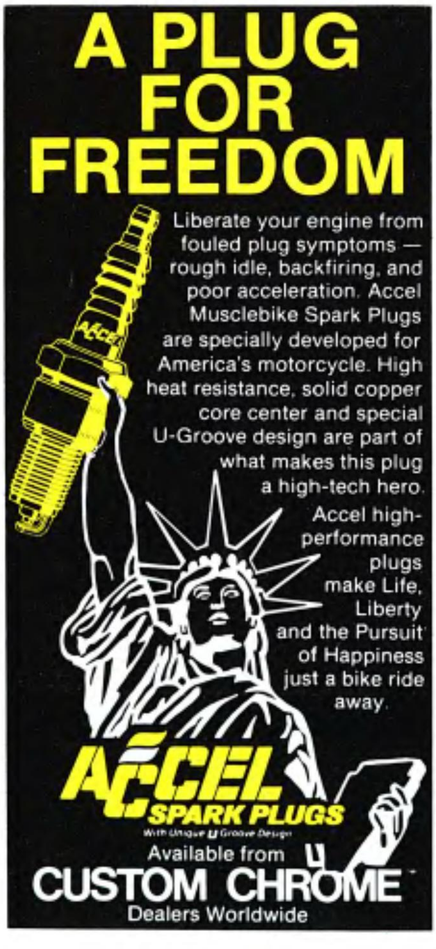
Squawman's mishap


Stick Steward of Crown Cycle

Welcome to Counsel Bros.

Belle Fourche race fan





Dr. Twatburger in Salt Lake City, a fighter who doesn't know how to quit.

all owe good ol' Teddy Roosevelt and other far-thinking pioneers of his day our sincere thanks for preserving this corner of the world for future generations. Dropping into Red Lodge, Montana, from 10,947 feet at Bear Tooth Pass on Hwy. 212 was a fun ride. I still can't believe there was snow on the ground in late July, but there it was.

Sturgis was, as anticipated, wild and crazy. But, of course, that's predictable. It was the biggest turnout yet, and so far, for me, the best. I

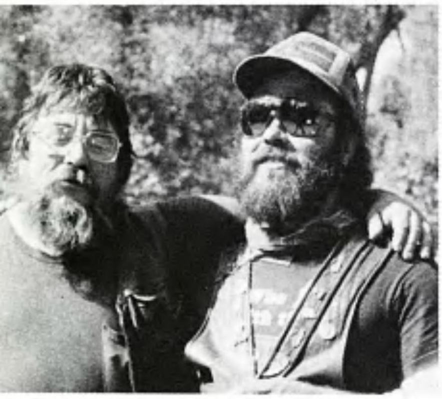
Bob of Idaho Falls. Those shaded eyes have seen a bunch of miles fly under the wheels.

Idaho barmaid Kelly shows off her scoot — I'd like to be that right hand for about an hour.

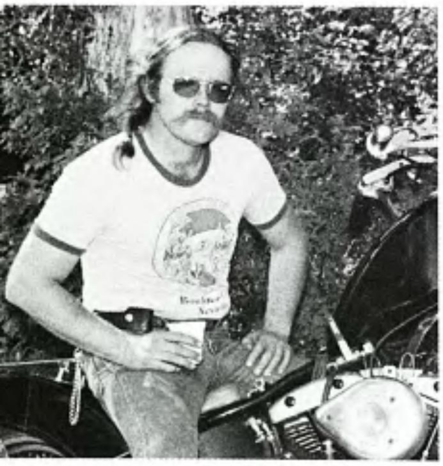
Caesar enjoyin' the scenery. If you'd been there, you would've been smiling, too.

particularly enjoyed the drag racers at Belle Fourche. Marion Owens kicked ass on the 1/8 mile with his twin-engine Harley fueler. Tator was right in there, but big Marion took the gold home.

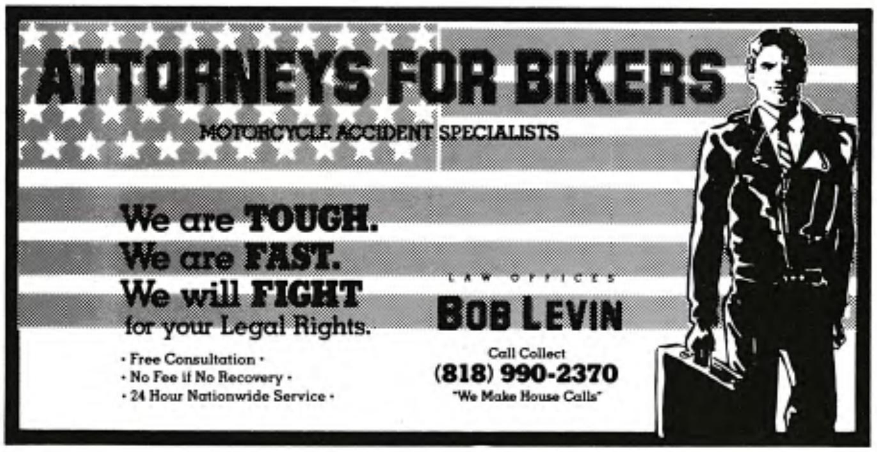
The Buffalo Chip Campground was a proverbial sea of tents. Every night there was a titty contest, sometimes two. You know how much we scooter tramps just hated it, especially since they dispensed with the water in the wet T-shirt scam. Needless to say, a great many talented



Manny, left, and Tony — brotherhood in action in Idaho.



An awful lot of handwork went into Ray-Ray's built-it-himself shovel.



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Jerry, Carla and Egohr lookin' good at the top of the world.

My baby topped out at Yellowstone.

women were vying for the title of Miss Sturgis 1986. We're family, of course, but even so I got bonaroo treatment from these folks. Thanks again, everyone. Due to a blowout on the left side of my nose (too much fun), I missed the big doings Saturday night; I kicked back, did my laundry, and took care of my homework.

So far, since leaving Berdoo, I've logged 4502 miles on this leg of the trip and right now I'm at Pig Performance in Rapid City, South Dakota. When I leave here I'll do southern Wyoming before heading east — depending on the weather. If it gets too shitty, I'll beat feet to where it's dryer and warmer.

See y'all on the road, bros. ■

Photos by Roo

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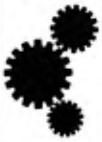

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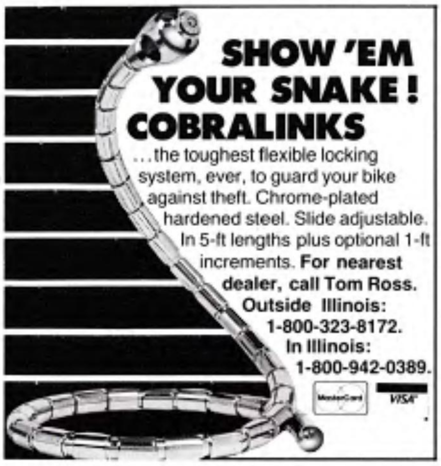

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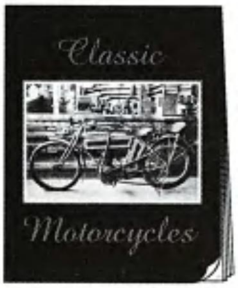

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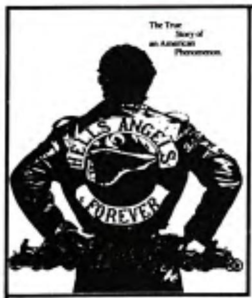

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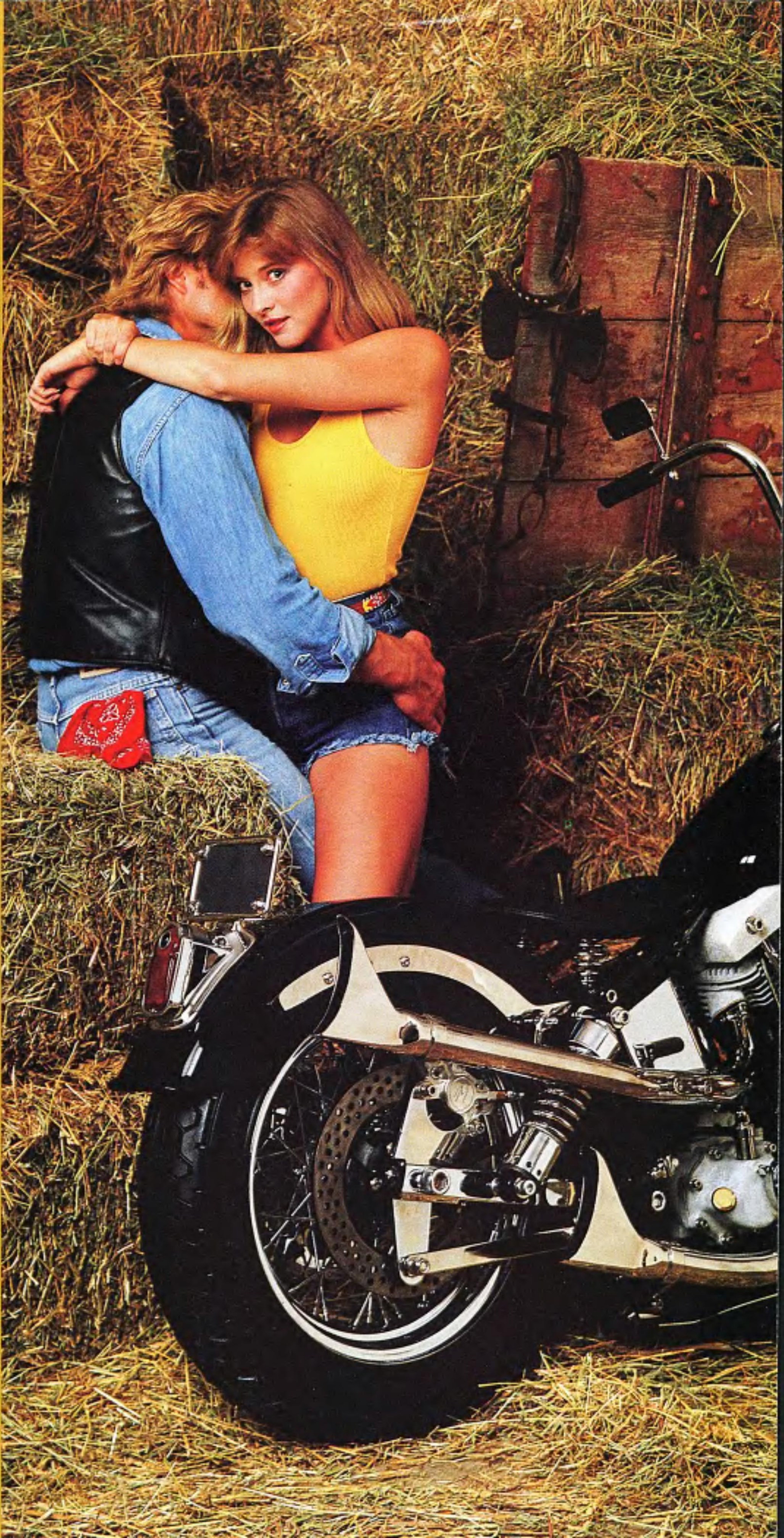
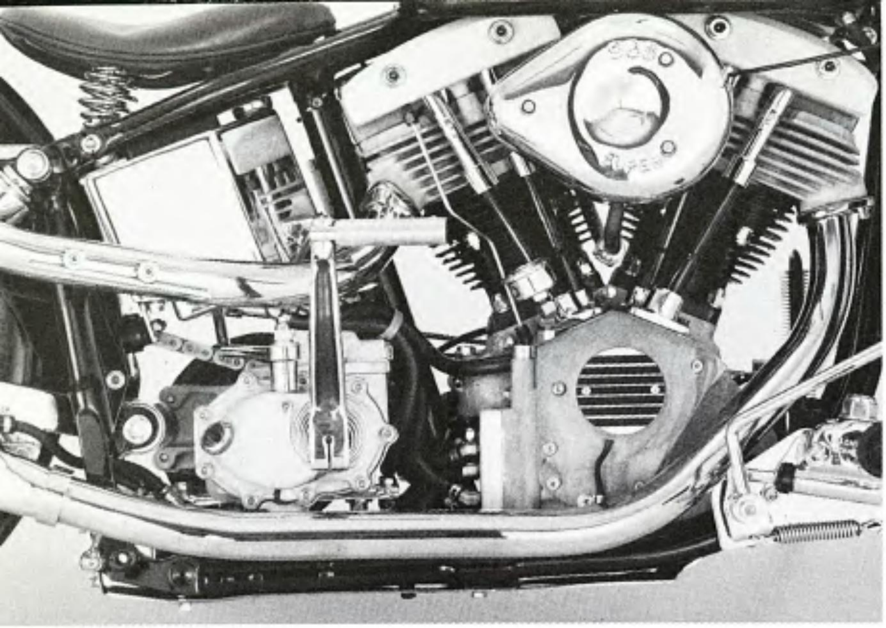
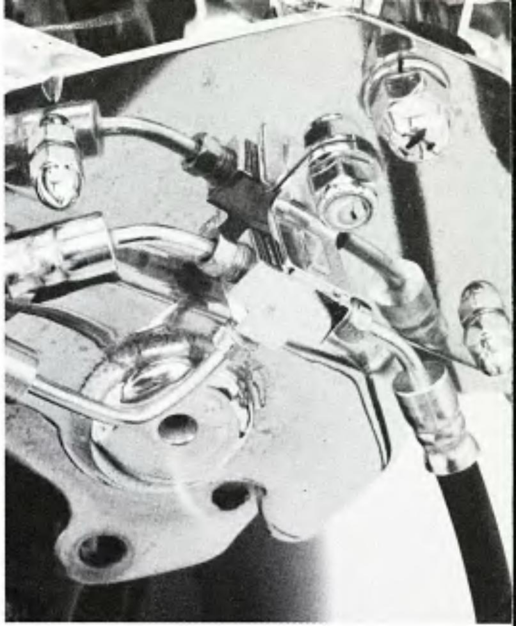
Catch It While You Can

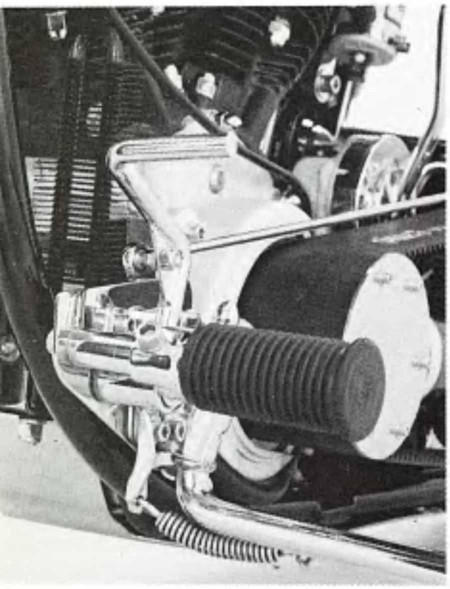
When is owning one Harley like owning six? When you do a completely new rebuild every winter for six years, that's when.

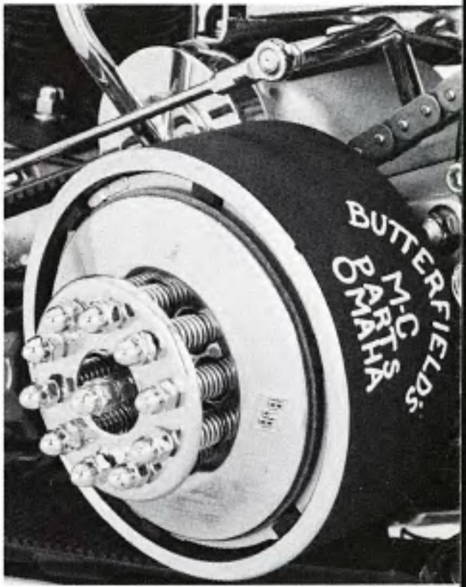
The wind comes in off the plains at something below cyclone strength but above gale force. The temperature drops to the teens, then the pre-teens, then sub-zero, and the wind-chill factor hovers at about ten degrees above the temperature needed to cryrogenically freeze a body and preserve it for life in some future century. That's how the town of Wahoo, Nebraska, got its name. A 100 years or so ago, some farmer stepped outside to visit the two-seater and his initial reaction was, "WAAAAAHHHHHOOOOO!







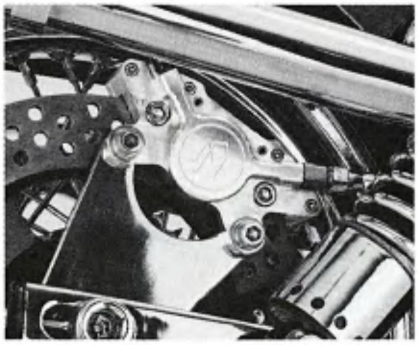




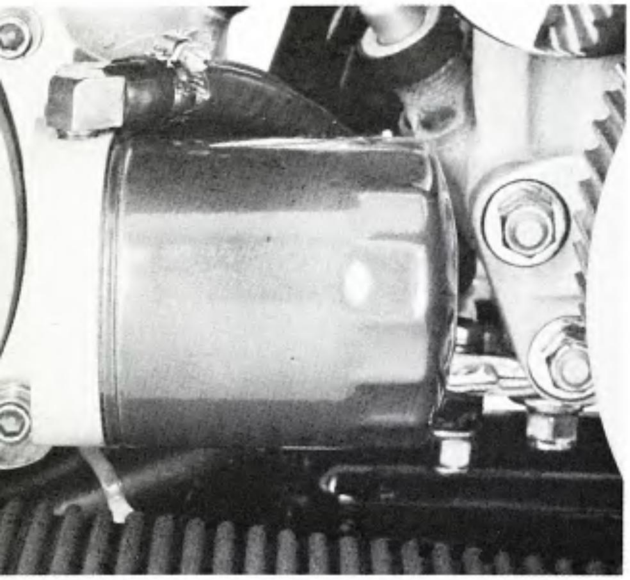
It's fuckin' **cold** out here!"

So what's a Wahoo biker to do when the winds come up and the thermometer goes down? If that biker is Mag, the owner of this '75 FX, he rolls his scoot into the garage, plugs in all the electric heaters the wiring will bear, and gets his bike ready for the next riding season.

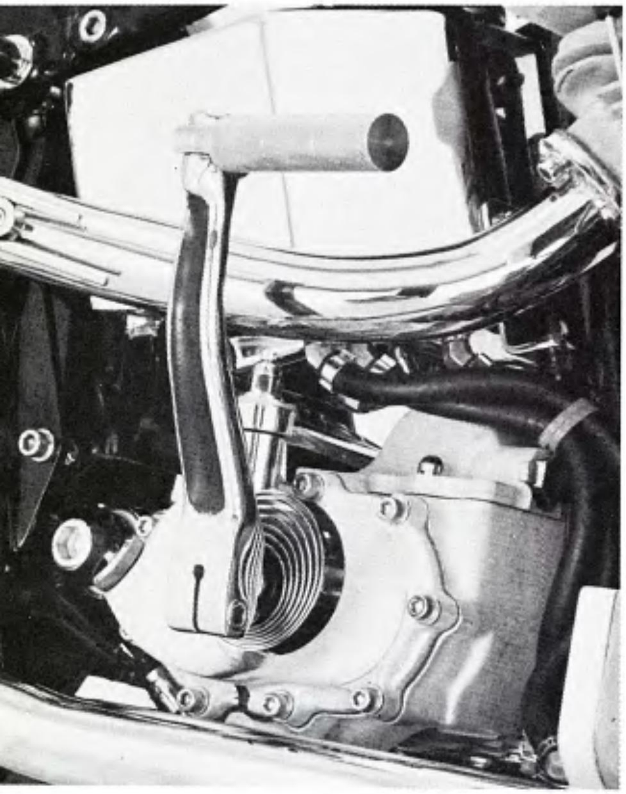
Of course, to most of us, getting ready for the season means tuning, tweaking, and touching up. Not so Mag. He bought this bike —



complete with mags, mustang tank, and a lot of other long-ago swapped-away parts — in 1980 and has completely changed its looks and style every winter since.



Photos by Michael Lichter



Owner: Norm "Mag" Lindgren	**City:** Wahoo, Nebraska	
General	**Frame**	
Fabrication by: owner	Year: 1975	
Year and make: 1975 H-D	Builder: H-D	
Model: FX	Type: swingarm	
Value: $10,000	Rake: stock	
Assembly by: owner	Stretch: 1 in.	
Time: 6 months	Other alterations: rear rails cut 2 in.	
Chroming by: Ind. Plating (Omaha)	**Accessories**	
Engine	Bars: stainless steel/owner	
Year: 1975	Risers: H-D	
Model: shovelhead	Fender(s): flat with skirts	
Rebuilder: Columbus H-D	Headlight: Paughco	
Ignition: Accel	Taillight: tombstone	
Displacement: 74 cu.in.	Speedo: H-D	
Lower end: smooth	Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: Columbus H-D	Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: H-D	Electrics: jell-cell battery	
Cases: bead-blasted	Gas tank: 3½-gal. fatbobs	
Heads: bead-blasted	Oil tank: owner	
Cam(s): H-D	Oil system: filter	
Lifters: S&S solids	Primary cover: alternator guard	
Carb(s): S&S solids	Seat: Bar Ent.	
Air cleaner: S&S	Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: stainless steel/owner	Height: curved	
Muffler(s): stainless fishtails	Material: stainless steel	
Transmission	**Forks**	
Modifications: Andrews gears	Type: Wide Glide	
Year: 1975	Extension: none	
Shifting: jockey	Builder: H-D/owner	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt drive	Special features: polished/plated	
Trans sprocket: 24	**Wheels**	
Wheel sprocket: 49	**Front**	**Rear**
Painting	Size: 21 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: owner	Hub: H-D	Hub: H-D
Painter: owner	Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM5
Color: black	Tire: Avon	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer	Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: clear		

Other special modifications: Stainless-steel bolts, nuts, skid plate, toolbox, controls, jockey shift, pipe guards by owner. Special thanks to T&H Products, Jacobsen Racing, and Butterfield MC.

If you think it's a real sharp scooter the way it is now, you better wail out to Wahoo real fast to catch a look at it. Mag's plans for this winter call for rebuilding the bike around a new custom frame and a lot of handmade stainless-steel parts. . .and ol' Jack Frost is on his way.

—Butcher

TH'ALL NEW
NOT GUILTY, YER HONOR.
IK IK
NIXON IN '88
GIT ME OUTTA DIS MONKEY SUIT!
MR. KLEEN
ROOKIES NOTE: NO-DOZ PILLS
CANADIAN CUSTOMS NOTE: M&M'S
Red Ryder
SMUT PEDDLERS APPROVED OF AMERICA
WELLL, ...UM, THIS IS, UH... THE NEW CONSERVATIVE, ER SEX MANUAL.
THANK GOD I NEVER HAD TO GO PAST STEP 2.
UNCLE RONNIE'S SEX MANUAL
1. IN
2. OUT
3. REPEAT IF NECESSARY
ZZZZZZ
GRRRR
HUP! HUP! MOVE IT! GRRRR
SCHNELL! SCHNELL!
STOP
SLOW SCHOOL XING
IGNATZ
TIC TIC TIC
ZOTZ
HEY, RALPH
BEAM OUR BUNS OUTTA HERE, MR. SPORK.
?
WHADAFUG
HANG LOOSE, I GOT LEAD-LINED B.V.D.S
WHOOSH
SNAP
CRACKLE
POP
QWIK-CHIK DELIVERY
SPEED CHECKED BY RADAR
LUCASFILM
ZFXLP
GLOOSH
BLORP
BLOOK
PATROLLED BY AIRCRAFT
CHKKK
FINALLY, SUM OPEN ROAD
I CAN'T DRIVE 55.
I SMELL HEAT.
HIWAY TO DA DANGER ZONE

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Fits 74" 67-72
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Fits 74" 36-57
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Fits 73-80 Big Twin
C-20 ..... 19.95 ea.

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Does not inc. bulb
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Kickstand
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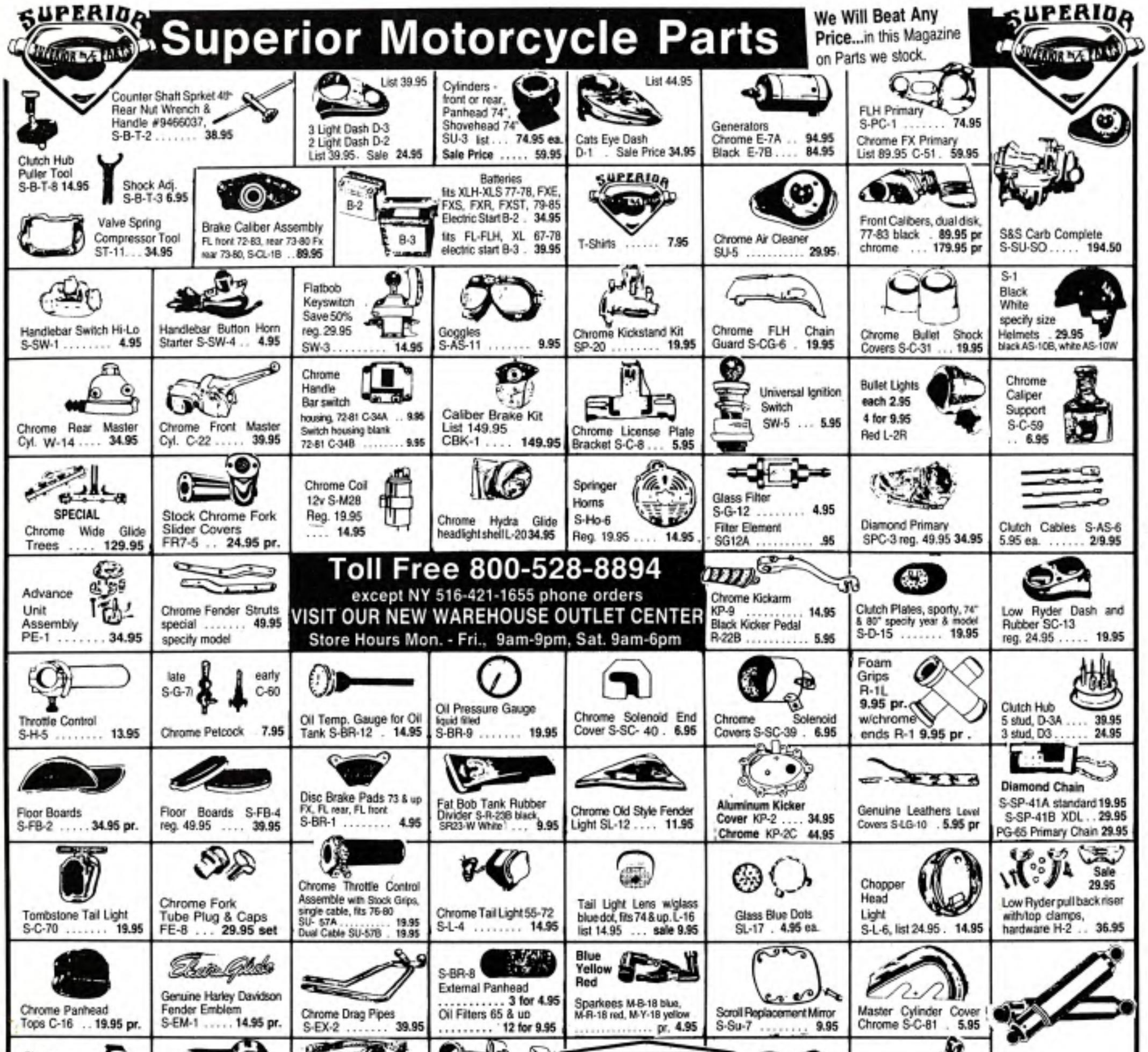
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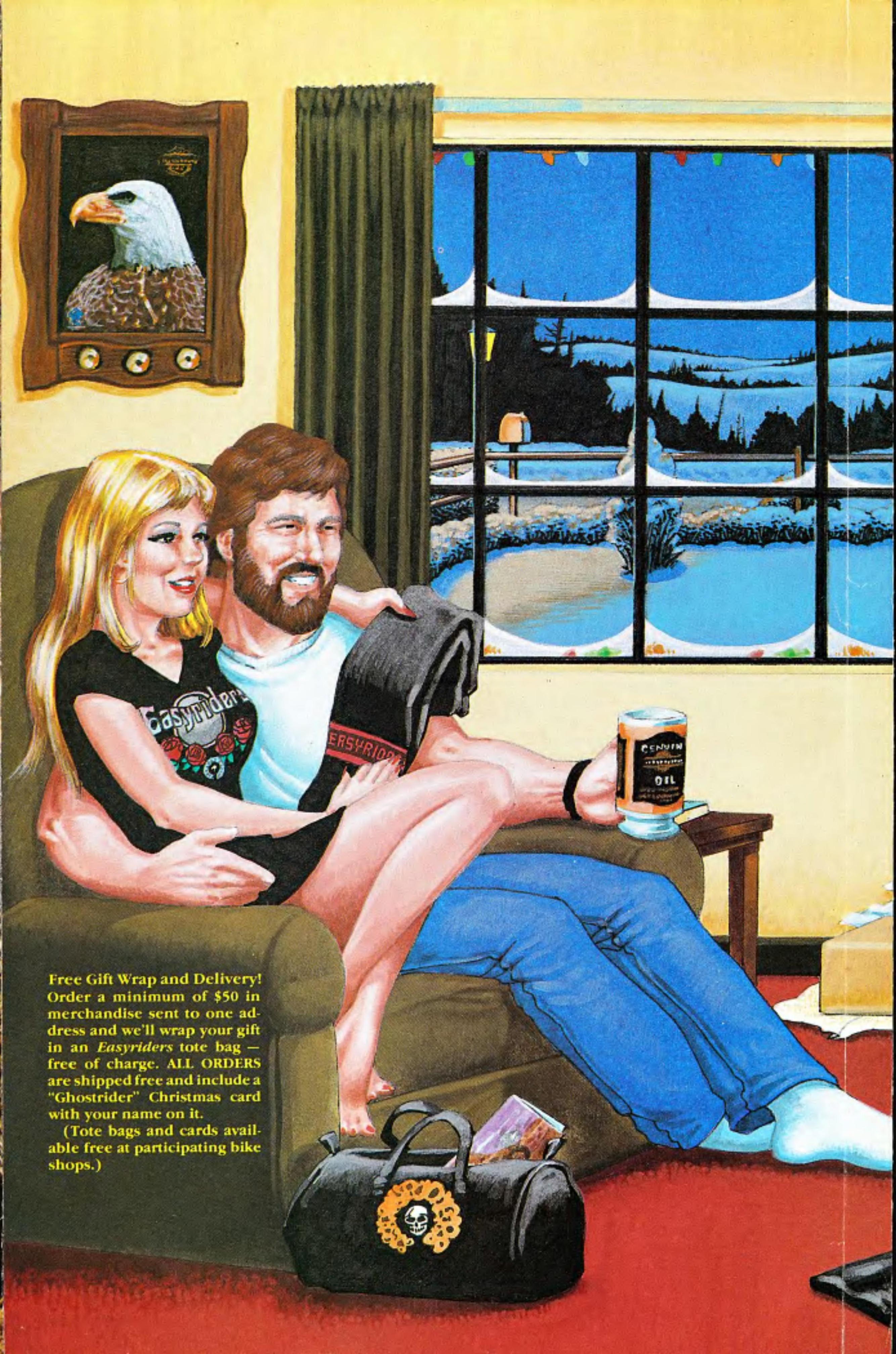
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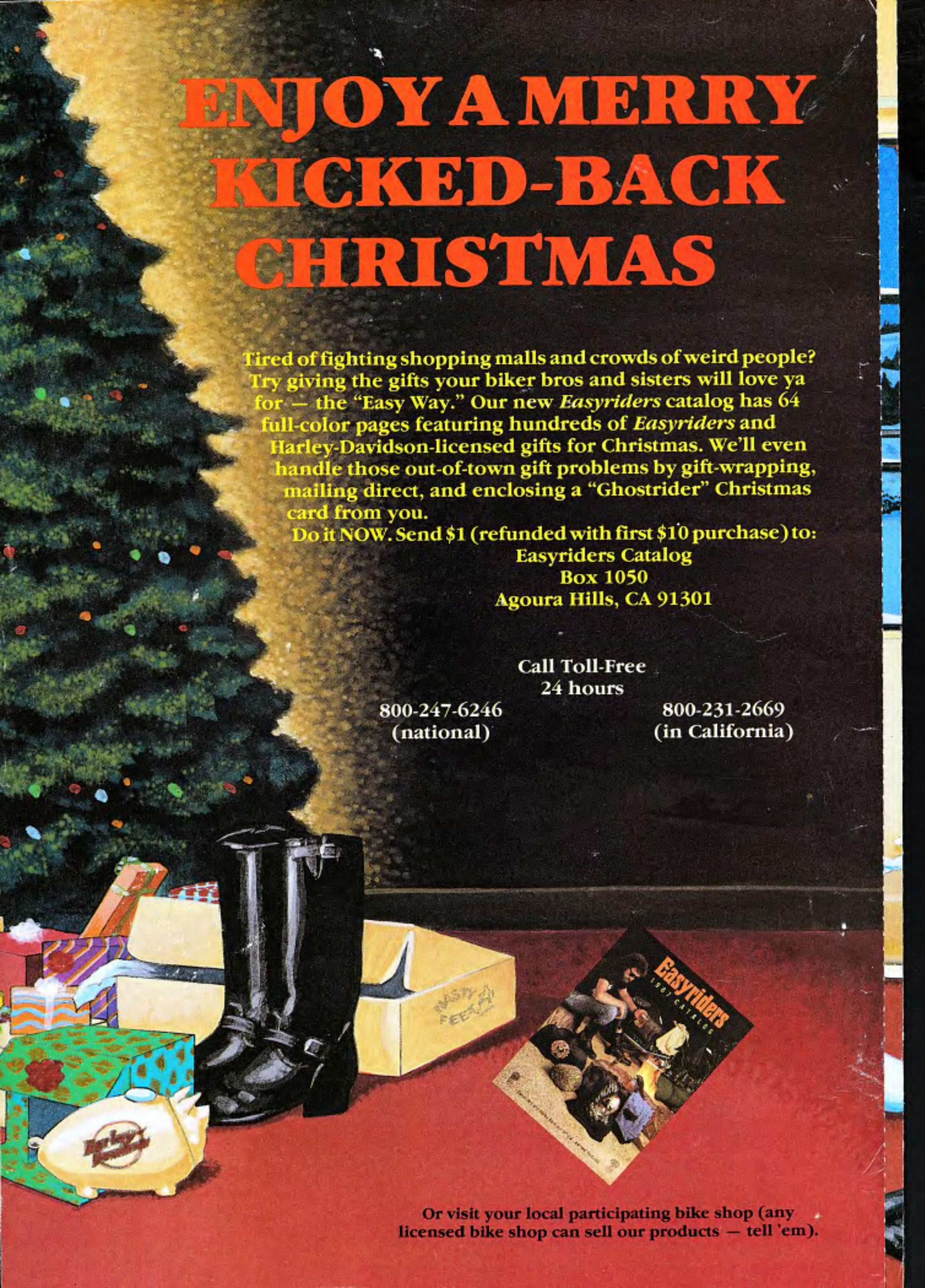
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